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OF NEW SOUTH WALES

CAROL
SIMPSON



Soldier Boy

as his loved ones see him...

There are a dozen pictures of every soldier, each picture conjured up in the mind of one of those near to him. It's a gallery of thought... but it's real... If there's a soldier in your family perhaps you're thinking on the same lines as one of these:

His Mother: Finish these socks—quickly. I mustn't fuss. He'll be all right, he'll come back... he's just a small boy looking for adventure... he doesn't know what it means... yes, he does. He looks older already in his uniform... serious. Remember when he won the medal as dux of his school... he was much prouder of his football badge... and it seems only the other day he was crawling about in rompers. He'd call this "Mother sentimentalising again"... shouldn't do it. I wonder will they feed him well. He ought to keep his feet dry, he catches cold so easily. I don't want him to go; I can't be glad... I wonder if any mother is... I'm only glad he wants to... It can't be for long... he'll be back... I wonder how long...

His Father: The boy looks well... sun-burnt. Make a man of him... he won't be a boy any more when he comes back. Wish his mother didn't worry so much... she tries to hide it. Hard on women... sometimes wonder wouldn't it be more sensible to send us old buffers... wouldn't be such a loss to the country as the young lives. But we're worn out—couldn't take it. Scat! fine soldier I'd be the first time it rained. Hope the boy's lucky... he was doing well... his mother sacrificed a lot to give him that extra year at school... Good luck, son.

His Sister: Didn't know he could look so handsome... Wish he hadn't enlisted... No, I don't... I get a kick out of everybody's interest... feel rather ashamed of that. Place is quiet without him slamming around... think I'll join the V.A.D.'s. Look nice in white... bit of a sham I am. Be glad when the family nuisance comes home...

His Kid Brother: Hope he brings his rifle home... Tommy Brown's brother's a corporal... gosh, he swanks. Bet Jim'll get his stripe soon. Wish I was twenty-one... gee, he's lucky!

TYPICAL young soldier of the 2nd A.I.F., on whom the thoughts of family, friends, and the man in the street are focused now.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



MISS LIL HARVEY

"Nothing stronger..."

FIRST woman coxswain in the history of N.S.W. rowing, Miss Lil Harvey, as State coxswain, will steer N.S.W. women's crew in the national championship in Adelaide in April.

Scorns strong language when urging on her crew. "Nothing stronger than 'damn'," she says. "I use it with magical effect."



SIR JOHN ANDERSON

"Dog kennels"

"ANDERSON'S dog kennels" is the gay misnomer given to air-raid shelters in England—after Sir John Anderson, who, as Minister for Home Security, controls Britain's Air Raid Precautions.

A.R.P. personnel costs £4,062,000 a month, Sir John estimates.

Regarded as one of the Government's "strong" men, Sir John has been named as a probable future British Prime Minister.



MRS. CORTIS JONES

Save the children

REPRESENTING the Sydney Anzac Fellowship of Women in London, Mrs. Cortis Jones has a busy time distributing to child war victims thousands of garments sent to England by the fellowship.

"Polish children received the first parcels sent, through the English 'Save the Children' fund, which aims at preserving child life, irrespective of race or creed," she writes.

New!

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His Sweetheart: How soon will he go? Wish he got more leave... It can't be long now. Wish he'd ask me to get married before he goes... I think he thinks it's too much to ask... He worries about my future... wish he'd worry a bit more about his own. I know he'll be the reckless kind, rushing out to bring in wounded warriors. I'd rather have a live bridegroom than a dead hero. They cheer the soldiers, but what about us?... If we lose our men we lose our lives, too; all the real things in life. I'm selfish—I can only think of him and me—us—together. I'm rebellious—but underneath I know I'm proud... Wish I was sure of being brave about it... could cry my heart out any time of the day... Mustn't...

His Cobber: I'd like to be with him. Bit sick of the office but can't leave Mum and the family... not yet, anyhow. He seems a different person... it's a new life... a new background... he's going to find new friends there who are sharing this big thing with him. I'm out of that... I can see he's thinking of something else when I talk about the office gossip. It does seem tinny now. Yet we used to talk about war being just a waste—we wouldn't be the mugs... we wouldn't go. But he did... and I will...

The Judgment of Paris

World's ten best-dressed women

English Royalty again leads world in smartness and chic

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE
Our Special Representative in London

Wartime has not interfered with one of the biggest events in the fashion year—the judgment of Paris of the world's ten best-dressed women.

The Duchess of Kent again is awarded the title of "the world's best-dressed woman," a title she was awarded last year. She was placed second to the Duchess of Windsor in 1938. The American Duchess was placed third last year, and this year is a close second to the Duchess of Kent.

SEVERAL of the world's ten most elegant women in this year's list have been honored by the fashion judges for several years in succession—the American millionairess, Barbara Hutton, the Begum Aga Khan, the Duchess of Leeds, and Mme. Antenor Patino.

Queen Elizabeth is given a special place among the ten. But for the formalised dressing which she must wear as Queen of England, fashion judges say she would be easily first.

In awarding the palm for the world's best-dressed women, Paris couturiers hand the prize to those who, despite the wartime tendency to sleek and semi-masculine clothes, remain essentially feminine and pay the same pre-war attention to line and detail in their clothes.

The Duchess of Kent is still regarded both in London and Paris as almost unrivalled, with the Duchess of Windsor a close second.

The other seven include the Australian Comtesse De Janse, formerly Betty Moule, of Melbourne.

Madame Antenor Patino, wife of the Bolivian Minister to London, and a member of the Royal House of Bourbon, previously figured in the lists. Her husband is heir to one of the five largest fortunes in the world.

Another South American, Madame Arturo Lopez, wife of the Argentine financier, whose home facing the Bois de Boulogne is at present the centre of international society in Paris, was singled out for her ability to wear bold floral designs and most lavish furs with youthful grace and dignity.

Two Frenchwomen are placed in the list—the Begum Aga Khan, who ran a Paris frock salon before her marriage, and whose smartness is a byword, and film star Danielle Darrieux, whose lithe, youthful figure so admirably sets off the new feminine tailleurs accompanied with soft, frilly blouses, which she has already made the rage of the Boulevards.

The Duchess of Leeds never loses her place in the list. Daughter of a former Yugoslav consul in Paris, she was a ballet dancer before her marriage.

Exotic type

TENTH comes Barbara Hutton, one of the world's richest women, whose fair loveliness enables her to wear the most exotic fashions in which there is always some subtle suggestion of the Orient.

Selection of the world's best-dressed women was announced in the same week that the Parisian fashion houses staged their first spring dress shows since war began.

Only a few weeks before the outbreak of war I flew to Paris for the autumn collections in a luxury airliner in which the Duke and Duchess of Kent were passengers on the seventy minutes' journey of golden sunshine from capital to capital.

To-day, returning from the spring collections, my August journey seemed to belong to another world.

QUEEN ELIZABETH is given a special place among the world's best-dressed women.

At the famous Gare Du Nord I scrambled into a train—filled with Poius, Tommies, R.A.F. men, and sailors—for the six-hour journey to a Channel port.

Again there was an interminable wait, as the boat could only sail when the Admiralty gave permission. We went aboard at midnight in complete darkness.

Bunks and berths were allotted to official travellers. The rest of us made shakedown of armchairs, each garbed in a lifebelt.

Just as the faint light of a watery dawn crept into the sky we were ordered on deck. We began a long wait which made many of us impatient, not knowing that out in the mists mine-sweepers were busy.

Five hours later, without warning, the boat moved out, travelling at top speed after clearing the harbor. Immediately two British destroyers appeared at port and starboard.

Then away towards England we saw a giant convoy of at least fifty ships slowly going out with England's trade, with the low, rakish silhouettes of destroyers shepherding them.

Navy at work

JUST then we were given a glimpse of the Navy at work. Starboard of a destroyer the water suddenly cascaded skyward, a column of smoke shooting up in the centre—the destroyer had blown up a mine not more than two hundred yards away.

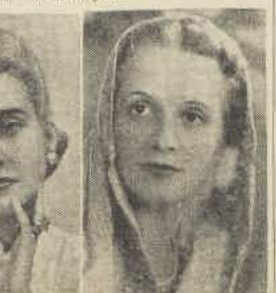
From then on I counted six mines and the destroyers disposed of them all, turning the rest of the voyage into a fireworks display.

Nearing the coast we passed a great hospital ship marked with the Red Cross steaming in slowly. Almost under the shadow of the white cliffs our own fishing fleet were steadily working regardless of the fact that they were a well-marked prey for ruthless German planes.

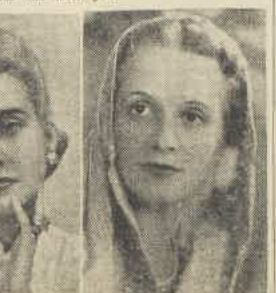
So we came into port—a handful of civilians, wives and babies of Army men returning from the East, a few foreign diplomats, and a great crowd of mud-spattered soldiers and R.A.F. men on leave.

One youthful officer confided to me with boyish excitement that he had been recalled to receive a decoration.

As we stepped ashore we civilians turned to glance seaward where our naval escort was hovering ready for the next job.



Film star Danielle Darrieux



Mme. Antenor Patino

Barbara Hutton

The Begum Aga Khan



QUEEN ELIZABETH is given a special place among the world's best-dressed women.



THE DUCHESS OF KENT is again chosen as the world's leader of fashion.

+++

(LEFT) The Duchess of Windsor's elegance made her a close second to the Duchess of Kent.



The Duchess of Leeds

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Her boys are fighting for France



JUST a French peasant, but war correspondent Monson says she has the spirit of Joan of Arc. Madame Dubonnet's eleven sons are in the army.



FRENCHMEN IN THE MAGINOT LINE. The reason why Hitler postpones his offensive.



WHILE HER SONS are at the war, Madame Dubonnet looks after her grandchildren. They are the happiest youngsters in the village.

Madame Dubonnet has eleven sons in the Maginot Line

By Ronald Monson, our Special War Correspondent.

To-day I spoke to a Frenchwoman, Madame Dubonnet, who has eleven sons in the Maginot Line. "It is the war," she says, "we do what we can."

This spirit of Joan of Arc is burning in the hearts of French women of all classes to-day.

The war must be won at all cost—whatever the sacrifices.

THAT is my most vivid impression of France to-day—the calm, tight-lipped courage of the women.

I have talked to hundreds of women. Ladies in stately chateaus, peasant women working in the fields, girls in munition factories in the larger towns. They all have the same resolve, "we must beat the Boche."

Typical of this spirit is Maman Dubonnet, who lives with Papa Dubonnet in a large cottage set

among hopfields in one of the loveliest parts of France.

Maman Dubonnet, bright cheeked, dark haired and as lively as a

cricket, is proud of eleven sons in the Maginot Line.

As she led the way into her spick and span parlor she told me that

the twelfth son would soon be called up.

Inside the house M. Dubonnet was reading a pile of letters.

"You see," said his wife, "we get our war news first hand—from our eleven sons."

A large pile of letters lay still unopened on the mantelpiece. Torn

envelopes were scattered about. Madame talked of her sons.

Louis, aged 20, has just been called to the colors. Maurice, aged 40, the eldest, joined his regiment on the outbreak of war, as did Henri, Joseph, Evarimpe, Bernard, Andre, Marcelle, Eugene, Robert and Jules, so did their only son-in-law, Pierre.

Papa Dubonnet has for forty years been a sufferer from rheumatism and asthma and could scarcely rise from his armchair, but smiled a welcome. He knew the Australians in the last war.

"They were good boys and very gracious," he said. "The Germans had great respect for them."

Maman Dubonnet made me some coffee. Toll and anxiety have left their marks on her tired, old face, but her eyes still twinkle. She is remarkably strong and active.

She told me she was proud of having given so many sons to France, but hoped that the war would soon be over so that they could all come home.

Empty chairs

ONLY four of them were unmarried, but even the married ones visited their home frequently in the happy days of peace.

"The hearth was always full of people before."

"Now there are thirteen empty chairs," she said. "My sons' soldier friends come here often, beaming at papa, 'we give them a bed. Why not? There are so many. Why not indeed?'"

Madame Dubonnet is typical of the way the French are facing up to war.

Everywhere you find women breaking up the menages that have been their homes since they married, packing their belongings, storing their furniture for the duration and moving on to take lodgings in some town or village, as near as possible to where their husbands may be stationed, in order to be near enough to cheer them up when they get local leave.

Others have taken the place of their menfolk in the field, in the orchard, in business and in all other spheres of activity and helped free the manpower needed to keep the Boche beyond the frontier.

I have seen them working early and late at the harvest in the cold driving rain, and even taking their meals out in the open field in all weathers—for the work behind the lines must go on.

VERA THOUGHT
HER FROCK WAS
WHITE

UNTIL SHE SAW IT
AGAINST HER BOSS'S
PERSIL-WASHED SHIRT

Persil

THE AMAZING
OXYGEN WASHER

PERSIL GIVES EXTRA-WHITENESS EXTRA GENTLY

Diana makes her Choice

She loved all three men... but her problem was to decide which she loved most

WHEN Diana Freeman was six years old, she decided whom she was going to marry. In her flannellette pyjamas she ran downstairs, excited by her glorious decision, and burst into her father's dinner party to announce it.

"Daddy," she piped, "when I grow up I'm going to marry you."

It was really awfully cruel of her father's guests to laugh. It wasn't a laughing matter. It was deadly serious, and Norman Freeman treated it so. But then, Norman Freeman loved his daughter and knew how such a momentous announcement should be received.

"That relieves me a lot, darling," he said, "because now I'll never have to worry about losing you."

But they often laughed about it, together, when Diana grew up. "Cutting me out eh?" Norman Freeman would say when any young man became obviously, and traditionally, infatuated with Diana. And that was easy, for Diana grew from a spindly-legged, round-eyed duckling into an alluring young woman, who again decided, at the age of nineteen, whom she was going to marry.

There was no wild rushing, pyjama-clad, down the wide staircase at Stonefields this time, but a rapturous entrance through the library french windows, her hand in Peter's and a breathless rush of words. "Daddy, darling—" That was all, and Norman Freeman knew; knew as he looked at his daughter's starry eyes so heartrendingly like her mother's. Knew as he saw young Peter Garfield's contented, diffident smile. And his momentary pang was drowned with a swift rush of gladness that his daughter had found a man worthy of her. He liked young Peter Garfield.

"So you're the one I finally cut me out, eh? Well, my dear, I don't think I can be jealous of Peter."

"Daddy, darling—" "But I make one stipulation—" "What is that, sir?"

"That you let me keep her a while longer. She's not twenty, yet. You can have her when she's twenty-one."

Afterwards, Norman Freeman was to regret that stipulation. Afterwards, when Stephen Blake came to Stonefields, he was to wish that he had let young Peter Garfield marry his daughter, despite her youth. Marry her and keep her safe from Stephen Blake, whom he could never like, although he was the son of his oldest friend.

Diana was happy in her engagement to Peter, although during the first few months the waiting seemed hard and her twenty-first birthday an infinity away. "But we mustn't be selfish," she would say to Peter. "I'm all that Daddy has." And Peter would say: "Of course, eighteen months will soon pass. Norman's too nice to hurt. It must be awful for him to have to give you up. I couldn't, my darling."

So they waited. In six months Diana was twenty. In another three months the waiting line was halved, and house-hunting began in earnest.

One month later, Stephen Blake came to Stonefields.

Stephen was thirty. His father, George Blake, had been at Oxford with Norman Freeman. When George Blake died he left his small fortune to his son. In a year Stephen Blake had lost it all in a gold-mining venture. But Stephen Blake would always be on his feet. After speculating for unfound gold, there was a vague expedition to the East, which passed two years of his life. fol-



Illustrated by SHREVE

lowed by an equally vague spell of "civil engineering" in the Sudan. Then, suddenly, he was front-page news—the young man who flew from Khartum to England "by accident," beating all speed records and being more surprised than anyone else when he landed, unheralded, in a lonely Sussex field.

"Good morning," he said to a local farmer, "where am I?"

The village of Withersgreen had the smallest population in England. If, as jealous tongues whispered, Stephen Blake had done this flight to create a sensation, planned his "accidental" arrival to win publicity, he would surely have chosen a prominent airport rather than an obscure village where his arrival might have been comparatively unheralded. So thought Diana Freeman, amused and thrilled by the newspaper accounts of the young man's audacity and skill. "Isn't he marvellous?" she said to Peter. "Just think of it—to set off from the Sudan and arrive in England!"

"Afraid I slept most of the time," Stephen Blake told newspaper reporters when they asked awkward questions, thereby adding still more daring and skill to his adventure.

Norman Freeman wrote his congratulations, adding his long-standing invitation for Stephen to visit Stonefields whenever he wished. After the surge of publicity had died down and the luxury hotel in Park

Gazing compellingly into Diana's eyes, Stephen asked, "Will you be sorry when I go?"

Lane regretted its inability to extend its hospitality to the daring young airman, Stephen Blake decided to accept Norman Freeman's invitation. It seemed the best of those he had left, and Norman Freeman was rich, he knew. That might atone for a quiet spell in the country. And one never knew. He might return to London with sounder finances than when he left, for, although he had lived in luxury while on the crest of his wave, as soon as the tide ebbed he looked like being stranded. His only financial gain out of this adventure was the sum he received from a Sunday newspaper for his over-colourful life story. And most of that had already gone.

NEWSPAPERS and hotel proprietors were used to daring young airmen, and to them Stephen Blake was just another nuisance involving extra work or free and expensive accommodation; but to the public, particularly the women, he represented heroic young manhood, even more heroic because he was a bachelor, and a handsome bachelor at that. "The Greek God of the Air" was how the local news edifice heralded Stephen's arrival at Stonefields. The whole town of

Borningham turned out to greet him.

All except Diana. She was waiting on the steps of Stonefields and as soon as Stephen Blake saw her he was glad he had come. Norman Freeman's mastiff, Rolff, stood beside her, his wise old eyes scanning Stephen Blake and instantly mistrusting him. Diana was unaware of the picture she made, but not Stephen Blake, or her father, stepping out of the car and witnessing Stephen's instant enslavement. Norman smiled to himself. He had seen it happen before when young men beheld Diana for the first time. It always vaguely amused him, at the same time arousing a certain quick sympathy for the victim.

He was glad his daughter was engaged to Peter Garfield. A girl like Diana, he suddenly thought, should not be left unattached too long, or the wrong man might get her. Peter Garfield, thank goodness, was the right man.

But though men were invariably attracted by Diana, she herself was rarely attracted by men. Her love for Peter was no sudden awakening, but the slow fruition of years of friendship, childhood confidence and youthful comradeship. That was how it should be with Diana.

COMPLETE
SHORT STORY

By Rona
Randall

thought her father. Love with foundations was what she needed, foundations that would never tremble, love that would withstand a lifetime.

But in Diana's eyes, when they first met Stephen Blake's, was a quick greeting, a sudden recognition. "Hello," she said, and Stephen smiled down at her, matching her recognition with his own. "Hello," he answered and took her hand. "Why haven't we met before?" his eyes said frankly. "I've known you all my life. Been waiting for you all my life."

And Rolff growled.

Norman Freeman was startled. So, too, was Diana. Rolff never growled, except at undesirable strangers or tramps or poachers. Norman Freeman silenced him and Diana laughed. An unnatural little laugh.

"Quiet, Rolff! What's the matter with you?"

"It's just that I'm a stranger. I expect," said Stephen. "He'll take to me, all right. Dogs always do. I love them."

"So do I," said Diana quickly. "I'm so glad you do. Rolff is only one of the brood. There's Biff and Towser and Bruce as well."

STEPHEN stooped to fondle Rolff, but the animal growled again, baring his teeth. Diana was angry.

"Rolff! Behave yourself!" Norman Freeman took Rolff's collar and led him away.

Undesirable strangers. . . . It was silly to let a thing like an unfriendly dog prejudice one, but Norman Freeman could not forget it. Was it, he wondered, as he sat opposite Stephen Blake at dinner, due to that episode that he instinctively disliked his guest? Or was it simply unreasonable and unfair?

Or was it his eyes when he smiled at Diana, intimate, admiring, significant?

He was glad when Peter arrived after dinner.

"Frightfully sorry I couldn't get along earlier," Peter said, "but the old man's away and I couldn't leave the office."

But Diana didn't seem to mind. "You must meet Stephen," she said. "You'll like him."

Stephen Blake was certainly very charming, thought Peter. Too charming. Too affable and friendly and outdoor altogether. Peter was a little amused by him at first. He was obviously living the part of public hero. Before the evening was out, Peter was irritated beyond endurance.

"The fellow is nothing but a poseur," he told Diana. "I don't know how he keeps it up."

"Peter, how unkind. I think he is charming."

"Of course. All women do, I believe."

"Now you are being childish."

"On the contrary, you are the one who is being childish."

"Are you trying to quarrel with me, Peter?"

"Don't be silly. If I didn't love you, I'd spank you soundly."

It was altogether a beastly night, Peter decided, as he stumped off down the drive. And it promised to be an even beastlier week or fortnight or month, or however long Stephen Blake decided to stay.

Norman Freeman came through the trees with Rolff. He gave one look at Peter and said: "Quarrelled?"

"Almost. Not quite."

"Bad tactics, old man."

Please turn to Page 32

OUR SERIAL STORY

Ten Little Niggers

Trapped on a deadly island, the guests battle desperately to unveil its grim secret

THE STORY SO FAR:

MYSTERY descends from the moment the guests arrive at lonely little Nigger Island. The guests themselves are oddly assorted and strangers to one another. They are MR. JUSTICE WARGRAVE, recently retired from the Bench; DR. ARMSTRONG, a successful Harley Street man; GENERAL MACARTHUR, an old campaigner; the enigmatic PHILIP LOMBARD; the gay young ANTHONY MARSTON; and the elderly spinster, EMILY BRENT; together with WILLIAM BLORE, a detective; and the newly-engaged secretary, VERA CLAYTHORNE.

The host, MR. OWEN, is unexpectedly absent, and only ROGERS, the butler, and his wife receive them. After dinner, when Rogers puts on a gramophone record, according to instructions left by his employer, it accuses each one of them of having at some time been involved in murder. There are indignant denials, but actually the accusations are true—and when Marston hastily gulps down a drink during the clamor he chokes and dies.

Anxiously comparing notes then, the others find that no one has actually met Mr. Owen, but all have been brought there on vague, though plausible, pretexts. To add to the mystery, Rogers finds that one china nigger has disappeared from a centre-piece bearing the figures of ten little niggers; and next morning, to their horror, they find that Mrs. Rogers has died in the night, while the boat with supplies from the mainland has failed to turn up, leaving them completely isolated.

After breakfast, they have been anxiously discussing the affair, and Blore has declared that he thinks Rogers poisoned his wife. Just after that, Dr. Armstrong and Rogers find that another china nigger has disappeared.

NOW READ ON

DOCTOR ARMSTRONG came out of the dining-room and once more came out on the terrace. The judge was sitting in a chair now, gazing placidly out to sea. Lombard and Blore were over to the left, smoking but not talking.

As before, the doctor hesitated for a moment. His eye rested speculatively on Mr. Justice Wargrave. He wanted to consult with someone. He was conscious of the judge's acute logical brain. But, nevertheless, he wavered. Mr. Justice Wargrave might have a good brain, but he was an elderly man. At this juncture, Armstrong felt what was needed was a man of action. He made up his mind.

"Lombard, can I speak to you for a minute?"

Philip started. "Of course."

The two men left the terrace. They strolled down the slope toward the water. When they were out of ear-shot, Armstrong said: "I want a consultation."

Lombard's eyebrows went up. He said: "My dear fellow, I've no medical knowledge."

"No, no, I mean as to the general situation."

"Oh, that's different."

Armstrong said: "Frankly, what do you think of the position?"

Lombard reflected a minute. Then he said: "Rather suggestive, isn't it?"

"What are your ideas on the subject of that woman? Do you accept Blore's theory?"

Philip puffed smoke into the air. He said: "It's perfectly feasible, taken alone."

"Exactly."

Armstrong's tone sounded relieved. Philip Lombard was no fool.

The latter went on: "That is, accepting the premise that Mr. and Mrs. Rogers have successfully got away with murder in their time, as the accusation said. What do you think they did to their employer? Poisoned the old lady?"

Armstrong said slowly: "It might be simpler than that. I asked Rogers this morning what this Miss Brady had suffered from. His answer was enlightening. I don't need to go into medical details, but in a certain form of cardiac trouble amyl nitrite is used. When an attack comes on, an ampoule of amyl nitrite is broken and it is inhaled. If amyl nitrite were withheld—well, the consequences might easily be fatal."

Philip Lombard said, thoughtfully: "As simple as that. It must have been rather tempting."

The doctor nodded. "Yes, no positive action. No arsenic to obtain and administer; nothing definite; just—negation! And Rogers hurried through the night to fetch a doctor, and they both felt confident that no one could ever know."

AND, even if anyone knew, nothing could ever be proved against them," added Philip Lombard. He frowned suddenly. "Of course, that explains a good deal."

Armstrong said, puzzled: "I beg your pardon?"

Lombard said: "I mean, it explains Nigger Island. There are crimes that cannot be brought home to their perpetrators. Instance, the Rogers'. Another instance, old Wargrave, who committed his murder strictly within the law."

Armstrong said sharply: "You believe that story?"

Philip Lombard smiled. "Oh, yes, I believe it. Wargrave murdered Edward Seton, all right; murdered him as surely as if he'd stuck a stiletto through him! But he was clever enough to do it from the judge's seat, in wig and gown. So, in the ordinary way, you can't bring his little crime home to him."

A sudden flash passed like lightning through Armstrong's mind: Murder in hospital. Murder on the operating table. Safe—yes, safe as houses.

Philip Lombard was saying: "Hence Mr. Owen; hence Nigger Island!"

Armstrong drew a deep breath. "Now we're getting down to it. What's the real purpose of getting us all here?"

Philip Lombard said: "What do you think?"

Armstrong said abruptly: "Let's go back a minute to Mrs. Rogers' death. What are the possible theories? Rogers killed her because he was afraid she would give the show away. Second possibility: She lost her nerve and took an easy way out herself."

Philip Lombard said: "Suicide, eh?"



The General was staring out to sea, suddenly oblivious of the terrified girl beside him.

ILLUSTRATED BY WEP

"What do you say to that?"

Lombard said: "It could have been, yes, if it hadn't been for Marston's death. Two suicides within twelve hours is a little too much to swallow! And if you tell me that Anthony Marston, a young bull with no nerves and precious little brains, got the wind up over having mowed down a couple of kids and deliberately put himself out of the way—well, the idea's laughable!"

"And, anyway, how did he get hold of the stuff? From all I've ever heard, potassium cyanide isn't the kind of stuff you take about with you in your waistcoat pocket. But that's your line of country."

Armstrong said: "Nobody in their senses carries potassium cyanide. It might be done by someone who was going to take a wasp's nest."

"The ardent gardener or landowner, in fact. Again, not Anthony Marston. It strikes me that cyanide is going to need a bit of explain-

explain two deaths following rapidly on each other."

Armstrong said: "I can, perhaps, give you some help toward that theory."

And he repeated the facts that Rogers had given him about the disappearance of the two little china figures.

Lombard said: "Yes, little china negro figures. There were certainly ten last night at dinner. And now there are eight, you say?"

Doctor Armstrong recited: "Ten little nigger boys went out to dine;

One choked his little self and then there were nine."

"Nine little nigger boys sat up very late;

One overslept himself and then there were eight."

The two men looked at each other. Philip Lombard grinned and flung away his cigarette.

"Fits too well to be a coincidence!"

Philip Lombard nodded. He said: "No motorboat this morning. That fits in. Mr. Owen's little arrangements again to the fore. Nigger Island is to be isolated until Mr. Owen has finished his job."

Armstrong had gone pale. He said: "You realise—the man must be a raving maniac."

Philip Lombard said, and there was a new ring in his voice: "There's one thing Mr. Owen didn't realise."

"What's that?"

"This island's more or less a bare rock. We shall make short work of searching it. We'll soon ferret out U. N. Owen, Esquire."

Doctor Armstrong said warningly: "He'll be dangerous."

Philip Lombard laughed. "Dangerous? Who's afraid of the big bad wolf? I'll be dangerous when I get hold of him!" He paused and said:

"We'd better rope in Blore to help us. He'll be a good man in a pinch. Better not tell the women. As for the others, the general's saga, I think, and old Wargrave's forte is masterly inactivity. The three of us can attend to this job."

Blore was easily roped in. He expressed immediate agreement with their arguments.

"What you've said about those china figures, sir, makes all the difference. That's crazy, that is! There's only one thing. You don't think this Owen's idea might be to do the job by proxy, as it were?"

"Explain yourself, man."

"Well, I mean like this: After the racket last night, this young Mr. Marston gets the wind up and poisons himself. And Rogers, he gets the wind up, too, and bumps off his wife! All according to U.N.O.'s plan."

Armstrong shook his head. He stressed the point about the cyanide.

Blore agreed: "Yes, I'd forgotten that. Not a natural thing to be carrying about with you. But how did it get into his drink, sir?"

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

ing. Either Anthony Marston meant to do away with himself before he came here, and therefore came pre-
pared, or else—

Armstrong prompted: "Or else?"

Philip Lombard grinned. "Why make me say it, when it's on the tip of your own tongue? Anthony Marston was murdered, of course."

Doctor Armstrong drew a deep breath. "And Mrs. Rogers?"

Lombard said slowly: "I could believe in Marston's suicide, with difficulty, if it weren't for Mrs. Rogers. I could believe in Mrs. Rogers' suicide, easily, if it weren't for Anthony Marston. I could believe that Rogers put his wife out of the way, if it were not for the unexplained death of Anthony Marston. But what we need is a theory to

Anthony Marston dies of asphyxiation or choking last night after dinner, and Mother Rogers over-
sleeps herself with a vengeance."

"And therefore?" said Armstrong. Lombard took him up. "And therefore the unknown quantity X! Mr. Owen! U. N. Owen! One unknown lunatic at large!"

"Ah!" Armstrong breathed a sigh of relief. "You agree. But you see what it involves? Rogers swore that there was no one but ourselves and him and his wife on the island."

"Rogers is wrong! Or possibly Rogers is lying!"

Armstrong shook his head. "I don't think he's lying. The man's scared. He's scared nearly out of his senses."

Please turn to Page 38

Contrast

Complete Short Story

... by ...

WILLA ROBERTS

JANE HEMINGWAY absently but gently pushed the kitten away from her shoestring and read the letter she held in her hand over again, slowly and savoringly. She had already read it enough to get the sense of it with a quick glance; now she wanted to enjoy its flavor at ease.

"Dear Jenny," it began and even to those two words she now spared a smile. No one nowadays called her Jenny and to see it written here in that careless sprawling hand was to see again the thin and anxious little girl who had hailed her thus those years ago when they had been dropped into each other's laps by the boarding school whose rules gave every pupil an unknown room-mate.

"I am going to be in town—your town—next week for three days and do hope so much we shall see each other. Will you let me come to dinner, at one of my queer hours, or will you suffer an hotel meal with me? Don't be tiresome and be away on a vacation or sick with the measles or busy.

"I'll get in late at night, late as midnight or morning, and the first thing I'll look for is an answer and a date, so don't disappoint me."

Almost the best of all was the ending:

"Always your faithful friend,
"JUDY."

The first letter Jane had ever had from her was signed just that way. It was smeared a little with a rueful tear suppressed till the very end of the letter from the cultural Europe to which she had been dragged by her parents, culture-bent and quite regardless of little girls' friendships and the far greater lure of a summer on an Oregon farm. Never since had she had word from Judy with any other conclusion.

Jane's smile deepened. The cat had her shoelace now and was worrying it happily. But Jane had lost hold of her own private shoelace and was worrying it quite as contentedly.

When that first letter was written Judy had none of the beauty that had supported her other claims since then. Her golden skin had shown a young girl's sallowness and her thin arms and legs and anxious expression had made the general impression of a young and not too confident puppy. All of the goddess that showed at that time was the lovely line of her Roman profile with the slant faintly back of the brow and the proud line of her perfect nose.

And now Judy gosling was Judith swan for fair. Jane's smile warmed. She saw how the uncertain child had taken on assurance, though perhaps she did not realise how much of that had come from her own warm and cherished ease; saw again the taller, rounder girl who came back from a second summer in Italy and saw the bright-colored figure that had mounted the old horse block for a ride the day before they had left their school for good.

Jane sometimes reflected, with a guilty pang for all the frustration and sorrow there was in the world, that she had no regrets in her own life at all; but now she thought perhaps she did regret the severing of that close tie with Judy Northrup. She had never known anyone again in quite that same way.

In Judy's world there were no half doubts; all her heavens, all her bells were deep and absolute, what she wanted she wanted unbearably, what she was indifferent to had no existence. But she had her own queer little code of conduct, and re-

tience and, in those days, anyway, her intensity was in check.

Though Judy's life had followed an arc so different from her own, it was impossible to feel her a stranger. They had seen each other only at wide intervals, this one the widest, but that same intense and subjective quality gave to an intermittent contact a reality that many more constant meetings lacked utterly.

It was odd, too, how consistent Judy was. She had been awkward then and was graceful now, a fearful and hesitant air had burgeoned into complete ease, but these were only the shifting of chrysalis and wing. She had always known what she wanted, but when she was young she was helpless as the young are, bound in the prison-house of the grown-ups around them, and though she had always meant to get what she wanted she had not then known that she surely could, nor been sure how much it would cost.

Jane pushed the kitten off at last, tied her shoe and sat down to answer her letter.

"Dearest Judy (she wrote):
"You must come here, of course. I hate hotels and I'm sure you must. Tell me what hour is the queer one and you and I shall have our dinner then. The children probably won't and Bob will unless I ship him off to one of his cronies as I devoutly hope I may.

"You're arriving, according to the papers, for a Tuesday performance, so come that afternoon.

"It's odd to think you have never seen my children and scarcely my Robert. They're not mine, of course, and I try to remember it, but when I show them to you I'll probably boastingly put it that way—to myself anyway.

"Dear Judy, it'll be lovely to see you."

THE arrival of Miss Northrup, heralded for weeks by great posters, Judith Northrup in Mary of Spain, with only a little later great cross-hatches of "Sold Out," was obscure and unnoted. She came, indeed, as she had told Mrs. Hemingway, after midnight and drifted into the extensive suite her secretary and her maid and her manager far more than herself demanded. She went promptly and by long-accustomed routine to bed, but not before she had seized and read her old friend's letter with satisfaction. She fell asleep with a little smile on her lips. "Ah, dear Jenny, it will be sweet to see her again."

At four the next day, a little ahead of her telephoned promise, she turned the front doorknob of the Hemingway house and thrust her head around the jamb. "Are you there, Jenny?" and a ripple of pleasure ran through her voice.

"Judy," and the plumper figure of a dear memory came from the shadows and embraced her. "Sit down, Judy, do, and take off your hat and make yourself comfortable. I've staved Bob off for an hour or two, anyway, so we can have a good talk. The children aren't under half such a good control; they'll probably be pouring in from school and swarming all over everywhere. How good to see you, how good!" Jane beamed.

"How lovely to be here, too. The same place, I hoped you hadn't moved; the same garden, I hope, but another offspring, isn't there, or just a baby grown-up or something?"

"Let me see. James is six, almost seven, and it's five years since you were here, in this house, so he must have been around. Probably locked



Illustrated by FISCHER

Judith had beauty and talent. She had taken the ingredients at hand and gone from success to success.

in his crib. Oh, Judy, how fine you look and have you got a good play this time?"

"Not bad, as such things go." The elegant Miss Northrup yawned and stretched her elegant legs luxuriously. "Oh, Jenny, you do have the most divine gift of making a person comfortable. You're just like a lovely mattress, so-o-o comfortable." She grinned. "Doesn't sound very flattering, does it, but gosh it's so nice to see you every bit the same as you were the first time I ever saw you."

"I certainly can't say the same for you, miss," said Jane. "You've improved considerably."

They giggled companionably. "Tell me, dear, aren't you tired getting in so late—wouldn't you like to lie down and take a small siesta before dinner?"

"Certainly not. I'm used to my hours; I ought to be by now; and, after all, my day has hours in it just like everyone else's. I don't work any harder than the next person, only I sleep and eat differently, mamma."

Nothing but the flotsam and jetsam of talk but enough to

make them laugh with the pleasant relaxing laughter of friend examining friend, of absence closing up its long gaps, of reassurances exchanged in the impalpable air around their foolish phrases. Eyes met dark clear eyes, and read that in the springs of life all was well, glances casual in time took swift plumbing dives into the tireless marks of character and quality, of resistance and wear, that give to human intercourse its deepest values, that mortar the bricks of action with the hardening time of check and balance.

Into the smooth flow of their talk, reaching back to girlhood, touching on the richness of maturity's rewards and problems, dissolving in laughter and pausing in sympathy, the interruption of another generation burst overwhelmingly.

"Mother, Mommy, Mommy, where are you?" Voice led and body followed, then checked its headlong pace at the sign of this stranger, so at ease in Zion. Her foot now hanging over the arm of Father's great chair, the lady sat sideways as droopy as a cherry branch.

"James, this is Miss Northrup,

you know, Mommy's great friend. You've seen her picture in the green book in my upstairs bookcase."

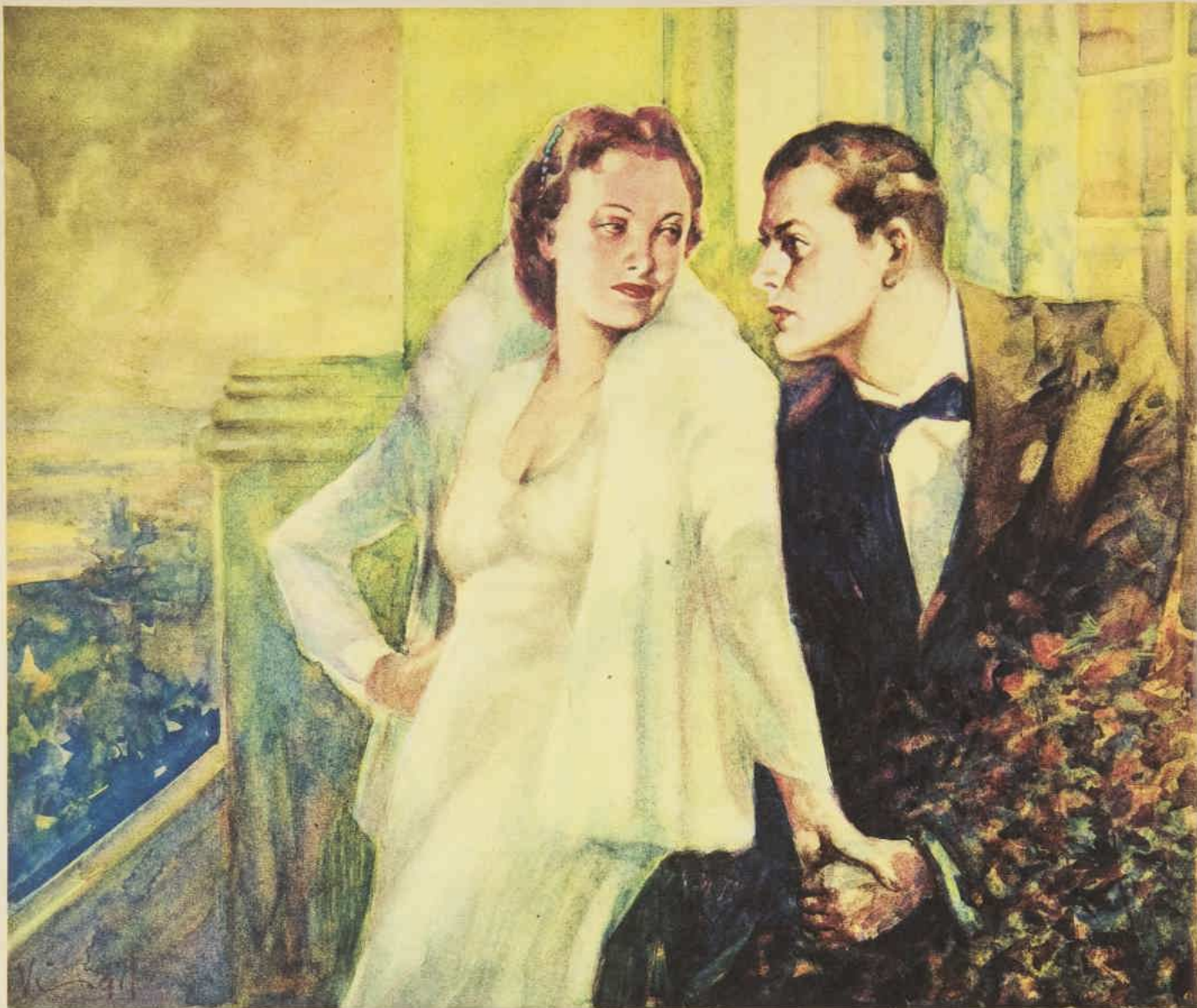
James advanced, torn in spirit, native and induced politeness struggling with matters of great import.

"How do you do," he said mechanically. But even his infant concentration was not proof against the famous Northrup smile unloosed upon him with all its dazzling power unchecked by any footlights. He grinned back, a single but enveloping gap revealing itself in his wide and rosy smile.

Judith started back in mock horror. "Oh Jenny, what a sight. Are you so used to it you feel no terror, you hardened wretch?"

But James' troubles returned to his momentarily deflected mind. "Mommy," he said imploringly, leaving his hand in the visitor's, "that boy Pinocchio, our teacher kept reading and reading about him, Mommy, he buried his money. He buried it so it would be a tree and have pennies on it. But Mommy, it won't, doesn't he know it won't?" He turned an anxious gaze from one to the other.

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Illustrated by VIRGIL

"Life is sweet, Fay," Burke murmured compellingly. "Now suppose you came away with me?"

Honeymoon

Complete Short Story

by

URSULA BLOOM

FAY supposed that all brides must feel like this the night before their wedding. There was the element of fear; the dread of making a final step and, with the imminence of the morrow, the panic that it might be the wrong step. Time had jostled her along to this night so quickly that she had not had time to think.

There had been the bridesmaids' party, with six girl friends clustering excitedly round the dinner table, and Fay, already conscious of a difference between them, an invisible wall which separated her from them.

She had seen her mother's joy. Mother had always been determined she should make a good marriage. There had been toasts, good wishes, a last look at the presents displayed and docketed in the next room. Only a few minutes ago Mother had tipped into this room.

"Darling Fay, I know you'll never regret this step, you are going to be so happy with dear Ben."

The door had shut on her unmarried life. It would open in the morning on her wedding day.

She wasn't thinking of Ben. Her mind had gone back to two years ago, when she had met Burke. At that time she had been staying at a little country hotel, shut in by the pine woods, with the trout stream threading its way through the garden. Then she was half-schoolgirl, immature. Burke had flashed into her life as the gay adventure. Burke was in the Air Force and that alone dramatised him. He said absurd things, and from the moment they met had attracted her. Seeing her coming, he fell into the trout stream in admiration, and it hadn't made her laugh, only anxious that he might be hurt.

"You're not to see that young man," said her mother, "he's no good. He has a very bad reputation with

women and he'll only turn your head."

She repeated it to Burke. "So she said that? Perhaps she's right. I'm one of those chaps who have an eye to forbidden fruit. How's that? You'll be seeing more of this young man, my sweet."

"Mother won't let me."

"Mother won't . . . ? See those wings? You can't say that sort of thing to the R.A.F."

"Burke, it's got to be good-bye."

"Has it?"

Then he kissed her. She knew that nothing mattered, because he had a magic way with women, he understood them so well that it almost hurt. She clung to him, crying a little—rather happy tears. He could twist her round his fingers, he could make a dull day bright, a dim world golden. She was dreadfully in love with him. He said: "Now listen to me. You are going to be my adventure. I'm going to be yours. If you do what your mother says, life is going to be pretty stodgy; do what I say and it'll be Heaven."

She did as he said.

They met secretly, and it added a gay flip to the sense of adventure. They danced, they explored a trout stream by moonlight, all part of a crazy dream, something that couldn't last but was, for the time being, a mad happiness. She abandoned herself to it. She loved him and asked no more.

Then her mother discovered what was happening, packed the luggage,

and they left for another hotel. Last thing of all, Fay slipped out and said good-bye to Burke, leaning over the balcony in a Romeo and Juliet scene which painted her immature imagination. Just when she had expected him to say the loveliest words of all, his ardor cooled.

"Your mother is quite right. I haven't any money, I haven't any brains. You don't need brains to jiggle a joystick, only nerve."

"I don't want you to fly. You'll kill yourself one day, then what shall I do?"

"Forget me. It's been a grand flirtation."

She leant down. "Burke, it's been more than that. I love you." It was a school-girlish voice that quavered ominously. "I love you desperately."

"Don't be a silly kid! Of course you'll forget me, I'm not worth remembering, but it has been fun while it lasted."

That was the sentence she kept on remembering because she could

not forget. She wrote to him stiltedly, nervous little notes, but they never drew a reply. Sometimes she saw pictures of him in the illustrated papers at the hairdresser's and dentist's; he seemed to be going about with attractive women, keeping up his old reputation. Once he sent her a Christmas card with the Air Force badge and inside, written in his slaphdash handwriting, "Wings can reach over the world, Burke," and she had not the faintest idea what he meant.

Then she met Ben.

He was older than Burke had been, almost thirty, prosperous, not the type who flashes in and out of a girl's life and makes amusing remarks incredibly funny. He was so reliable and when she saw him she knew that he attracted her, but very differently from the way Burke had done.

Ben could give her the peace that Burke could never have given her, so when he proposed she said yes because one half of her wanted to marry him, recognising the sterling merits that spell happiness, though the other half still thought of Burke. Ben had no sisters and his mother was dead; he knew little about women, and Fay was his first love.

She had thought childishly that the engagement wouldn't matter, and she could get out of it later if she wanted to. But she had never had a moment to think. Arrangements had hurried forward, she had been submerged in trousseau, pre-

sents, parties, having her photograph taken and all the rest of it.

Then Ben said: "Where would you like to go for a honeymoon?" and before she had time to think she had replied with the half of her that loved Burke.

"I'd like to go to an hotel I know in pine woods with a trout stream." It was some deadly kind of impulse which spurred her on to choose this hotel where she had met Burke; something that suddenly controlled her when she should have controlled it.

To-morrow they would be there. Only yesterday she had written to Burke a silly schoolgirlish little letter.

"I am being married on Thursday. I have not forgotten you really."

And now she was angry that she had sent it. To-night his gift had come, a slender fillet of pearls. It was the kind of thing that Burke would send, but that Ben would never think of.

Common sense had steered her into marrying Ben, because he was such a good companion, such a prop, the man whom you would stay married to all your life. Now she suffered stagefright, she was probably magnifying Burke out of all proportion. She'd take a couple of aspirins and sleep.

It seemed a few moments later when she was walking up the aisle on her uncle's arm, with six bridesmaids behind her, and the exquisite composure which made people think she had no regrets. She laid her hand in Ben's confidently; after all, she could trust him. She had made her choice and she knew as they stood here there was no going back.

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

February 17, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

TWO OR THREE COLORS



● **ALLIANCE** extraordinary—
A dinner dress in mat jersey,
colors orchid, red, and fuchsia.
With it wear massive jewel-
ery and a length of orchid
jersey round head. (Above.)

● **DONE** in two shades of cobalt-
blue chiffon, the top striped cross-
wise, with ruched bodice and
sleeves, the skirt in alternate
panels, and enormously full. A
lovely frock for dancing.

● **PARROT COLORS** on grey—fashioned of jersey,
the green and red drapery falls down over the back
of the skirt to make two wide panels. (Left.)

● **RED AND GREY** are a very new and popular
combination. This dress, with a very new sil-
houette, is done in velvet for the top and taffeta
for the skirt. (Right.)

Design for leisure...



● AT a week-end house party, two charming guests gossip awhile before tumbling into bed. The lass on the left evokes memories of "Little Women" with her romantically old-fashioned housecoat of grey-and-rose striped silk, elegantly fastened with rose-colored frogs. Her friend brings a new glamor to flannel with a snowy, full-skirted negligee, gathered into the waistline with a cummerbund of pink elastic satin.



● FOR AN EVENING at home, a rose-beige corded silk gown with a narrow peplum at the lowered waistline. The bodice is fastened with a double row of square, self-covered buttons. (Above).

● A COAT designed by Lydia Moss for leisure hours. Simply tailored in primrose-yellow wool jersey with effective cinnamon blanket stitching matching the chiffon cravat tucked in the neckline. (Extreme left.)

● YOUTHFUL gingham housecoat, dramatically checked in cherry and grey, and skirt fullness flowing to the back. For further flattery Lydia Moss adds a cherry velvet sash and bow. (Left.)

Airmailed from London by
MARY ST. CLAIRE

LAST-MINUTE FASHIONS

Sketches by PETROV



INSPIRED by the chain mail headgear of the men who went to the Crusades, a black velvet cap tying under the chin, and lined with red crepe (6).

NOVELTY for formal evenings: black velvet mittens strewn with sparkling gold kid stars (7).

AT LAST designers have dis-

covered the solution of combining comfort and chic with these youthful black velvet evening mittens with sides walled in gold kid (8).

LOOKING BACK to the Middle Ages with a capelleted Crusade cap of black woollen trimmed with old-fashioned cord (9).



P E T R O V

IN THE CURRENT MOOD of tubular slimness is Alix's black wool jersey dinner suit with long, tunic-length jacket buttoned down the front (1).

WHEN THE JACKET is slipped off it reveals a simple blouse that is a delicate affair of cobwebby black lace, with a soft bow at the neckline (2).

THE TUCK-IN BLOUSE is Piquet's contribution for infor-

mal evenings. Long-sleeved sweater of black wool jersey striped with gold sequins with

INDIVIDUAL, hand-cut patterns are obtainable for all dresses and ensembles sketched by Petrov and Rene, and all overseas fashion photos. Prices from 3/6.

Send to our Pattern Department for a free self-measurement form.

scarf of mauve-pink silk. Black, velvety woollen for the high-cut princess skirt (3).

REVIVAL of the bloused shirt, designed by Piquet in satin with jockey effect—half pale blue, half "optimist" rose (4).

FOR SHEER NONSENSE, Suzy places a scintillating clump of luminous flowers on ruched black velvet hat for theatre wear (5).



Lives Busy Life—yet Tireless, Fighting Fit!

THIS nurse is over 50, has seen war service, lives a busy life, and yet keeps on her feet, tireless, fighting fit. How does she do it?

Read her letter and you'll realise why millions of happy men and women are enjoying life more freely now, thanks to this regular pinch of Kruschen in their daily morning tea.

"I am a trained nurse in my early 50's and did much war service, and I would rather go without my early cup of tea than miss my 'little daily dose' of Kruschen Salts. I feel so fit and well, many of my friends exclaim: 'How do you keep so fit?' If only people in their middle life would take their morning dose, I am sure there would be less rheumatic pains, general discomfort and happier faces around the breakfast table. I strongly recommend Kruschen and, with a moderate diet, people will enjoy real comfort."—Nurse S.P.

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testines awake to new activity. Poisons go. Sluggishness goes. You get that "Kruschen feeling" which has brought joy to millions. Kruschen Salts is obtainable at Chemists and Stores, prices 1/6 and 2/9 per bottle.

Learn the secret of **KRUSCHEN**

"It's the Little Daily Dose that does it!"
Take a pinch of Kruschen—so much as will lie on a teaspoon—every morning, in hot water, or tea. Remember—it's the little daily dose that gives you that "Kruschen feeling."



Mother, does baby wake and cry at night?



Chafing and irritation are usually to blame. After his evening bath, give baby a dainty all-over dusting with Cuticura Talcum, then you will have no more midnight tantrums. You can tuck him up as snug as can be and rest assured that he will sleep, absolutely free from chafing and irritation. Cuticura Talcum absorbs perspiration and keeps baby delightfully sweet and cool. Use Cuticura Soap when bathing baby. Its mildly antiseptic action keeps his skin thoroughly clean and healthy. Cuticura Ointment quickly soothes and heals spots and rashes.

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ENCHANTING butterfly embroidery introduces a new note to this duchesse set and matching pillow shams. Available at our Needlework Department.

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DESPITE the extravagant air of this set, you will find it very simple to work. Obtainable now from our Needlework Department.

The design is traced on sheer

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The edges of the set and

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notions . . .

shams are spoke-stitched ready for crochet.

Prices are: 2/9 for duchesse set; pillow shams 4/9 each, or 9/- pair. Postage free.

Gardenia lingerie set

● An adorable lingerie set, of nightie, slip, and scanties, destined for a trousseau.



WW3127

SATISFY your yen for lovely undies with this dainty lingerie set lavishly embroidered with gardenias.

EMBROIDERED with an exquisite gardenia motif, patterns and transfer for this lovely set are available from our Needlework Department, in sizes 32 to 38 inch bust.

State clearly which size you require when writing for your pattern of No. WW3127.

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sick. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A wise bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, refreshing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/-

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The shape of a brassiere is as important as the size. An old-fashioned brassiere may "hold" you all right, but its effect on your figure-line may be anything but flattering. To-day, no woman of any age need tolerate flat, sagging contours. For there are Berlei Brassieres in no less than seven bust classifications. If you want the high pointed bosom of modern youth, try one of Berlei's exciting Hollywood-Maxwell "Whirlpool" styles. If your taste is more conservative, the Nu-Vu, Gothic and other Berlei models hold most interesting possibilities.

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Fashion PATTERNS



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F1731.—Matron's nightie with uplift line. 38 to 44 bust. Requires: 5½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/3.

F1732.—Full-skirted floral for a tiny tot of 2-8 years. Requires: 2yds., 36ins. wide, and ½ yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/3.

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SLIGHTLY
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**THE WORLD'S FINEST
VINEGAR**

CHAMPION'S
Pure Malt
VINEGAR

Contrast

Continued from Page 7

JUDITH laughed but his mother had the sober look mothers acquire. "I don't suppose so," she said thoughtfully.

"Well, it won't and he ought to know. Why doesn't he know?"

"Oh I suppose some people know one thing and some another. For instance another boy doesn't know how much nine pennies and seven pennies are. Probably Pinocchio knows that and thinks it just as queer he doesn't, do you see?"

James looked mildly embarrassed but relieved. "Oh, well—" He escaped.

"It gave me an awful shock when he opened wide those rosy lips, Mrs. Hemingway, and looked like an ogre."

"Oh you get used to it, you know. Besides the awful thing is that when you live with your children every day you don't see them anyway. You see their pettiest showing or their shoe lace untied but their faces, their shapes, never: they're just walking echoes of something you imagine them to be. Probably that's what makes all the trouble when they begin to grow up. I used to hate it when they were little. I would go in to give them a last tuck in and look at those small faces so good and asleep and those little legs and arms and think how horrid it was that just in a minute they would be grown up and argumentative and disagreeable and getting married."

"It doesn't all seem to have quite happened yet," said Judy. "Possibly James has decided to postpone the wedding till he can get the dentist to fix him up with a good set of uppers."

Jane laughed again. "Oh it is a comfort to talk to you, Judy. You have so much sense."

Judy shook her head. "What you say is true as toast, but I don't believe you could hand in my last answer and get much of a mark for your proof."

"I told you I couldn't keep children off," murmured her hostess. "Here's another of the horde."

Very different, this sample, Judith reflected. Slim and silent and looking like a subject for one of her father's sanguine drawings, Merrivale with a glance at her mother reached a brown hand toward the visitor, looked at her long enough to blush and withdraw her eyes, curtsied and seemed to subside into a kind of invisibility.

"Do you know who this is, dear? Miss Northrup whose posters you've been seeing everywhere. We're having tea right before dinner. In a backwards sort of way, would you like a pale cup?"

Merrivale, blind to an opportunity she usually craved, shook her head and opened her hazel eyes for another straight look at Judith. Know who it was indeed. Hadn't she pored over Mother's green book of snapshots and borrowed a copy of Mary of Spain from Susy Townsend whose mother belonged to the book club her mother wouldn't join, and they were reading it aloud, too. Here her thoughts were shattered by the idol opening its peerless mouth and uttering a sound.

"Isn't Merrivale old enough to go to the theatre, Jenny? Or don't you approve? It's not a piece for young girls, I suppose," a doubtful note crept into her warm voice. "But don't you remember what fun it was before—" Her voice died away in its doubts and she consulted the maternal eye. But Jane didn't seem too frightfully stiff, she thought gratefully.

"Certainly, she's old enough to go. There's little enough worth going to, but at least it's better than movies, movies — and never a play at all."

"Thank you, golden tongue, ever my friend and flatterer."

"I don't mean you, Judy, and you know it. Too well. Flattery's the last element in your ration that's lacking."

"Then we'll have a party, won't we? I told them to keep some good seats for you and you must tell me the best night for you to go. But not to-night, I like to feel out the place first, the theatre and people and everything."

Merrivale spoke for the first time. Her eyes large in her delicately modelled face were larger for the intensity with which she kept them on Judith. "And may I go back-stage?" she asked. Her hand flew out toward her mother in a gesture

at once imploring and apologetic. Judith took the request with proper gravity. "After the first act. There's rather a harsh scene in the next and the first one's the one that leaves you glad to see your friends. Mary is young there, a proud young princess, playing country games with her young ladies-in-waiting, it's nice really, I believe you'll like it."

"Oh, yes," said Merrivale, "oh, yes, I—" but she stopped, reluctant to say she'd read the play. Perhaps it wasn't polite to read a play before you saw it. Like eaves-dropping?

Her mother put an end to her hesitations. "Go out to the kitchen, Merrivale, will you, and tell cook she can take out the tea-tray and bring us some soup. I think we might eat right here if she'll set up that little table in the window. You can wait and have dinner with Daddy."

Merry's face broke into smiles. With an effect of scattering one toward her mother and one toward the guest she vanished.

"You go in for different models, don't you, Jenny?"

"Yes, no standardisation in this family. You won't see the twins, they're off sailing for a week with some friends. I took them out of school immorally, but you know what a week at sea means when you are ten?"

Judy cast a thought back at her own over-formalised childhood, but didn't linger.

"What're they like?"

"Oh, darling, I don't know," their mother wailed. "That's just what I'm saying. You don't. They seem nice. Not so absorbed in what goes on in their minds (if anything does) as Merrivale and not concerned about the world and its woes like James. Nice and beasty and a little coarse, which I approve. Tom looks exactly like Bob and Jerry looks exactly like Tom done in another color. He's brown and she's red."

They went to the small table set in the pleasant glass bay. It was raining outside gently, just streaking the window with silvery runnels and glazing the vistas of the garden into greater loveliness. The fruit trees were out and a few petals drifted down under the mild beat of the raindrops.

"THEY fall like a stage effect," said Judy.

"It's horrible the way we talk of nothing but my frightful family," said Jane. "Tell of the great world of art and life and travel."

"Ah, it's not so great," said Judy. "but I like it. It's my world, the theatre, and I'm glad of it. At least I like the piece of it that I have fixed up to suit myself."

She lost for a moment, as she said this, the soft curves of her expressive countenance. Looking at her you were conscious now of the steel of that jaw, the lift of that clearly defined chin, the straightness and fire of that glance. Jane reflected that Judith had made a piece of it just to satisfy her own exactions.

She had worked and toiled and marched along with the determination of a soldier in a campaign. She had beauty and that helped; she had character and that, in getting her where she wanted to go, helped more. She had taken the ingredients at hand and used them with a will. An early success had given her a chance. She had exploited it and got a bigger chance.

Ten years and she could pick and choose. And pick and choose she did. She would go here and she would not go there. The road was dead. Very well, Judith Northrup would revive it. Too expensive. Very well, Judith would finance it.

The outcome was written on those vast sheets flung against the doors of the theatre. Here and in a dozen, two dozen, thirty, forty, other cities as well. And on every one of them. "Sold Out!" She had taken Mary of Spain across more miles than ever that princess had travelled in her life, and she had been romance and beauty and tragic loss and twisted motives and brilliant courage to more people than her royal and forgotten highness had ever ruled over.

Something of this passed through Jane Hemingway's mind as she broke bread with her oldest friend.

Please turn to Page 16



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A BEAUTY BATH
but**

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A LOT WELCOME
IT TOO . . .**



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HENRY H.**



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SYMPTOMS: Headaches. Sleeplessness. No appetite. Complaints of frequent bilious attacks. Can't keep his mind on his job.
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"It's a hard life, in a way, I suppose, but then nothing's really hard if you like it and I have a taste for grease-paint. There's not a smell in the whole world, not even those plum blossoms out there, Jenny, that's so sweet to me as that dressing-room smell of dust and paint and excitement and cloth and curtains. And I like travelling about and seeing towns sound asleep when I come into them, so often. I even like trains and rolling up the curtains to look out through a pasture or over a mountain. And I never get homesick, never wish I was where I can't be. Oh, I was born a trouper, Jenny, my mother must have got me from a gipsy."

But she sighed a little as she said this last, for Judy had never been happy at home, never had the jolly, carefree family larking times that were all Jenny ever had known; and still, years and miles and even, now, lives away from them, a light shadow sometimes moved across her robust nature.

They talked on, of everything and nothing. With the dessert Jane admired the huge early raspberries of her choosing. "Isn't it a wonderful thing to be an American and live in a country where you have all this wonderful succession of berries and fruits—raspberries, strawberries, blackberries, peaches, melons?"

"And currants and cherries and apricots and apples."

"I suppose there are other things about our country just as good, but it hardly seems as if any of them were any better, or at least it all goes together."

"Yes," said Judy understandingly, "all the things you like about a place go together in your mind, beauties and comforts and principles all mixed up until you can't tell where one leaves off and another begins. You think the abundance of this country is plain in its fruits and at the same time plain in its easy-going ways and foolish generousities and general bigness. Do you remem-

ber when they used to hang the big flag out at school and I never got over being baby enough to cry? I still feel a little that way, Jane, even in this rough world everything's turned into."

"Yes, I remember," said Jane, and looked at her friend lovingly. She remembered how Judy had always hated leaving her own country and how even then she herself had dimly realized that her country was all that Judy could really call home. Her ties to her family had never been warm or understanding, and cast with them in a foreign land she had been forlorn and ill at ease, always returning to school with an unchildish joy.

Before the short evening ended, Jane asked after Evan, Judy's far invisible husband known in his own grass-grown world as a careful and gifted worker.

"Working on a new grass. I look out the train windows sometimes (you know I said I liked to!) and think if Evan saw that grass he would know where it originated, whether it ought to be planted here, how long it will live and how it could be improved." Judy laughed. "And all I know is that it's green—if it is. And yet, dear, I feel as if I owned it and every other spear of grass in the whole world just because that is Evan's life."

Judy looked lovely when she looked like that, Jane thought. She had wondered if Judy loved her husband and what it would be like, if you did love your husband, never to see him from one week's end to another for weeks on end. But she thought she knew now. Knew that she loved him anyway.

As if she read her thoughts, or rather (and more pleasantly) as if her own thoughts were following the same route, Judy went on:

"Do you remember that thing of Henry James that we used to like where he says that truth is always truth but you must dis-

Contrast

Continued from Page 14

tinguish between the truth that comes straight from the well cold and clear in a pall and the truth that bubbles in comfortable steam from the tea kettle on the hearth? I think of you and Bob sometimes like that and Evan and me. You have such a cosy tea kettle relation with Bob and I have to content myself with the water from the well, not so handy, not so pervasive, but water, clear and cool and quenching to the thirst."

She smiled at Jane and Jane smiling back and looking, though she did not know it, her loveliest too, recognised the kinship of their preoccupations for each other. This she thought vaguely was what a friend was: they cared for the things concerning you that mattered to yourself.

"I do think you have a wonderful family life," said Judy lightly, getting up. "Imagine being able to stave off your household like this and have such an orgy of remembrances of times past as this. You know, Jenny, I like Bob and should really like to see him only it's not the same thing, is it, as having all this lovely wallow by ourselves?"

Jane shook her head. "He thought he was pretty noble to miss seeing you, but anyway he'll love coming to the theatre to-morrow night. You have to go now, I suppose." She tried not to sound clinging.

Judy put on her hat and kissed her. "Yes, Jenny dear, I do. This has been a year and a day of lovely pleasure. Always be and stay like this, won't you? Yes, you will because you always have. That's not reason enough for most things but it is for you."

Jenny smiled unembarrassedly; Judy's hyperboles had never made much dent on her calm consciousness. Really one of the nicest things about Judy is that you absolutely forget that she is a frightfully famous creature, she thought; but if no more occurred to her to make the comment aloud than it would have occurred to Judith to suppress her own.

REGARDLESS of the rain she walked out to the kerb where Judy's local car was waiting, leaned inside the open door to kiss her friend good-bye, and went, smiling, slowly back to the house. The rest of the evening she passed in a kind of dream answering the children vaguely as they talked, seeing them off to their separate bedtimes and sleepily waking when Bob came tip-toeing heavily in from some meeting that had so conveniently fitted into her own needs of quiet and privacy.

She beamed up at him drowsily. He always came into their room on tiptoe if he thought she was asleep just as he always whispered if he thought someone else was, and both practices were twice as noisy as his habitual walk and tone.

"Did you have a nice time, pet?" "Oh, lovely. Lovely time. It's wonderful, isn't it, to see someone only once in a while and have it just the same as if you saw them all the time?"

"Not very exciting."

"No, of course not, but who cares for excitement?"

"Oh, lots of the boys. Newspaper owners and sight promoters and—"

"Don't be silly, Robert, I'm serious. Really, Judy is every bit as nice as when she wore pigstails and couldn't do solid geometry, or when she first went on the stage and used to go around pronouncing all the consonants at inconvenient hours of the day and night."

"So old home week turned out to be a big success?"

"Yes, dear, it really, really did. I do wish you'd pay attention. And she has such a beautiful voice—"

"Full of consonants, I suppose."

"—and is really so beautiful herself, such a fine skin and such a lovely color in her eyes. I think she's actually handsomer off the stage than on."

Mr. Hemingway sat down on his wife's bed and pulled her hair, spread out like a short comet on the pillow. But Jane was not diverted.

"But the best thing of all, Bob, is that she's so good. Really good, you know, simple and sincere and real."

"She's got a real friend, anyway, I know that."

"That's what I mean, one thing. I have too, don't you see?"

BOB smiled. "Yes, I do see, and I am glad you both have."

Satisfied, Jane declined toward sleep. But before she yielded completely to the weights upon her eyelids she roused herself for one last earnest word.

"But do you know, Bob, I wouldn't have her life for anything. Not for anything. Think of always going up and down the world as she does, no home, not to say so, never seeing her husband (and she does really love him, I'm sure of that) practically never, and having so much public life and so little private life. No, I shouldn't care for it." And shaking her head gravely Jane fell instantly asleep.

The performance over (it was truthfully described by the local papers as a magnificent one) Miss Northrup was settling herself for sleep. Long routine had perfected the habits and processes that changed her back from the tragic princess to the worker with a regimen of rest and health to follow.

A pleasant smile had gone with the good-night to her maid, the covers on the hotel bed lay crisply and invitingly open and she only lingered to select a book from the leather case on the bureau.

Before every journey she made Evan packed up her book bag for her, selecting with long thought and care the dozen volumes that would go with her till they saw each other again. There was always something new and serious, something frivolous, some old charmer and favorite that they had read together; sometimes she would find history, sometimes, almost always, poems. To-night she took up a little blue-bound volume of poetry. She dipped into it here and there savoring its rich images, hearing its deep music.

She stopped at one with her finger on a line. "It sounds like Jenny," she said fondly and for the sheer pleasure of hearing the syllables and enjoying the evocation of the hours she had passed with her, she read aloud to herself softly:

Sweet, sweet content,
Oh, sweet content.

Closing the book, she reached out to turn off the light. "Dear Jenny," she thought, sleep creeping up on the shaping of her thought, "what a kind darling and understanding creature she is and always was. And what a lovely-looking girl her daughter is, and that cunning little cat of a James. And I'm sure she is truly happy with Bob."

"But, dear me, what a dreadful life. I should simply hate it. Always stuck in the same place, always seeing the same people and never having any excitement or change from one week to the other. No, I certainly shouldn't care to do it myself." And the god of sleep gathered another mortal into his nightly throng.

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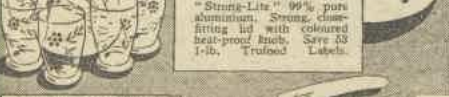
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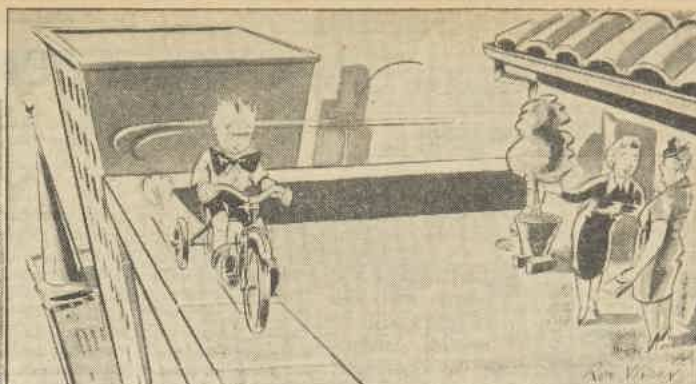
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Some NEW LAUGHS



SMITH: This time last year I was in Ceylon during an earthquake. Everything rocked and rattled—the house creaked—the china flew about—
JONES: That reminds me—I must fetch my wife from the station.



"I make young Ronald stay off the street so that he won't get run over!"

MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead



"What did your husband say when you asked him to buy you a car?"
"He said that I must be contented with the fine carriage nature had given me."



"It won't be long now before the government taxes our patience!"



MISTRESS (to new maid): Now Nora, I always take my bath at 9 every morning.
NORA: It's all right, mam. It won't interfere with me. I'm never ready for mine before 10.

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BRAINWAVES

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

GRANDFATHER (to his little grandson): How many prizes did you get this year?
"One less than last."
"And how many did you get last year?"
"One."

"CONGRATULATIONS! I hear you are getting married," said the master printer to a young compositor. "What's the young lady's name?"
"Well, sir, I'm so devoted to my trade that I'm marrying a Miss Print!"

BOARDER: That was rather grimy shaving water you sent up this morning.
Landlady: Shaving water! That was your early cup of tea, sir.

TRAMP (to woman wearing a rich fur round her shoulders): Do you know, lady, that some poor animal suffered in a trap to enable you to get that fur.

Lady: Yes, and if you want to know the rest of the story, I set the trap and my lawyer helped to spring it.

DOCTOR: Does your husband ever take any real exercise?
Wife: Well, he was out last week six nights running.

MAN AT DOOR: Madam, I am a piano-tuner.
Mrs. Smith: I didn't send for you.
Tuner (politely): I know, madam, but the neighbors did.

"DULUX" COLOUR MAGIC GAVE US A New Room

We had a spare-room that nobody liked because it was dull and drab—then a friend said, "Use Dulux." That was the start—and now we have a beautiful, cheery, colourful room that is admired by all. Yes, Dulux—the lovely "miracle finish"—gave us a new room!

"Dulux" is easy to use—it dries quickly without brush or lap marks. "Dulux" won't crack or chip!

A Product of British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd., makers of "Duco" Lacquer.

B.A.L.M. DULUX
THE SYNTHETIC FINISH SUPERSEDES ENAMELS AND VARNISHES

An Editorial

FEBRUARY 17, 1940.

HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE



DESPITE the war and the huge expenditure it entails Australian Governments must push on with schemes for housing the people.

England, with her crushing war bill, has voted nearly £100,000,000 for home building. That is a splendid example for us to follow.

Now is the time to release a new flow of money for home building.

People anxious to build homes should not be put off with the statement that all the money is wanted for war. By planning now we can prevent an acute housing shortage in the years following the war.

Building society officials estimate that there are between 200,000 and 250,000 potential home builders awaiting finance.

In Sydney alone there is a shortage of 25,000 homes—something of the same conditions operate in other States.

There will be no diminution of these numbers, since people require homes—war or no war.

The general buoyancy of the national income in the next few years will increase the number of people in a position to build homes.

Home building is almost an all-Australian industry. Practically everything required is produced in this country—and a prosperous building trade is the best index of a prosperous community.

The only thing holding back the building of thousands of homes throughout Australia is finance.

Drying up of funds from financial institutions to the building societies would be a bad thing for Australia. It would retard national development at a time when progress is most needed.

People are clamoring for homes. Some scheme of financing the building societies must be arranged to see that they get them.

—THE EDITOR.

"No Man's Land"

By "THE SENTINEL"

Peace Prize

IT seems rather a grim joke, with Europe launched on Great War II, that the Nobel Peace Prize Committee is looking around for someone to award it to. Mr. George Lansbury, 81-year-old British Labor Leader, is one suggestion. He has advocated for a life-time the settlement of international disputes by peaceful means.

Nobody's made a howling success of that idea. Last year, the £10,000 was not awarded simply because there was no great peace figure. The money went to the Finnish Red Cross. It looks as though some charity will score again.

Women diplomats

AUSTRALIA may be represented by a woman or women diplomats in foreign countries.

Thirteen of the 240 applicants who have applied for four appointments to the Department of External Affairs are women.

The four appointees will be trained for diplomatic service.

"Women are equally eligible with men for these appointments," a department officer told me.

"Seven of them are teachers, one is a lawyer, one a business woman, and four are University graduates not yet embarked on a career. The applications came from N.S.W., Victoria, West Australia, Queensland and the Capital Territory."

Qualifications for this work are University graduation, fluency in one or more languages, and knowledge of international affairs.

Fantasy

NAZI leaders say Hitler will proclaim himself King of England after a triumphal entry into London on April 20:—

They're changing the gestapo at Buckingham Palace, Little Goebbels went there with Goering.

They looked for King Adolf, but he never came.

"He must have told us just for a game, how boring."

They're changing the gestapo at Buckingham Palace, Von Ribbentrop went there with Streicher.

A face looked out, but it wasn't the Fuehrer.

"The lion has eaten poor Schickelgruber, the plker."

With profound apologies to A. A. Milne.

Georginas and the dragon

POOOR St. George, who burned up so much energy slaying the dragon, must be turning in his grave at the good deed done by five Lancashire Girl Guides.

Britons are now so humane that crocodiles, descendants of the dragon of folk lore, are classed as "poor creatures," and are being evacuated from the London Zoo.

The five Girl Guides have adopted a crocodile each.



LADY GLASGOW, who will go to Ottawa with her husband, Sir William Glasgow, first Australian High Commissioner in Canada.

Sea King hears

KING GEORGE VI, like his father, is a sailor King so it was only natural he wanted to hear the story of the Graf Spee at first hand. Captain C. H. L. Woodhouse, commander of the Ajax, visited Buckingham Palace and told His Majesty the details of the pocket battleship's fight and subsequent scuttling.

The King voted it one of the most dramatic stories of the war. His Majesty was suffering from a cold at the time, and the tale of courage unfolded did much to cheer him up again.

Laughing it off

BRITISH business people are not giving in to blackout blues. Their advertisements carry a laugh. Here are some examples:

Booksellers: Read while they raid.

Hairdressers: Don't blackout the highlights of your hair.

LADY GLASGOW WILL CHARM CANADIANS

AUSTRALIA'S first High Commissioner in Canada, Queenslander Sir William Glasgow, with Lady Glasgow, will leave for Ottawa at the end of this month.

Canadians will meet a very distinguished soldier in Sir William, and will be charmed with the dignity and grace of Lady Glasgow.

The Australian Women's Weekly called on Lady Glasgow at her pretty home at Indooroopilly to ask her how she feels about this new appointment.

"I feel it is very wonderful," she said, "and, as well, a great honor. With Sir William I am looking forward to it with great interest. We hope to welcome all our Australian friends should they come to Canada."

"We are leaving our family behind, our two daughters and their children."

Both girls married men on the land. Miss Joan Glasgow married Mr. Byron McLaughlin, who has a property 200 miles out of Adelaide.

They have twin daughters ten years old, and a son aged five and a half.

The younger daughter, Beth, married Mr. W. McDowall, son of Dr. and Mrs. Val McDowall, of Brisbane. They have a property at Gore.

Mrs. McDowall came to Brisbane to say good-bye to her parents, and brought her five-year-old son and six-months-old daughter.

Lady Glasgow and Mrs. McLaughlin recently met in Melbourne to say farewell.

"The children will not be babies when we return in five years," said Lady Glasgow wistfully. "I'm going to miss seeing them grow up."

Surrounded by well-kept lawn and trees, with the front fence overshadowed by a large jacaranda tree, Sir William and Lady Glasgow's home at Indooroopilly is most artistic and attractive.

Views of the river are seen from the wide verandah, and the garden is glorious. Four years ago Sir William and Lady Glasgow built and designed this home.

Lady Glasgow loves the jacaranda tree in her garden.

Jacaranda glory

"**I** THINK its grandeur made us decide to buy this land and build on this spot. I buy often visualise its glory when I am away in Canada. When it is in bloom the gardener has instructions never to sweep the fallen flowers, as we like our lawn turned into a beautiful purple carpet."

Much packing and sorting out has been done by Lady Glasgow.

To remind her of her Queensland home Australian pictures will adorn the walls of her new surroundings, including a painting of the Glass House Mountains.

Also will be packed autographed portraits of the King and Queen presented to Sir William and Lady Glasgow when their Majesties visited Australia in 1927.

During the last war Lady Glasgow joined her husband in England. When she went she thought she would be away six months, but she remained three years.

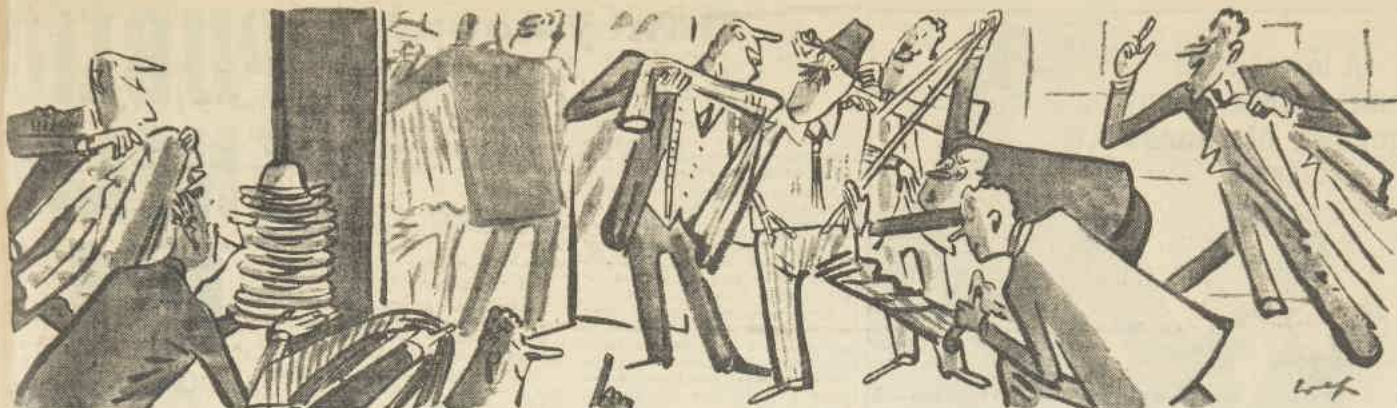
She again visited England and the Continent in 1929 with her daughter, Mrs. McDowall, before the latter's marriage. Both were presented at Court.

Sir William visited Canada in 1938 as leader of the Australian Parliamentary Party.

Lady Glasgow is taking a complete wardrobe with her because she wants Canada to see what Australia can do in the way of smart frocking.

Mrs. R. G. Casey, wife of Mr. R. G. Casey, Australian Minister in U.S.A., will be a fellow passenger. She and her two children are joining Mr. Casey at Washington.





L. W. LOWER samples his own "service for men in a hurry" idea.

SHOPPING can be such a real PLEASURE!

Let's cut out the "sauce" and put some pep into it!

An American department store has discovered that women customers resent being called "dearie" or "honey" by the salesgirls.

Quite right, too! If and when I go shopping all I want is service.

THE ideal store would be where the customer slams her fist down on the counter and says, "Do I get served here or do you think I'm part of the furniture?"

"Say what you want and you'll get it. Think I'm a mind-reader?"

"I want a hat!"

"I'll say you do! I wouldn't be

found dead in the one you're wearing. Try this for size, if your head's clean."

"You're going the right way for a slap in the teeth, my girl!"

"Say that outside, you frump."

"I'll fix you later. How does this hat look from the back?"

"A great deal better than it does from the front. Try walking backwards in it. The hat's all right. It's your face."

... By ...
L. W. LOWER

Illustrated by WEP

"You'll eat those words shortly, my dear. How much is this relic from the scrapheap?"

"Two guineas to you."

"Rot! They've got the same thing up the road for nineteen and eleven."

"Phooey! If you could get that hat cheaper elsewhere do you think you'd be wallowing around here wasting my time? Snap out of it. This is not a rest-home."

"Don't try me too far, mister. Let me see another one. There's a blue one in the window I rather fancy."

"You would. Suitable for a nineteen-year-old girl, and you must be forty if you're a day. And if you think I'm going to unset the window display just to let you make yourself look a bigger boob than you are, you can forget it."

"I want to see the manager!"

"So that's the game is it? Come in here pretending to buy a hat and all you want is to see the manager. A married man with five children, too. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

A woman would enjoy shopping under those conditions.

Real service

MEN are different somehow.

Nobody calls me Honey.

When I go to buy a pair of socks the salesman says, "Yizzer?"

"Socks."

"They do?"

"Oke. How much?"

"Two eleven."

"That's robbery."

"Yes, isn't it? Wrap 'em up or will you stick 'em in your pocket?"

"In my pocket. Keep the change and buy a house with it. Know anything for to-day?"

"Rode Morn in the Juvenile."

"I've seen better horses on merry-go-rounds. See you some more."

"I hope not. S'long."

That's fair dinkum shopping with no honey in it.

As any schoolboy knows — where have I heard that before?

Even a half-witted numbskull like myself—that also sounds familiar.

Anyhow, it has been said that politeness costs nothing, a soft word turneth away wrath, and a kindly glint in the eye is as dew on the rose. That last one is my own.

What is needed in all shopping transactions is a helpful and understanding attitude to be taken up and stood on by both parties.

I have recently had some experience of shopping in a country store. It goes like this:

"Goo-day. Hot enough for you?"

"We've had it worse. How's the water out your way?"

"We're buyin' it. Still got a bit of grass around here, I notice."

"It won't last. It's the dust that worries me. Gets on everything."

There's a line of women's singlets I got in about eleven years ago all practically ruined as you might say."

"I thought we might get a drop of rain this morning by the look of them clouds."

"You can't take any notice of 'em. I believe Hogan's burnt out."

"That's right. If he'd have burnt a break between his joint and the place where the creek used to be he'd have saved a lot of them sheep."

"It just goes to show. We might have a good season next year."

Why not get a Lovely Figure Yourself

Look at this lovely girl! She is wearing a swim suit identical with hundreds of others on the beach. Yet with her perfect Bile Beans figure she stands out delightfully from them all. She's a picture of health, happiness and fitness.

Start taking Bile Beans now—each night at bedtime—and you, too, can achieve this Bile Beans figure for yourself, regain those lovely slim lines that Nature intended and become gloriously fit and well.

Just follow her lead—a couple of Bile Beans nightly.



"I was worried when people remarked about my putting on weight. Yet I felt too lazy or tired for outdoor exercise. I've Bile Beans alone to thank for freeing me of this unwanted fat. My figure is now slim and girlish and I feel twice as fit!"—Miss P. Gosling.

"I got rid of three pounds of excess fat per week and became lighter by two stones through taking Bile Beans regularly. My figure is again slim and youthful, I sleep better and feel active and happy all day!"—Mrs. S. A. Jewell.

BILE BEANS

Make You Slim and Keep You Slim

Make-up looks lovelier, lasts longer

when you tone up your skin with

Pear's Tonic Action

Wonderfully mild, mellow Pear's! Each cake is matured for months to remove all harshness. Its transparency is a sign of its absolute purity.



The most expensive make-up can't hide drawn, tired skin! So first refresh your skin . . . prepare it for beautiful make-up by a stimulating wash with Pear's Soap! Pear's tonic action tones up your skin and leaves it firm and smooth . . . radiantly fresh . . . the perfect foundation for lovely, lasting make-up.

ECONOMY NOTE
There is no waste with Pear's Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to water thinness. The water, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.

A. & F. PEAR'S LIMITED

10,192.52

A lot of fuss
and bother about
getting his hands
clean?



No! Just a quick lick
with **SOLVOL**



Solvool saves scoldings! It takes so little time and trouble to whisk the dirt off hands and knees. No scrubbing—for even that stubborn, ground-in dirt comes away so quickly. And Solvol's soft, plentiful, penetrating lather is safe for the youngest kiddies' skin.



22-276.25

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.



"Sunscorch?...Not for me, I use Hinds"

Before exposure apply Hinds Cream liberally. Its extra creaminess soaks deeply in, saturating the tissues and protecting them against drying wind and sun. Use Hinds morning and night to keep the skin soft, smooth and inviting. Hinds acts quicker, lasts longer, and is an ideal base for powder.

1/- and 2/- everywhere. The 2/- bottle contains four times the quantity of the smaller size.
HILLCASTLE PTY. LTD., Agents.

HINDS
HONEY & ALMOND Cream



Honeymoon

Continued from Page 8

ADVENTURE

was dead, she was a follower of "sober, godly matrons." They would grow old like this, hand in hand, peacefully, serenely, but there is a lot to be said for adventure.

It was a highly successful reception, and she had been kissed repeatedly.

"You look wonderful," said Mother tearfully, for champagne always made her lachrymose. "you are going to be so happy."

There were more kisses, a crowd surging round when she ached to be alone. Alone with Ben. Perhaps when they had driven away he would say something beautiful and chase away for ever this dreadful emotional strain. She passed down the stairs in the grey frock, violets pinned to the collar.

"Good-bye, good-bye."

The car turned the corner of the drive and out into the road. There was a slipper bumping behind them and a last scream of laughter from the guests warning them of facetious notices.

"I'm making for the first side lane and then we'll do away with all this rubbish," said Ben, and, although he said it calmly, she knew that he had been irritated by it.

"We can't go about labelled. I slipped a mop into the dicky in case we had to wash the car down."

She could have screamed, for these were the first precious moments together, which, once wasted, never could be recalled. Perhaps they were both tense, and hiding behind a forced manner. They stopped the car and it took twenty minutes to clean it up. The grey frock was not intended for this, and the violets came unpinned. When they got back into the car Ben said: "Poor old thing, you look tired out. It has been a strain hasn't it?"

"Yes."

"I'll do everything I can to make you happy; you know that don't you? I always find myself rather at a loss with women, not used to them, frightened at my own clumsiness, but I love you, Fay. We don't want the highlights and gray adventures, we want just each other, don't we?"

She must be crazy, but she was thinking of Burke's laugh, gay and enchanting, and the adventure that once he had represented to her. When she came to think of it, after marriage there was nothing more to look forward to, no delicious improbabilities to dream about. "I know," she said.

"Feeling sleepy? You've had a dreadful day, why not curl up and try to get some rest?" He looked at her, gravely inquiring; he treated her like a fragile doll who would break easily and she knew that, he made her feel worse. Supposing she had made a ghastly mistake? Something which now she could not retract? The idea was torture. She pretended to sleep until at dusk they came to the hotel, and by that time she realised that she had made a terrible mistake.

It ought to have been Burke.

The suite that Ben had taken was on the first floor, opening on to the balcony, which ran entirely round the hotel. She unpacked a few things, changed from her grey frock to a beautiful white one, binding back her hair with the fillet of pearls Burke had sent her. Ben suggested that she should rest, but she could not bear the stuffiness of the room, and went on to the balcony, with the starlight and the flower fragrance coming up in waves. Then she saw him. A man nearby on the balcony, watching her with eyes that laughed. She heard the laugh and it whipped a memory; it had not lost one whit of its attraction.

"I see you do me the honor to wear my gift on your wedding night."

She had often thought how she would behave if they met, haughtily, with reserve, with a beautiful sophistication. Instead she said, "Yes," no more.

"How is the little bride? You look lovely enough," but his eyes were laughing, and his intuition had pierced the surface and appreciated the truth.

"Burke, don't talk like that. You know what has happened?"

"It was your mother's idea of a marriage, not yours."

"Please!"

"It's true, isn't it? Something that happened to you superficially, but never to the real you. What's to do about it?"

"I'm frightened."

Then she told him the truth. "I was terrified last night, knew that it was all wrong to marry Ben, feeling this way, but it was too late."

"It wasn't too late. It isn't too late now. It would be quite easy to prove the marriage void; there is still time, Fay..."

She stood with only the marble balustrade between them and the world below. She said melodramatically: "If I flung myself down there, among the trees, only I daren't."

"No. Life is sweet. Now suppose you came away with me?"

Adventure was holding out both hands to her. It was adventure that had sent her to this hotel and she would be a fool to thrust it from her again. This was her last chance. You cannot marry a man because he is gravely kind, marriage should not be the end of everything, but the beginning. She turned again to Burke. "You knew we were coming here?"

"Yes, I knew. Can't you see the headlines in the papers, 'Run-away Bride.' Ben would supply the illustrations, he has not deserved anybody as ravishing as you—and you don't love him."

CHARM

Creep! Creep! Creep! So you won't disturb the Bunyip. Sleeping by the billabong soundly as can be.

Hear the water seething?

That's the Bunyip breathing.

Breathing in the darkness, terrible to see.

Creep! Creep! Creep! For you mustn't wake the Bunyip. Down among the grasses, hidden far from sight.

Hear the water pouring?

That's the Bunyip snoring.

Snoring, Oh, so loudly,

frightening the night.

Hush! Hush! Hush! for you mustn't fear the Bunyip. Come into the firelight, quiet your alarm.

(Hear the awful screaming?)

That's the Bunyip dreaming.

But I have a rabbit's foot to keep us safe from harm.

—Yvonne Webb.

"I do love Ben, in a way."

"You can't love him as you love me."

"Please, Burke," but her voice trailed into helplessness; she could not find words in which to defend herself. Then she heard sounds in the room behind the french windows, and she knew that it was cocktail time and Ben would be returning.

"Come on," Burke had hold of her hand compellingly, just as she had dreamt it. Last night she would have given the world for this to happen. It was the prayer that she had prayed; she saw his eyes exploring and knew that adventure was not dead.

They were slipping down the stairway hand in hand, running across the grass below. She felt incredibly young. There was no to-morrow, no yesterday, everything was bound up in this one crazy moment, an experience that she would not have missed for the world. She was getting into Burke's car, racing across the country, the air sweeping past her face, and blowing her hair out behind her; hair that had been specially done for her wedding to-day and now did not matter.

Please turn to Page 22

PUBLIC ENEMY No. 1



BEFORE FLIES SPREAD
DISEASE

KILL with FLY-TOX

The common house fly is a danger to be dreaded. It is born and bred in filth, and brings its disease-laden body to infect and contaminate our food. If you have been experimenting with cheap inferior sprays — then get back to FLY-TOX — FLY-TOX is inexpensive because it definitely KILLS flies, and all other insects.

Back to
FLY-TOX
IT KILLS
all INSECTS

Freckles

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

Eczema Vanishes in Seven Days

Powerful Antiseptic Prescription Stops Itching Instantly, and Both that Discharge are Quickly Healed.

Now that tens of thousands know that Moore's Emerald Oil helps to reduce ugly, dangerous varicose veins, we want them to know that this wonderfully effective agent will dry up eczema eruptions in a few days and cause the scales to drop off and disappear.

It acts the same way with any skin disease, such as barber's itch, salt rheum, redness and inflammatory skin troubles.

Moore's Emerald Oil is not a patent medicine, but is a surgeon's prescription that for years has been successfully used in private and hospital practice. All leading chemists dispense it, and complete directions for home use come with each bottle.

Real Life Stories

Chance-found home paper brought Digger luck

My battalion was moving up to positions at Fleurbaix in France, 1916. Crossing a road to enter the trenches I noticed a piece of newspaper blowing towards me, and, always on the lookout for something to read, succeeded in picking it up.

WHEN we had reached our destination I opened it and found it was portion of a Melbourne weekly paper.

The first thing I noticed was a picture of the Melbourne Cricket Ground. A performance was being given by the Collingwood Citizens' Band in aid of returned soldiers. The picture showed the band and portion of the crowd attending.

My uncle Charley was playing, having been a member for a number of years, and in the picture of the crowd was an old workmate of mine.

I turned to a couple of my mates and explained it to them. One said: "It might be a lucky omen for you."

We went over the top that evening, a warm summer's day, about 6 o'clock.

Many of my mates were killed, I myself was knocked over. Bones in my left leg and foot were smashed.

I managed to crawl back close to our lines, but was all out, having lost a lot of blood. Among our wire entanglements in the darkness my hand came in contact with a water-bottle. I put it to my lips and took a good swig. It nearly choked me. It was spirits of some kind, and a few minutes after I felt the benefit of it, and I was able to reach our breastworks and get a little shelter from the machine-guns.

Picked up next day I was taken to hospital at Calais. My leg was to be amputated, but an English surgeon on a visit asked to have me transferred to Brighton, where he was stationed, and he was the means of saving my leg.

11/1/- to Donald Germain, Somerset Place, Carlton, Vic.



"AMONG the wire entanglements my hand came in contact with a water bottle."

Rifle kept firing

WE were holidaying 20 miles from Jenolan Caves, exploring the mountains, hunting, and fishing. I was climbing along a ledge above a 60ft. drop when my hand slipped off a smooth stone. I felt myself swaying outward over the space below.

Practically I clutched at the cliff face and managed miraculously to cling to my shaky position, but the sudden jerk loosened my rifle. It swung down, broke its strap, struck the ledge, and began to slide downward.

There came a sudden explosion, and my face was showered with stinging rock-splinters as something struck the cliff near my head. I glanced downward. My automatic repeater was sliding down butt first. I watched its jarring, bouncing, downward path—my own gun was firing at me! One bullet hit the cliff a few inches above my head, another ripped harmlessly skyward as the gun fell in the creek.

2/6 to Ernest C. Fry, Kelso, via Bathurst, N.S.W.

Struck by tree

ABOUT three years ago, while working in the Northern Territory on an outback station, the boss came down one morning to the hut where my mate and I were living and gave us orders to harness a horse and sulky and go to the nearest town, 30 miles away, to get some groceries and a new tyre for his car. As we set out it started to blow a gale. Before we had gone half way we could not see three yards in front of us. There came a crack from above; we both looked up to see a huge limb falling directly on us.

My mate jumped from the sulky and I tried to pull the horse up, but the limb struck the horse and killed it.

My mate was pinned to the ground by a smaller limb. There was a wound in his leg caused by a spike of the limb penetrating his leg just below the groin. I fastened a ligature above the wound, put him on my back, and started to walk to the nearest homestead, three miles away.

There my mate was at once put in the car and rushed to town for treatment.

I arrived home with the groceries and tyre, but minus the horse, sulky and mate.

2/6 to Mr. C. K. Jackson, Cobdora St., Dunedoo, N.S.W.

Train hit rail-worker's tricycle

MY husband was ganger on the line across the Ninety-mile Desert and had started off on his tricycle.

Soon after the Melbourne express, which was running late, came roaring through a cutting just near our house. By some oversight, notice of the delayed train had not been sent to our gang.

There were thick fog-banks scattered about; the noise of my husband's machine prevented him from discovering his danger.

I wanted to see if the driver of the train would see him. Both driver and fireman were facing each other across the cabin with their backs turned outward. I ran, shouted,

and pointed ahead, but the train crew only waved back at me and laughed.

The train had reached within about a hundred yards of the slowly moving tricycle, which was going up hill. I tried to make my husband hear by screaming. It was useless, but my actions at last roused the driver of the train, and he looked ahead just in time and blew a fierce blast from the whistle.

My husband says he does not know how he got off the line, but his tricycle was still on the ballast as the train rushed by. The train could not have stopped in time.

2/6 to V. A. Dunn, Bordertown, S.A.

Short and Snappy

GAVE OWN SIXPENCE

IN a Perth shop, after eating ice-creams, my mother asked me if I would pay. As I reached the counter and pulled out my handkerchief I saw sixpence on the floor. I thought a woman had dropped it because she was just closing her bag.

I picked it up and gave it to her. After we had left the shop I saw something in a window I wanted to buy. After I had searched my pockets I discovered I had given my own sixpence away.

10/6 to John Beresford, Waterford, Portland, Vic.

BIGGEST BARGAIN

A FRIEND of ours, seeing watches advertised at 2/6, sent his office boy down the street to procure one for him. He thought it would be handy to use at work and so save risking his gold presentation watch.

The boy returned, lugging an alarm-clock. "I sent you for a watch, not a clock," the man said.

"But," the boy replied, "both watches and clocks were half-a-crown to-day, and I thought the clock was the best bargain."

2/6 to Mrs. J. Wilson, Angus St., Adelaide.

KOOKABURRA HAD IT

WHILE living at Warriewood, near Manly, my little girl, aged 3, lost several dolls. I could not account for the disappearance until one day a young lad working on the farm noticed a kookaburra swoop down and pick up a doll from a box in the yard and fly off with it. He hastily threw stones at the bird, and it dropped the doll.

2/6 to Mrs. R. E. Parker, 88 Harris St., Harris Park, N.S.W.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC.

Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Full address at top of Page 2.

DO YOU KNOW?

OMAR KHAYYAM CLEANED HIS TEETH WHILE WRITING RUBAIYAT

OMAR KHAYYAM (1025-1123) USED TO CLEAN HIS TEETH WHILE HE COMPOSED HIS FAMOUS POEMS! HE USED A GOLDEN TOOTH PICK. YOU CAN KEEP YOUR TEETH CLEAN RIGHT UP BETWEEN THE CREVICES WITH KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS BURSTS INTO MILLIONS OF TINY BUBBLES THAT FLOAT AWAY DECAY GERMS.

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HE said: "This

is living!"

"Burke, it is the sort of thing that I have always wanted to happen to me."

"Trust these wings to make adventure come true."

"Where are we going?"

"There is an hotel this way, we'll slip in there and make some plans."

"But we haven't any luggage."

"We'll telephone Ben to send yours along, mine as well; may as well make himself useful."

"Yes," then tenderly pathetic, "I haven't had much time to think this over; it sort of happened. I'm not copping with you, am I?"

"Of course you are, my honey lamb!"

This was even a bigger step than the other. The other had had the sanction of public approval, this had its censure. Everybody would be scandalised. She dismissed the thought, telling herself they did not matter, it was her life after all. "But I've got to think about it a bit, Burke."

"Little idiot! Why think? Thinking is only for the people who can't make up their minds. You've made up yours."

"There's Ben!"

"Ben has had his chance and made a mess of it. My turn now."

The car swept to the door of the hotel and she followed him inside. She felt cold. She ought to have brought a coat, but if she had stayed to think she would never have come at all. She had a sense of collapse, like a pricked balloon, as she followed Burke to the communicating rooms upstairs. The first impetuosity of that flight across the grass was dead, the stimulating sense of

adventure had faded and she felt cold, very tired, a little sick.

"I shall have to telephone to Ben for my things."

"I'll do it."

"No."

She went to the telephone and dialled the number, instantly raising within herself the sense of expectation. She did not know why she wanted to hear his voice nor how she could feel so helpless when it came. "It's Fay," she said, and told him where she was, "and I want my suit-case."

"I'll send it along immediately."

Click, he had gone. It was all quite brusque, with never a word of sympathy, nor a plea to be taken back. "He couldn't have loved me," she thought in a panic, and was piqued by the certainty of that knowledge. Burke burst in and she tried to be calm. "Ben is sending my stuff along."

"Burnt your boats behind you and all that. Was he fearful?"

"If you want the truth, he was quite rude. He couldn't have loved me, to behave like that."

"You married a clam, my precious. That was the trouble. Do clams make good husbands?" And he laughed.

She caught her breath. "I suppose he'll divorce me!"

"There's no need for a divorce, it's too simple—they'll just call the marriage off."

"And then?" She did not believe that she could go through another wedding, even with Burke to give a gay flip to the ceremony. It had been too much of an ordeal.

Honeymoon

Continued from Page 20

"Oh, then? Well, there you are," he ended lamely.

She was spinning in circles. "You don't mean that after all this you'd go back on it?"

"Darling, don't be idiotic, and spoil all the sense of adventure. You can't turn prude this way," and he laughed again. She realised suddenly that he was surface and Ben was depth. "You can make no impression on slippery surface, and, now, she could never touch the real Ben."

"Burke, you don't love me really!"

"I don't love you, I adore you." He had her in his arms, kissing her as Ben had never kissed her, because the barrier of reserve had stood between them. When she drew herself away, nothing mattered any more.

"I'm so hungry, Burke."

"We'll have dinner sent up here at once. I'll ring the restaurant," and he ordered the kind of meal he remembered she had liked, because he gave a delicious attention to detail. It came, carried high on an enormous tray, laid scrupulously and accompanied by a bottle of champagne on ice. Just as she approached the table, the door opened again and then she saw that it was Ben.

Burke rose. "Oh, hello," he said, but Ben was not looking at him, he was looking straight at Fay.

"I've brought your luggage, all of it."

"All of it?"

"It's in the hall. I thought I had better come to see you to give you my congratulations." He looked much older than Burke, broader shouldered, and he looked her between the eyes.

"Nice of you," then something inside her snapped and she had to say what she thought, even though Burke was there. "Oh, Ben, why couldn't you have been different."

"I can't discuss that with somebody else to listen—and the time for discussing it is past."

She looked at Burke and saw that he was laughing, the same gay laughter that once had attracted her, and now when Ben's eyes were so hurt she knew that it was cruel. "Burke, don't!" she cried.

"It's such a queer situation."

Ben said tersely: "I must know one thing, you have left me to come away with this man—what do you want me to do? Free you so you can be married immediately?"

Her mother had told her that Burke was not reliable, and Burke had said: "If you do what your mother wants, life will always be pretty stodgy." She looked at him.

"You've got the wrong idea," Burke was saying. "I'm not the marrying kind, this was just because fair lady was in distress and needed rescuing. I'd make a pretty rotten kind of husband."

"You should have thought of that before. It's marriage or nothing. I'm here to protect Fay from herself, from you, if it comes to it."

"She came of her own free will."

"Or because she was frightened?"

"Of me? That's a good one!"

"Not of you. Of me. Frightened of herself, of taking a false step into the future."

Fay had had no idea that Ben understood her so well; all the time he must have been reading her feelings, he must have known.

"Go into that other room, Fay, and I'll talk to Burke."

SHE went with quaking knees, and sat down on the divan bed. Somebody else must decide this for her. Life had carried her along on a high tide which threatened to drown her. The madness of racing across that lawn, hand in hand with Burke, came to her again like a wine. Drunk. Yes, perhaps she had been a little drunk—but it was passing now and leaving her cold sober.

If only something would happen. She sat clasping her hands in her lap, expecting the door to open and Burke to come in laughing. "I've got rid of him. See these wings? That's that!"

She wanted it to be Burke, or didn't she? She could not stand Ben's calmness, she told herself. One of the men had gone, she heard a

Animal Antics



"WHO killed Cock Robin . . . who killed Cock Robin? . . . don't you fellows know nothin' but nursery rhymes!"

door close. She waited, then she rose and went to her own door to open it, her knees shaking with fright. She was going to faint, and she must hold on to her senses.

Ben met her in the doorway.

She said "You?" and then knew that she was falling. He lifted her bodily in his arms, laid her on the bed, and produced a brandy flask which he set to her lips. "That was a silly thing to do. Drink this."

"I can't."

"Yes, you can. You must." There was no argument, only a sting in her throat and the room growing clear again, with Ben kneeling beside her. Now she was terrified that he would leave her.

"Ben, I don't know what I do want."

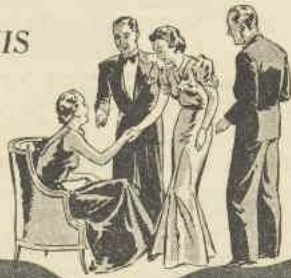
"That's been the trouble. It was a mercy that I knew, wasn't it?"

"You knew?"

"Of course I knew." He was smiling at her, gravely and kindly, and she felt as if she had travelled a long and tiring journey and had at last come home to a welcome. Then he stooped and kissed her, just as she had never thought he could kiss her. Long after he released her. He said in a reproachfully amused voice: "You mustn't do this sort of thing again, you know, you're a married woman now!"

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Baby Linen—Fourth Floor.

12/11



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42/- Dbl. Bed Sheets, pr., 35/-

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2/6 Pillow Cases, each, 1/11

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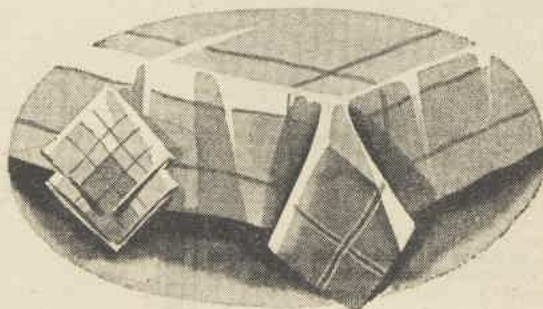
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Cord-edged cushions, attractive in rose, blue, gold.

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Farmer's Australian made 100% quality squares.

Manchester—First Floor



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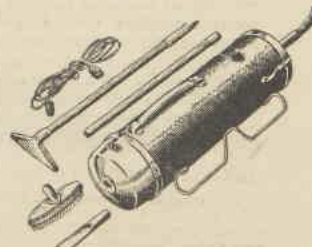
Hankies—Ground Floor.



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Electrical—First Floor.

It is a terrible business this handicapping of the great racehorses every half year for the Cups, and the Newmarkets, the Doncasters, Epsons, and Metropolitans, my dears. Look at poor old Ajax. They must think he's a champion weight lifter.

The owner or owners ought to take a cudgel and go after the handicapper with revenge uppermost in their thoughts, but instead of that they are tickled pink by the thought that officially their horse is proclaimed the best in the country.

So there you are, my dears. A handicapper can do you a mortal injury 'neath the guise of cunning flattery.

My Grand-pappy says handicapping reminds him of a hard task-

Betty's "racey" narratives

Ajax is our champion weight-lifting racehorse

By BETTY GEE

The handicapper gives Ajax 10.7 for the Newmarket, and it's almost tantamount to saying "you can't win it unless you are the incarnation of all the super horses that ever breathed."

master who employed him as a youth and used to make him work till he dropped, and by artful flattery dispense all thoughts of revolt.

"You'll do it, my boy," was his slogan.

In effect that's what the handicapper says to the owner. "Your horse is good enough. I could have put another 7lb. on his back and he would still beat all those."

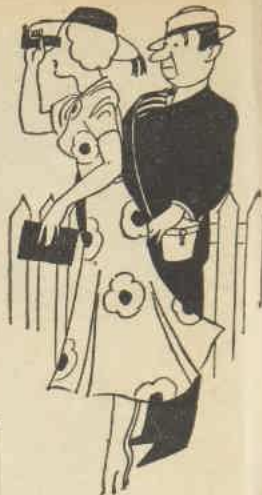
So with tongue in cheek he gives out those 10.7 and more to great horses, yet because only one of them wins in every lifetime, you and I know that he is overburdening the poor dumb creature.

And do you know how long ago it began?

Sit down and I'll ask Grand-pappy, and then I'll tell you.

He says that a horse called Archer won the first two Melbourne Cups in 1861 and 1862, and for the next Cup, in 1863, the handicapper of the day gave him 11st. 4lb. The owner didn't listen to flattery that time. He scratched the horse and retired him from the Turf.

A horse named The Barb won the 1866 Melbourne Cup with only



Betty's tip for the Oakleigh Plate is Chatsbury; Maisie likes Unishak.

6.9 Then he won two Sydney Cups, the second with 10.8. The handicapper gave him 11.7 for the 1869 Melbourne Cup. He didn't run, either.

Grand-pappy says that's the highest weight ever given for a Melbourne Cup before or since, and his memory is infallible.

If that sort of thing had continued jockeys would have been forced to grow fat instead of skinny, and the weighing out for a race would have been on a Brewer's Weighbridge.

But fortunately handicappers grew more humane with the passing of the years.

After Carbine won with 10.5 in 1890 he was given 10.12 for the next Melbourne Cup, but there have been no 11-stoners in the last 70 years.

But Phar Lap got very close to it with 10.10 in 1931. And mark you, he actually started. It's a wonder it didn't break his back.

But perhaps handicappers are getting too severe again.

Considering that it has never been done before, the V.R.C. handicapper has set Ajax a terrible task with 10.7 in the Newmarket. The highest ever carried to a win was Greenline's 10.2 in 1930.

What weight next?

AND supposing Ajax wins the Newmarket with his 10.7? I wonder if he will get 11st. 7lb. in the Doncaster to be run next month in Sydney?

His jockey, H. Badger, weighs only 7.5. Where are they going to put all the rest? You couldn't pack the other 58lb. round his little jockey's body.

My country cousin Maisie is peeping over my shoulder as I write this, and she chimes in with a suggestion that they could give Ajax a light jinker to carry the weight in, harnessed behind him. Or what about a howdah like they have on elephants?

A bright little spark is Maisie. Dumb Maisie we've nicknamed her.

But here we are frivolling with a serious business like racing with all its hidden wealth. Find winners and the wealth is yours.

I find myself on the horns of a dilemma just now. The races this Wednesday and Saturday are at the pony course, Ascot, and what do you think? At time of writing the entries aren't even taken, so how can you pick winners if you don't even know what's running?

But I have solved the problem. I am going to Melbourne, and I'll see all the highlights of the Turf in the Oakleigh Plate, and in the weight-for-age race, the St. George Stakes, and some of the crack two-year-olds racing, too, at Caulfield next Saturday.

For the Oakleigh Plate I'm told Chatsbury. He's Melbourne's crack sprinter.

Maisie has a tip from Adelaide about the local champion, Unishak, a swift speedster who goes out of the barrier like a hare.

and there was
NO DEPOSIT
and 9 have **5 YEARS**
TO PAY!

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The Movie World

February 17, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly MOVIE WORLD

First Page



• Janet Johnson shares the romantic interest in the Paul Robeson film with young English actor Simon Lack — whose fairness is a fine foil for Janet's brunette vivacity.

AUSTRALIAN GIRL'S SUCCESS STORY

FOUR and a half years ago, a nineteen-year-old girl called Janet Johnson sailed from Adelaide. Janet carried some Melbourne stage experience, letters of introduction to English studios, and a can of film containing her test for that Australian film, "The Flying Doctor."

¶ As soon as she reached London, Janet's can of film won her a role in the Cicely Courtneidge movie comedy, "Everybody Dance."

¶ That Melbourne stage experience then led to a theatre engagement in "The Lady of La Paz," which also had Nova Pilbeam in the cast.

¶ To this play went a famous Hollywood producer, who signed Janet to a seven-year contract, and allowed her three days to pack before sailing for America.

¶ Janet spent five dissatisfied months in Hollywood drawing a huge salary, but making no films, then asked to be relieved of her contract.

¶ London welcomed back the Australian girl with three more plays, then a leading role in Paul Robeson's latest A.T.P. film, "The Proud Valley."

ROBESON likes to sing...

PAUL ROBESON declares that he hopes to go on singing until he is 70 years old!

The famous bass-baritone recorded some new screen songs, both solo and with the Welsh Choir, for his latest film drama, "The Proud Valley."

Robeson has a sound plan behind this hope of his.

"The main thing," says he, "is never to sing two nights running—and never more than three times a week."

He followed this scheme while English producer Michael Balcon was making "The Proud Valley"—in which Robeson plays a coalminer.

The Australian concert tour for Robeson was under discussion last year, but the outbreak of war changed these plans.

As soon as the last scenes of "The Proud Valley" were filmed, in September, Robeson accepted an American stage offer.

He is now preparing to go on tour in this production, named "John Henry."

American audiences have vivid memories of Robeson in Eugene O'Neill plays, in Shakespeare and opera—and operettas like "Show Boat."



• Paul Robeson as he appears in "The Proud Valley," English film drama of the Welsh mining industry, coming to Australia.



Make no mistake—there are two times at least every day when you can be sure he DOES notice your hair . . . if it has a youthful healthy gloss; if it is silky-clean—or if it's dull or "dandruffy"!

YOU can't be too careful in washing your hair if you want it always to look its best! . . . and that's why thousands of girls never, never use skin soap on their hair! For the chemical effect of soap "alkali" dandens and dries delicate hair, and makes it brittle and hard-to-manage.

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**THICKER, RICHER SUDS
from the
BIG NEW PACKET**

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BEAUTY and the BALLET

*Dancers make
dangerous
rivals*



• This scene from the Warner Bros. musical, "On Your Toes," shows Erik Rhodes dancing with Zorina, one of the ballet dancers whose present popularity might give the film public a new type of entertainment. Zorina's appeal goes so far beyond that of classical technique that she has now been christened "The Zowie Girl!"

From Christine Webb, in Hollywood

FOUR FAVORITES to be welcomed back

DICK POWELL'S CLEVER SCHEME
TO PROVE HIS DRAWING POWER

BARONOVA and ZORINA Introduce new type of appeal

MENTION the word ballet to a Hollywood girl today and she will freeze. For two young and beautiful ballet dancers are in town—and they are dangerous competition!

Baronova, world-famous, young, slim, blue-eyed and pale-gold silken haired, is at MGM.

Zorina, dark, intense, is making her third picture, "I Married an Adventuress."

The Hollywood lass has good cause for her worry.

If she is a career girl she knows that the studios may turn this innovation into a fashion craze. Ballet dancers will be the petted darlings of productions—and no other type of actress or story will get a hearing.

Singers were feted

IT has happened before. Opera singers Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout, Grace Moore, were given the freedom of the town—for a time.

Youngsters are having their field day at the moment—Linda Ware, Susan Foster, Gloria Jean are the cosseted stars of their companies.

Babies are at a premium. Sandy Henville has Thomas Mousen, Jun., and Alexander Hamilton as followers.

The only artist in Hollywood who remains alone in his appeal is Charlie McCarthy.

The ballet angle itself does not upset the Hollywood girl. Eleanor Powell has done some of it in her films: Zorina's first picture, "Goldwyn Follies," did not arouse the fans to frenzy.

From JOAN McLEOD
in Hollywood

But it is small comfort for the Hollywood girl to assure herself that ballet is a specialized art. Zorina has been a sensation in musical comedy as well.

As for clinging to the fact that these crazes die—true; but it does not mean that the craze-makers leave the screen. And both Zorina and Baronova would be headily appealing if they did gangster melodramas.

There you have it—the real reason why the seasoned and hopeful beauties of the screen are sniffing when the word ballet is mentioned.

Baronova and Zorina have the beauty and charm which are different from the ordinary film appeal. Russian-born, educated in Paris, Baronova has been feted in Europe and America. She has traveled round the world. Zorina, too, knows a society and a public outside the ken of the usual film glitter-girl.

No, there is only one hope left for the Hollywood lass—both Baronova and Zorina are married. The former to executive Sevastianov, the latter to Georges Balanchine.

This means that the Hollywood bachelors, James Stewart and the others, are still in circulation.

Of serious interest to the fans is the type of story which will be given these ballet stars.

Zorina danced two spectacle numbers in "The Goldwyn Follies." In her second film, "On Your Toes," made from the New York stage show

in which she appeared, she had an important part in the story as well.

In her third film, "I Married an Adventuress," Zorina handles drama for the first time. As you can guess by the story it is modern and exciting, with Richard Greene in love with Zorina.

Baronova's first film is "Florian," in which she plays a dancer—the fact seems obvious, but in Hollywood they are capable of engaging a ballerina and casting her first as a blues singer.

The story of "Florian," set in an old-time European kingdom, is at present shared by Robert Young—Robert Taylor refused the role—and ex-cellist Helen Gilbert. But how much of Baronova there will be depends upon the whim of the producer. At this moment of writing I know one fact for certain—Baronova photographs like a dream. Poor little lasses of Hollywood!

Ballet fans

ON her first day in MGM's "Florian," Baronova had to dance down the elaborate hall of the Emperor's palace. To avoid any distractions, the director sent out word . . . "No Visitors!"

But three ardent ballet fans were so disappointed that they were allowed to creep in. Their names? Joan Crawford, Ann Sothorn, and Myrna Loy!

If you want to get anywhere with Hollywood—snub it!

Don't believe me? I give you the examples of the month—Fredric March and Dick Powell.

A year ago studio heads yawned when March's name was mentioned. Fredric had done a fine job with "A Star is Born," but, said the heads, the decline of the star in that film was uncomfortably close to the actor's own case.

Mr. March hung round for a bit waiting for work; none came. So he and his wife closed their home, left for New York, worked their hardest to get a theatre hearing again—and went into "The American Way."

This patriotic play was an enormous success; it ran for six months for nine—and Hollywood became violently interested. Would Mr. March consider this picture offer, or that? Mr. March was doing quite well on the stage—to all inquirers.

Interest reached boiling pitch when the Marchs' house in Hollywood went up for sale. Fredric had returned to the theatre for good.

Then suddenly the astute Mr. March reappears in town. Studio representatives haunt his doorstep. And he walks off with the leading role opposite Greer Garson in MGM's big picture, "Susan and God."

Dick Powell played the same game—in a slightly different way.

Dick really split with Warner Bros. because he wanted to do some straight comedy.

Dick stayed in Hollywood for a time. Rumor said he might be making a musical or going into a comedy; but nothing happened.

So Mr. Powell went into conference with stage booking agents; and

three months ago he set out on a long personal appearance tour. He appeared in a variety act, which showed his versatility; and the public loved it. He was, in cold fact, a sensation.

This week Mr. Powell returns to Hollywood—and he is now taking his time choosing which film offer he will accept. That old tag—absence makes the heart grow fonder—just meets the case.

Fans wanted Dolores

DOLORES DEL RIO, when she slipped from big films down to programme pictures, and finally into oblivion, the year before last, seemed content to live a quiet private life.

But the fans thought differently. Letters began to come in steadily, demanding an explanation of her absence from the screen.

And so—Dolores is back at work as a star, in MGM's picture, "Arouse and Beware."

Now, since we are on the topic of returns—you might like to hear about an old, old favorite who is acting in pictures again. Remember comedian Ben Turpin?

Ben is seventy-two years old now, retired in 1925, and has done no screen work since, except for a brief appearance in "Hollywood Cavalcade" last year.

But Ben's revival of the Keystone Cops antics in that film caught the fancy of the studios. Ben has two jobs ahead, and delighted to have them. He will roll his cock-eyes around in the new Laurel and Hardy film, "Two's Company"; and play a cross-eyed executioner who shoots the wrong apes in Charlie Chaplin's "The Dictator."

Age does not matter when the screen wants 'em back.

1 ELIZABETH (Bette Davis) congratulates Essex (Errol Flynn) on a Spanish victory, but neglects him in Court appointments.



2 FRANCIS BACON (Donald Crisp) warns the enraged Essex of intrigue against him, and advises his return to Court.



3 RECONCILED at first, the stormy Queen and Essex quarrel when she suspects his real ambition may be to gain the throne of England.



4 RECKLESSLY defying her wishes, Essex undertakes a campaign in Ireland, where he receives no word from the Queen.



5 THE LOVERS' LETTERS are intercepted by Lady Penelope (Olivia de Havilland), Cecil (Henry Daniell), Raleigh (Vincent Price).



6 FAILING IN IRELAND, Essex leads his army back to England, attempts to stir up revolt, is outwitted by Elizabeth, and flung into the Tower.



7 THE BROKEN-HEARTED QUEEN, having ordered the execution of Essex, is begged his life by Lady Penelope, who confesses that she loves him, too.

£60,000 worth of antiques borrowed from England

WARNER BROTHERS have over £60,000 worth of Elizabethan antiques and valuable art objects locked

in the studio iron safes at Burbank, Hollywood.

They were borrowed from English collectors by the studio's London office for the million-dollar historical epic, "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex."

The collection, incidentally, is the most complete ever assembled in America.

Unsettled conditions make it inadvisable to return the collection at present.

Among the valuables is a suit of silver armor worn by Errol Flynn as the Earl of Essex. It is valued at £10,000.

An authentic copy of one of Queen Elizabeth's costumes, worth £3000, is also under the Warners' lock and key. Bette Davis wears it in the film.

The studio spared no expense to make "Elizabeth and Essex," the first American-made film on the colorful English "Golden Age," a first-rate production.

Stars of the film, Bette Davis and Errol Flynn, Elizabeth and Essex, are now listed among the ten most popular players in America.

Just after the release of "Elizabeth and Essex," in America, a nation-wide survey of box-office

ARMOR, COSTUMES, PERIOD FURNITURE USED IN "ELIZABETH AND ESSEX" STILL UNDER WARNER BROS.' LOCK AND KEY

From **JOHN B. DAVIES**, in New York

figures showed that Flynn was eighth in public favor, Bette Davis sixth.

While Bette has consistently won top awards for acting, she has never polled so high in general popularity.

She can actually claim now to be first lady of the screen. Among actresses mentioned, only ten-year-old Shirley Temple, who came fifth on the list, polled higher.

British honor

ERROL FLYNN is the only British-born actor represented in the top ten, and it makes him fourth most popular screen hero. Only three adult actors are above him in this box-office survey—Tyronne Power, Spencer Tracy, and Clark Gable, in that order.

Errol Flynn's popularity has grown amazingly in the past year. He came twenty-first on the 1938 poll.

He now receives the largest fan mail of any masculine star on the Warner Brothers lot.

He has a secretary whose only duty is to open and answer letters from unknown admirers.

Warner Brothers have always regarded this temperamental, twenty-

seven-year-old actor as worth backing—up to a million dollars, and more.

He has starred only in the studio's most ambitious and expensive productions in the past year.

He says he has almost forgotten what he looks like photographed in black and white.

Like "Robin Hood" and "Dodge City," two 1939 films, "Elizabeth and Essex" is in technicolor. Flynn's next picture, now in production, "Virginia City," is also being filmed entirely in color.

Most of the other important roles in the film are played by men.

But lovely Olivia de Havilland has one of the few fictional roles in this historical drama—she is Lady Penelope Gray, in love with Essex. Olivia worked on the film as she was completing final scenes for Selznick's massive "Gone With the Wind."

Vincent Price, who has the role of the plotting Sir Walter Raleigh in the film, was leading man to Helen Hayes, in "Victoria Regina," playing on Broadway and throughout the States.

Donald Crisp, the actor with the longest film career of any top player in Hollywood, is another important member of the cast. He is Francis Bacon, writer, scientist, and scheming courtier.

Crisp, who served during the Boer War as a member of the 10th British Hussars, has been making films since 1907.

SCREEN ODDITIES ☆ By CHARLES BRUNO



Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

LAST week's report that Clark Gable and wife Carole Lombard were lost in the wilds of Mexico threw Hollywood into a panic.

Clark and Carole, on a hunting and camping trip, were trapped in a violent two-day storm. While a studio aeroplane frantically searched for them, the star pair spent the night in their car on a

mountain road, unable to make headway against the storm.

The studio received news of their safety by telephone from Labrea Gun Club, 20 miles from Ensenada (Mexico).

AFTER finishing work on "New Moon," Jeanette MacDonald is off for her annual three-months' concert tour of the States. During her absence, MGM writer Alice D. G.



He hardly eats a thing

You spend hours cooking a tasty dinner and your husband just picks at it. Don't blame your cooking—and don't blame your husband. When the rush and strain of modern life plays havoc with digestion, appetite goes and stomach trouble begins.

De Witt's Antacid Powder kills excess stomach acid, quickly stops after-meal pain, builds up a sound digestion and restores healthy appetite.

Here is convincing proof:—

"I have been afraid to eat my favourite pudding because it gave me awful heartburn, but since I have been taking De Witt's Antacid Powder I eat anything I fancy. I recommend De Witt's Antacid Powder to all who would like to eat things but are afraid to," writes Mr. A. G. Holmes, Lithgow, New South Wales.

De Witt's Antacid Powder did a fine job for Mr. Holmes. This new-principle, triple-action remedy will do the same for every indigestion sufferer. Enjoy every meal... take—

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★★ PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX

(Week's Best Release)

Bette Davis, Errol Flynn. (Warners.)

BETTE DAVIS and its superb production win for this historical drama its three stars.

Warner Bros. based its film upon the play by American Maxwell Anderson. Historians still bicker over whether Elizabeth and Essex really loved each other. In the play and film, they do.

And so you have high romance, with quarrels and gusto, between two people whose pride and ambition were enemies.

Against the magnificent opulent background of Elizabeth's Court—and against the misty bogs of Ireland—is played out the drama which opens with Essex' triumph, and ends with his fall.

Bette Davis grows in power, force, and realism as the film progresses. I would have loved to have seen her with an adequate Essex.

Errol Flynn looks the role, in picturesque dash—but plays it with a maddening lack of any conviction. He is simply Errol Flynn, as he has been in all other period roles.

The supporting characters include a lovely Olivia de Havilland as the Court coquette, Lady Penelope Grey; and Henry Daniell as the conniving Raleigh.

And I must mention again the gorgeous beauty of the technicolor scenes. Nor can I pass over the courage of Bette herself in cleaving to the withered make-up of the ageing Queen—who was some thirty years older than her wilful Earl—Regent; showing.

★★★ THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER

Joan Bennett, Adolphe Menjou. (United Artists.)

THREE factors make this comedy thriller above average entertainment: Joan Bennett's glowing brunette beauty, Adolphe Menjou's absurdly comic characterization of a susceptible, dandified newspaper reporter, and Donald Meek as an explosive, sorely-tried editor.

Miller will be busy on a new script for "Smilin' Through," which is to be made as a musical for Jeanette.

Remember Norma Shearer in this film, way back in 1931?

THREE studios—Paramount, MGM, and Universal—are trying to persuade Helen Hayes to forget her decision never to make another picture, and to return to the screen in "Letters to Mary."

This is the story based on her life and written by her mother, Katherine Hayes Brown.

NEW Hollywood twosome, and watch it: Miriam Hopkins and screen villain Bruce Cabot.

AFTER nearly a year's separation 58-year-old John Barrymore and his youthful fourth wife, Elaine Barrie, have been reconciled.

John, who has brought his Chicago stage comedy success, "My Dear Children," to New York, has arranged for his wife to join the cast.

Says John: "I'm back with my sweetie now, and I don't intend to let her go again."

NEWLY-WEDS Andrea Leeds and Bob Howard have bought Ray Bolger's home as their permanent residence. And Andrea still says she's not returning to the screen.

BETTY GRABLE, having wonderful time in New York, where she is playing in the stage show "DuBarry was a Lady," will probably be heading back to Hollywood shortly. She has a new Twentieth Century-Fox contract, and the studio is urging her return.

GRETA GARBO becomes a heroine in real life by donating the handsome sum of \$1250 to the Finnish Relief Fund.

JIMMIE STEWART has taken the plane to New York for a few weeks' vacation before beginning his next film, "The Golden Pheasant." Meanwhile MGM are looking round for a leading lady for his film.

For the rest, it's a bewildering medley of burlesque and melodrama. Director Hal Roach makes sheer farce out of the solving of a perfectly serious murder.

The crime is committed early in the film. The crazed murderer makes intermittent appearances on the screen. The rest is amazing burlesque for cub reporter John H. Egan, ace newspaperman Adolphe Menjou, and cameraman William Gargan, engaged on solving the crime.

And where does the housekeeper's daughter come in? That's Joan Bennett, who postures delightfully. The only really active part she plays is to help clear up the situation right at the end.—Mayfair; showing.

★ HERE I AM A STRANGER

Richard Greene, Richard Dix. (Brenda Joyce, 20th Century-Fox.)

A VERY tangled drama of family loyalties, with a father-and-son motif.

Veteran Richard Dix comes out best, with a staunch performance, and a gratifying lack of emotionalism. He is a battered newspaper man, whose grown-up son finds him, reforms him—and then needs some hard counsel.

Son, played pleasantly but bewilderedly by Richard Greene, is a wealthy university student. His mother, married again for his sake to a rich lawyer, is determined that young Greene shall have every advantage.

It works out nicely—until Greene becomes involved in a hit-and-run murder case. If he keeps silent, an innocent boy will go to jail. If he talks, Greene's own mother and stepfather will lose a millionaire client.

On young Greene's side—and on mine, too—are a university professor and his daughter, both delightfully played by Roland Young and fresh-faced Brenda Joyce. But it is a very tangled film.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ MUTINY IN THE BIG HOUSE

Charles Bickford, Barton MacLane. (Monogram.)

THIS brisk all-masculine melodrama tells an unemotional story of the work of a prison chaplain, concentrating on his influence over a sullen first offender.

Film highlights Charles Bickford as the sympathetic, understanding priest, but most of the interest is centred on Dennis Moore, his resentful protégé.

Influenced on the one hand by Bickford, and on the other by unrepentant criminal Barton MacLane, Moore makes his choice between reform or a life of lawlessness.

A fantastically improbable, but exciting, gaol break is the deciding factor.

Film gives interesting glimpses of prison life, which do not, however, obtrude on the story.

A little comic relief is provided by Charlie Foy, eccentric tap dancer—and the cynical humor of Barton MacLane.—Capitol; showing.

★ THE CISCO KID AND THE LADY

Cesar Romero, Marjorie Weaver. (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

THE presence of the glittering Mr. Romero puts new pace into the "Cisco Kid" series.

Romero in this film makes this colorful western outlaw a thoroughly likeable scamp.

He handles a baby, makes practised love to two lovely women (Marjorie Weaver and Virginia Field), hoodwinks a crook, breaks gaol, finds a gold mine, and remains heart-whole, though by no means fancy free.

He does it all with the greatest good humor.

Thrown in with the usual gunplay is a Spanish dance, executed with great skill, if little grace, by Romero, with Virginia Field for his partner.

This accomplished gentleman also bursts into a song—and rides out of the picture dramatically silhouetted against a mountain skyline.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **The Wizard of Oz.** Judy Garland, Frank Morgan, in dazzling musical fantasy in technicolor. Liberty, 12th week.

★★★ **Ninotchka.** Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, in sparkling comedy. St. James, 3rd week.

★★ **We Are Not Alone.** Paul Muni, Jane Bryan, in moving drama. Century, 2nd week.

★★ **Honeymoon in Bali.** Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray, in rapidly amusing romance. Prince Edward, 2nd week.



THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures)

You know how it is when you're happy. You may be all by yourself, but you're just got to show how happy you are. You may sing out loud, snap your fingers as if imitating Spanish castanets, or merely yell "Wheeee!" But if somebody suddenly walks in on you, you feel so silly!

Well, that's what's just happened to me. I was getting so happy thinking about the tremendous success of "The Wizard of Oz" and "Ninotchka" and the other recent M-G-M hits, that I started to turn handspins in the den.

Then, in walks Mrs. Leo—my wife, you know—and I felt so silly!

To justify myself, I told her why. "But," she said, "you've turned enough handspins about those in the past few weeks to wear out the carpet!"

Then I gave her an answer that stopped all argument: "Yes, my dear, but think of what's coming from M-G-M! William Powell, Myrna Loy and the b-a-b-y in ANOTHER THIN MAN! Nelson Eddy, Ilona Massey, Charlie Ruggles, Frank Morgan, and the glorious music in BALALAIKA! Robert Taylor, Greer (Mrs. Chips) Garson and Lew Ayres in REMEMBER? The Marx Bros. AT THE CIRCUS! The Hardy Family in JUDGE HARDY AND SON! Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard and Olivia de Havilland in DAVID O. SELZNICK'S GONE WITH THE WIND, in Technicolor! Robert Montgomery, Edward Arnold, Reginald Owen, in THE EARL OF CHICHESTER!"

So now Mrs. Leo—my wife, you know—is turning handspins with me!

LEO, of M-G-M.

Matinees at 2.15

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Evenings at 8

WILL MAHONEY DOES THE "HAT TRICK"

In this appropriately titled musical revue and the FUNNIEST SHOW, this "IMP ETERNAL" has offered in his two previous RECORD-BREAKING at the TIVOLI. He will have with him EVIE HAYES—the Velvet Voice of the Air—SCOTT BANDERS—the Ukulele, Scotchman, THOMAS HENRY CHAVEZ—the Mystic Man from Mexico, JOHNNY HYMAN, N.Y. Topical Hit Bits, PAUL STEAR, The Sensational Twisting Twister and a new Cavalcade of International Stars.

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WHEN BIXIES ARE SERVED

Here's a cereal that puts an edge on the laziest early-morning appetite. Youngsters, grown-ups and in-betweens all applaud this crunchy crisp and golden cereal. With cream or milk, honey, fresh or stewed fruit there is no more delectable breakfast.

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Free gift coupons from Bixies combine with coupons from other Sanitarium Health Food products for any of the more useful and valuable gifts that are offered. The more Sanitarium Health Foods you use the quicker you collect your free gifts.

PEANUT BUTTER or PASTE POINTS: 4-oz. (1); 8-oz. (2); 12-oz. (3).	KWIC-BRU POINTS: 4-oz. (2); 8-oz. (4); 16-oz. (8).	CERIX PUFFED WHEAT POINTS: 8-oz. (1); 16-oz. (2); 8-oz. (4); 16-oz. (8).	MARMITE POINTS: 1-oz. (1); 2-oz. (2); 4-oz. (4); 8-oz. (8); 16-oz. (16).
WEST-BIX POINTS: 12-oz. (1); 24-oz. (3).	SAN-BRAN POINTS: 8-oz. (2); 24-oz. (6).	GRANOSE POINTS: 12-oz. (1); 24-oz. (3).	CERIX PUFFED RICE POINTS: 8-oz. (1).

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If you cannot call, send your coupons (in separate package with name and address of sender shown clearly) and remit the necessary amounts for postage and packing to the address of the depot nearest to you. Write for a catalogue of free gifts.
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YOUNG GIRL is guardian of Army H.Q.

Switchboard operator's military duties

Generals, Ministers of the Crown, diplomats, volunteers, soldiers, soldiers' wives and sweethearts keep the phone busy at the headquarters of the 6th Division, A.I.F., in Melbourne.

All of them are greeted by a soft, courteous voice. It belongs to Miss Marien Dreyer, formerly of Sydney, telephonist and guardian angel of the entire H.Q. Staff, and one of the two women who work in what is almost a womanless world.

THE only other woman at H.Q. is Miss Constance Purnell, who has a secretarial job, but it is Miss Dreyer's cheery voice that is the buffer between the 6th Division Headquarters and the outside public.

Bright and smiling, with grey-green eyes and black hair that is naturally curly and is done Edwardian fashion to be out of the way of the earphones, she sits all day at a complicated switchboard in the hall of a dignified old white house in St. Kilda Road.

Blue velvet window drapes and numerous pictures on the walls are left-overs from the time before the war when this was a private home.

"And there's nothing warlike about the view from my window, either," says Miss Dreyer. "It's just a lovely garden. I often pick the flowers and put them in the officers' rooms to make them a little more cheerful."

"Just round the corner there is a honeysuckle bush. It had a blue

wren's nest in it, and we used to watch two baby birds till they grew up and flew away.

"But I haven't much time away from the switchboard. My job is mainly that of dragon."

"For instance, if all the people who ring up for General Blamey got through to him, he wouldn't have time to do any work."

"Often the boys in camp forget to write home."

"When they do their mothers often ring up here to find out if they are still in Australia. I have to be tactful, and allay their anxiety without giving away any information."

"My busiest day was the day before the A.I.F. march. Hundreds of people rang to know the route of the march, though it had been published in all the papers and broadcast from all radio stations."

"After I recited the route they wanted to know what time it would pass a given spot. With some mental acrobatics I was able to produce an answer, and if it was wrong nobody has bothered to complain."

Sixteen Sydney jobs

THOUGH I had seen so much of the preparations, I had to stay behind and mind the switchboard on the day. But while the march was on I only had two calls—both of them wrong numbers.

"One day dozens of women rang up to know if we had been invaded. They had heard guns, but they were only a salute in honor of the Anniversary of the King's accession."

"Yes, I get many strange ques-



MISS MARIEN DREYER, telephonist at 6th Division, A.I.F. Headquarters, whose varied duties make her guardian angel of the headquarters staff.

tions to answer, but I am used to them."

"I was telephonist for the Sydney Sesqui-centenary Board for a while. In fact, during two and a half years in Sydney I had sixteen jobs—but this is the nicest one I have ever had."

"I do lots of odd jobs for the boys. They often bring along their 'house-wives' and ask me to sew on a button, and when they get promotion they sometimes ask me to sew on the new stripes."

"The first one I sewed on I stitched with such care that when the sergeant was issued with a new uniform a week later he had to get to work with a razor blade before he could get the stripe off. Now I know better."

"I am often called in to give advice about wedding presents, and at Christmas time lots of girls could thank me for choosing that something rather special they got from their soldier boys."

"Last time there was a reception here, I arranged the flowers, and selected the savories. Sometimes I tell the gardener what to do, or take delivery of parcels that arrive for the A.I.F. Comforts Fund."

Usherette's romance with millionaire

Gipsy foretold a rich husband

From MARY ST. CLAIRE by Beam Wireless from London

Romantic as the Cinderella fairy tale is the love story of a pretty cinema usherette and a millionaire's heir, which culminated in their wedding last week.

ON New Year's Eve, four years ago, 20-year-old, curly-haired Brian Hervey Talbot, heir of millionaire great-uncle Lord Wavertree, Liverpool sportsman-brewer, went to a dance at Bangor, North Wales.

At the dance he met 17-year-old Katherine Hughes, a pretty, auburn-haired cinema attendant.

He danced with her all the evening, but she would not tell him where she lived or worked.

Edith Davies, an usherette friend of Katherine's, who had accompanied her to the dance, met Brian a month later when he was learning estate management at Llandudno.

She told him where Katherine worked and he turned up at the cinema and he escorted Katherine home and met her parents.

After that he never missed a single night calling for her at the cinema.

Katherine's mother said: "Years ago a gipsy told Kitty: 'You'll marry a rich, handsome young man.'"

"Although she is not superstitious Kitty believed this and would often repeat it long before she met Brian."

Kitty is the daughter of humble parents. Her father hires out donkeys for children's rides on the sands at Llandudno, the famous North Wales beach resort. Kitty has been working as an usherette since she was sixteen.

Brian's father was the late Lieut.-Colonel Talbot, D.S.O., of the 17th Lancers. Brian is expecting to be called up any day for military service.

Their marriage was very quiet. At the ceremony in the fashionable Llandudno Holy Trinity Church last week only a few relatives and intimate friends were present.

Gottings of the Week

by Miss Midnight



• HELEN HAYES, escorted by her father, Mr. Joseph Hayes, of Brewarrina, arrives at St. John's to wed Bill Green.



• ALISON ADAMS tries out floral ideas to augment proceeds of ballet performance at Theatre Royal on February 17 . . . in aid of the Lady Gowrie Red Cross Appeal.



• BEST MAN Keith Hyem and bridesmaid Judith Lindeman leave St. Mark's, Darling Point, after wedding of Loane Lindeman and Roy Hyem.



• KATHERINE RANDALL, Queensland visitor, and Helen Weiher take time off during afternoon tea party at Helen's home to play with Scottie.

Social surprise . . .

WHAT a surprise for society and the polo world . . . engagement of Lady Wakehurst's secretary, Morna Mackenzie, to Phil, the youngest and quietest of four polo-playing Ashtons.

Even surprises me, as it is not long ago that I heard Morna wants to return to England. But then she goes to spend holiday with the Waddells at Glen Iris, Bethunga, which is near Phil's property, Coreena.

Since Phil bought Coreena, a super new house has been erected . . . all mod. cons. Such a spacious home for a bachelor aroused district's curiosity. Now they'll understand.

Incidentally . . . I wonder if Lord and Lady Wakehurst will in future insist that their personal staff be married before appointment. Already romance has claimed Blake Pelly, Hermione Llewellyn, and now Morna.

More romance . . .

LOUISE DARE and Joe Blundell also surprise friends by announcing engagement. I stumble upon family dinner at Australia Hotel two days before announcement and guess there is romance in the air . . . especially as Louise is wearing lovely square sapphire.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Dare, host and hostess, entertain Joe's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Blundell. Also daughter Margaret and husband Roy Bradshaw, whose father a few hours before had such a lucky escape when passenger in airliner Bungana, which caught fire in Victoria.

So versatile . . .

I GO to the exhibition of Theatre and Ballet Art and discover 22-year-old Loudon Sainthill is a very versatile young man. He has a number of exhibits in the show, and Mrs. Ramsay Piggitt (Sadie Saddler as was) introduces him as designer of lovely silver, gold, wine and blue scheme featured at her wedding in Melbourne.

Sadie tells me that he also designed the modern murals for the Dick Caseys' Melbourne flat, and that Melbourne hostesses, who want something different for parties, find Loudon can turn his hand to a nifty asparagus roll in shape of a lily.

Young A.I.F.

MAJOR and Mrs. Fussell, of Cooma, have an A.I.F. in the family . . . they have named their son and heir Anthony Ian Fussell.

Just married . . .

MUCH amused to hear the just-married Nina Vickery introducing her husband on arrival at wedding reception as "John Lobban—oh! pardon me, my husband."

Ceremony at St. Stephen's, then 100 guests entertained at Elizabeth Bay House.

Slim bride wears full-skirted white organza embroidered with bows . . . looks much too ethereal for such a champion tennis player.

Lush orchids worn by Mrs. Lynn Vickery with black sheer dinner frock.

The Gil Prattens arrive . . . Val with large pink roses poised above forehead. Mrs. Jim Vickery comes from Tamworth and looks distinctive in trailing grey chiffon.

Armidale highspots . . .

NO sooner do I get to sleep after celebrating first Jay of Armidale races than tramp of thousands of horses wakes me. Imagination? No, it really is one thousand nags, Light Horse, arriving with owners to take part in military camp.

Noreen Dangar's Gostwyck, the Whites' property, and the racecourse are seething with uniforms. Boy McMaster is among those at Gostwyck. Thelma McMaster's in town, too.

Mrs. Frank Thompson—Frank also in camp—is jubilant. She backed Cigarette, Armidale Cup winner.

Spy Mrs. Arthur Cockerill, of Herbert Park, arriving by train from Sydney this morning in time to see her horse, Prince Chong, run in Novice Handicap. Cedric Hughes is house guest at Herbert Park.

Lots of Walcha punters—Pam Nivison, Margaret Gill, Mrs. Poss Nivison, Mrs. Ken Laurie, Mrs. Alan Waugh.

Best party of day . . . cocktails at Brigadier J. K. Johnstone's. Handsome Light Horsemen outnumber the lasses by ten to one—or so it seems.

Difficult daughters . . .

WHEN he's not singing, baritone Harold Williams has a full-time job tossing pennies.

Every disagreement between his 17-year-old twin daughters, Ronnie and Nita, is decided by tossing . . . who will have the top bunk in trains or ships, what they will wear, where they will go. The twins admit they usually disagree, so father has to toss.

I meet them the other day going up a lift and ask them if they hope to be world-famous singers like father. But no, they want to be models.

One dislike they have in common—being twins.

"Would you like it," they demand of me, "if you got exactly the same presents for Christmas; and had to wear identical hats; and went into a frock shop and had to pass on if the salesgirl said, 'Exclusive model, no two alike?'"

Bright two-year-old . . .

CARL THOMAS is now two . . . at least, his restaurant is. He celebrates with a cheery cocktail party, complete with birthday cake and two candles, in the old woolshed down near the Quay.

Don my best bib and go along about five-ish. Other party guests are the John Raistons, John Fairfaxes, Sverre Kaatens, John Bavins and Valerie, George and Nella Merivale.

Heard around town . . .

THE Curtis Skenes are due home from India this week . . . Bob Skene is now manager of polo club in California.

Mrs. Plunkett Cole (Betty Minnett) is on the high seas again. Not definite when she will return to Sydney.

And seen . . .

BERYL OSBORNE, just back from abroad, wearing scarlet and white floral frock, snappy natural straw chapeau trimmed with scarlet.



• MORNA MACKENZIE, secretary to Lady Wakehurst, who has just announced her engagement to polo-playing Phil Ashton.



• TENNIS CHAMPIONS . . . Viv McGrath and Joan Hartigan arrive at Elizabeth Bay House for Lobban-Vickery wedding reception.



• BEAUTIFUL Margaret Collins (left) pays flying visit from Beaudesert and lunches at Prince's with Gwen Brown.



• MRS. REG. BETTINGTON and Philippa Stephen . . . at French Australian League of Help dinner dance at Prince's.



Weary and worn out, yet she can't sleep. Her digestion is so tired that it is still struggling with the meal she took hours ago. Yet she does not know it!

We want to tell her that Benger's Food will make her bright and happy again by giving her complete nourishment while her digestion takes a rest, because freedom from digestive strain with full nourishment, begins with the first cup of Benger's Food.

Benger's is the only Food that contains the enzymes of natural digestion. When you begin to prepare Benger's Food by adding the hot milk, these enzymes become active and partly digest both the Food and the milk before you drink it. Your system is therefore able to assimilate the exceptional nourishment in Benger's Food while your tired digestion rests. Have your first cup of Benger's Food to-day.

Made in
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BENGER'S

the self-digestive Food



MIXED AND MADE IN HALF A MINUTE.

Whisk half a pint of milk in coming to the boil, take one level tablespoonful of Benger's Food; stir into a smooth cream with 4 tablespoonful of cold water. Take the boiling milk and immediately it starts to settle in the pan, pour it slowly on to the cold mixture. Drink as soon as cool enough. Sugar to taste. Both Food and milk are partially self-digested.

For invalids and infant feeding, follow the directions contained in the booklet enclosed with each tin.

FREE Write for the Benger's Booklet to Benger's Food, Ltd. (Inc. in England) 350, George Street, Sydney.

Asthma Mucus Dissolved in 1 Day

Share the discovery of Mendaco by a famous physician. It is no longer necessary for anyone to suffer from choking, wheezing, gasping, Asthma. Mendaco does away with excessive mucus, and restores the lungs to normal. All you do is to take 2 teaspoonfuls of Mendaco and the mucus starts to melt through the blood in 10 minutes. Soon the choking mucus and phlegm disappear. You breathe easily and freely. Your nerves relax, you get good, fresh, pure air into your lungs, and vision returns.

Sleep Like a Baby

Thousands of former sufferers from Asthma say that the very first dose of Mendaco brought them glorious ease and comfort, and that they slept soundly the very first night. Then their vision returned and they felt healthier and stronger, and 2 to 10 years younger. The reason for this is that Mendaco acts in natural ways to overcome the effects of asthma. (1) It dissolves, liquefies and removes the smothering mucus or phlegm. (2) It relaxes thousands of tiny muscles in your bronchial tubes so that the air can get in and out of your lungs. (3) It promotes body vigour, and stimulates the building of rich, revitalised blood.

No Asthma for Five Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate results, free breathing and comfort and enables you to sleep, but also builds up the system to ward off future attacks. Mr. J. C.

writes: "I was almost dead with Asthma. Had lost 40 lbs. in weight, suffered coughing, choking and strangling every night—couldn't sleep—expected to die. Mendaco stopped spasms first night and I have had no Asthma since in over 2 years." Mrs. A. W. writes: "I had Asthma for 25 years. After using Mendaco I can sleep all night and have not had an attack since taking it." Mrs. G. E. C. writes: "I bless the day I first heard of Mendaco. What a god-sent it is to a poor woman like me who for 35 years never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. The constant fight between Asthma and sleep was wearing me down, but I feel now I want to forget my past suffering."

Benefits Immediate

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. In no time at all Mendaco may easily make you feel years younger and stronger. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money-back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well, like a new person, and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel tomorrow. The guarantee is yours.

Mendaco

Ends Asthma • Bronchitis • Hay Fever

Diana makes her choice

Continued from Page 5

"I KNOW. But it made me wild to see her, Diana of all people, sitting there lapping up every word he said as though—"

"As though?"

"As though she were falling in love with him."

"Rubbish. Diana's too intelligent to be taken in by any form of affection."

"I wonder. She's very young. Older and more experienced women than she have been known to fall for men like Stephen Blake."

"Is it just because you love Diana that you dislike him, Peter? Or would you dislike him, anyway?"

"I'd dislike him, anyway."

"Me, too. Good-night, Peter. Don't worry."

"Good-night, I'm not worrying."

Norman Freeman watched him disappear and smiled ruefully. Peter, he knew, was badly worried.

He met Stephen and Diana coming down the terrace steps. Diana wore a wrap over her simple evening dress.

"We're going down to the creek before turning in, Father."

"Good. I'll come with you."

Diana was surprised. It was not her father's habit to take long walks before bed. A mild stroll with the dogs was the most he indulged in.

She felt disloyal for being disappointed, and, as if to make up for it, slipped her arm affectionately into his and kept it there.

"Peter seemed tired, I thought," said Norman, as they started off.

"Oh—yes, a little," said Diana.

"He's working too hard. Still, I

Stephen Blake went to bed amused, elated, looking forward eagerly to the morrow. He had promised to ride with Diana before breakfast.

She would be a magnificent rider, he knew. Magnificent with the ease of fearlessness and the confidence which wealth gave a woman. Diana Freeman had everything. Wealth. Beauty. Charm. And a rich father who had no other relatives in the world.

Yes, Stephen Blake was elated. He was very, very glad he had come to Stonefields after all. And at what an opportune moment he had come! Just when the engaged Diana had begun to realise that her romance was a little dull and her fiancé unexciting. If he worked quickly, she would drop like a ripe plum into his hand. But he would have to work very, very quickly. A girl like Diana must be swept off her feet before the ties of her childhood and upbringing pulled her back again.

Diana woke with a sense of anticipation, pleasant anticipation. And then she remembered Stephen Blake and the pleasant anticipation increased.

In a flash she was out of bed. The day promised to be fine, a heat wave lay over the distant sea. Diana sang as she bathed and dressed. In a few minutes she would be alone with him, out there in the sharp morning air—alone with this handsome, exciting stranger. She felt a little frightened and ashamed; frightened when she remembered his admiring, revealing glances (were they admiring, or was it only her imagination?), ashamed when she thought of Peter, working so hard because December was approaching.

The thought of December sobered her, frightened her a little. It had never frightened her before. Hitherto she had inwardly chafed at the slowness of its coming and now now it seemed a little forbidding in its finality. Was she, she wondered, perhaps not ready for marriage, after all? Had she (terrible thought) perhaps not met the right man—yet? Surely, if she had, the thought of December would not awaken this sudden, breathless fear?

She seized Peter's photograph and kissed it, penitently, and was im-

mediately angry with herself. Why in the world should she feel so guilty? Just because a man had come into her life whose very presence brought a strange excitement? Surely no woman, no matter if she were happily married, was absolutely immune to the admiration of other men?

Her pleasurable anticipation gave way to exciting apprehension as she ran downstairs. Stephen was waiting for her on the terrace.

"I knew it," he said.

"Knew what?"

"That you weren't a dream. That you'd look as lovely in riding kit as in evening dress." But I suppose you've been told that before."

Diana laughed.

"Come and take your choice," she said. "You can ride anyone except Gypsy. She's mine."

Norman Freeman, shaving, saw them return, and his razor jerked sharply in his hand. So Blake was at it already, was he? He was riding so close to Diana that their knees touched, their hands held. Had the girl taken leave of her senses? Couldn't she see through a man like Stephen Blake? His fears of the night before, at which he had scoffed in the same light of day, came flooding back.

"... looking at him as though she were falling in love with him," Peter had said. The way she was looking at him now.

"Darling," Norman Freeman said at breakfast. "I've been thinking. How would you like to be married this summer, instead of December, and have my yacht for your honeymoon?"

Diana drank her coffee. A short while ago, thought Norman Freeman, she would have flung her arms round his neck in a whirl of ecstasy.

"That's nice of you, darling," Diana said, "but I won't be twenty-one until December, and I'm staying with you till then, I promised."

"I was just being a selfish old fog. The idea of losing you frightened me a little. Now I'm used to the idea—and I'd like Peter as my son-in-law."

"I know you would."

"You'll tell Peter what I've suggested?"

"I don't think so, darling. You see, I don't want to get married—yet. December will be quite soon enough."

Please turn to Page 34.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.



WEDNESDAY, February 14. Special Session—"Roaming the Wide-Range."

THURSDAY, February 15.—June Marsden—Astrology for Boys and Girls.

FRIDAY, February 16.—Cities and their Orchestras—Judith Hayes.

SATURDAY, February 17.—"Music in the News."

SUNDAY, February 18.—June Marsden—Gardening by the Stars, Astrology for Business Folk, Stars' Effect on Personality.

MONDAY, February 19.—The Australian Women's Weekly Celebrity Recital.

TUESDAY, February 20.—June Marsden—Astrology for Women.

can understand that, with December only eight months away."

Diana did not answer.

"December?" said Stephen.

"I'll be twenty-one in December," said Diana.

"And Mrs. Peter Garfield," said her father.

Stephen raised his eyebrows in the darkness.

"No wonder," he said, "that Peter is working so hard. He has something to work for. Something to look forward to!"

"Something we are all looking forward to," said Norman Freeman, to his own surprise. "I couldn't have chosen a better husband for my daughter."

Diana, unreasonably, felt embarrassed. A short while ago, such a very short while ago, she would have glowed with pride. But now, in the darkness, she was silent.

"How very comforting for you," said Stephen Blake to Norman Freeman. There was no sarcasm in his voice. It was as sincere and affable as ever.

Rolf, Norman noticed, was quiet during the walk. He kept close to his master's side. Not once did he go near Stephen Blake.

Diana went to bed feeling oddly excited, oddly frightened.

Norman Freeman went to bed tired... and depressed.

BEST VALUE FOR MONEY



IT'S FLAVOUR SEALED
In quarter, half and one pound tins



ELLIS PRICE

Prince of story tellers

The art of Ellis Price of 2GB

OF all radio arts, story-telling is the most intimate, the most gratifying to the artist himself, and the most difficult.

There are few first-rate story-tellers, and in this select company there are few better than Ellis Price, 2GB's Prince of Story-tellers.

Ellis Price's daily story is featured from 2GB every Monday to Friday morning at 9.30, and at the moment he is reading "The Bar Sinister," a classic of animal life, by Richard Harding Davis.

"I have always maintained," says Ellis Price, explaining his love of story-telling, "that a story told with the technique and art of an experienced actor is the ideal form of radio entertainment."

"The story-teller," he continues, "paints not only the portrait of the people in the story, but also their surroundings and their situations. He has a vast canvas on which to depict all the gaiety and all the sadness, all the humor and all the tragedy of the lives of the characters, and the circumstances in which the author has placed them."

Dog stories best

ELLIS PRICE has discovered that animal stories, particularly dog stories, are the most popular.

When he first read "The Bar Sinister" over the air, the book was out of print, but so great was the demand for copies that the publishers were forced to issue a new edition.

Part of the charm of this greatest dog story in any language is the fact that it is told by the dog hero himself, and yet at the same time all the essential details are vouched for as true by the author.

It is the story of a dog whose father was a world's champion bull terrier and whose mother was a black and tan mongrel. It tells of his adventures from the days when his drunken owner took him around small public houses, matching him in backroom fights, until he is awarded the world championship, even defeating his own father, until then regarded as the finest bull terrier in the world.

Classic v. modern

IN view of the never-ending controversy — the classics versus the modern — it is interesting to know that one of the most appreciative responses from listeners followed Ellis Price's recent reading of "The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

"I was somewhat doubtful," comments Ellis Price, "as to the reception this old classic might receive, and I commenced reading it on Mondays and Tuesdays only."

"Soon many requests came asking me to make it a daily feature."

"These letters leave no doubt as to the broad-mindedness and sympathetic tolerance of the average Australian."

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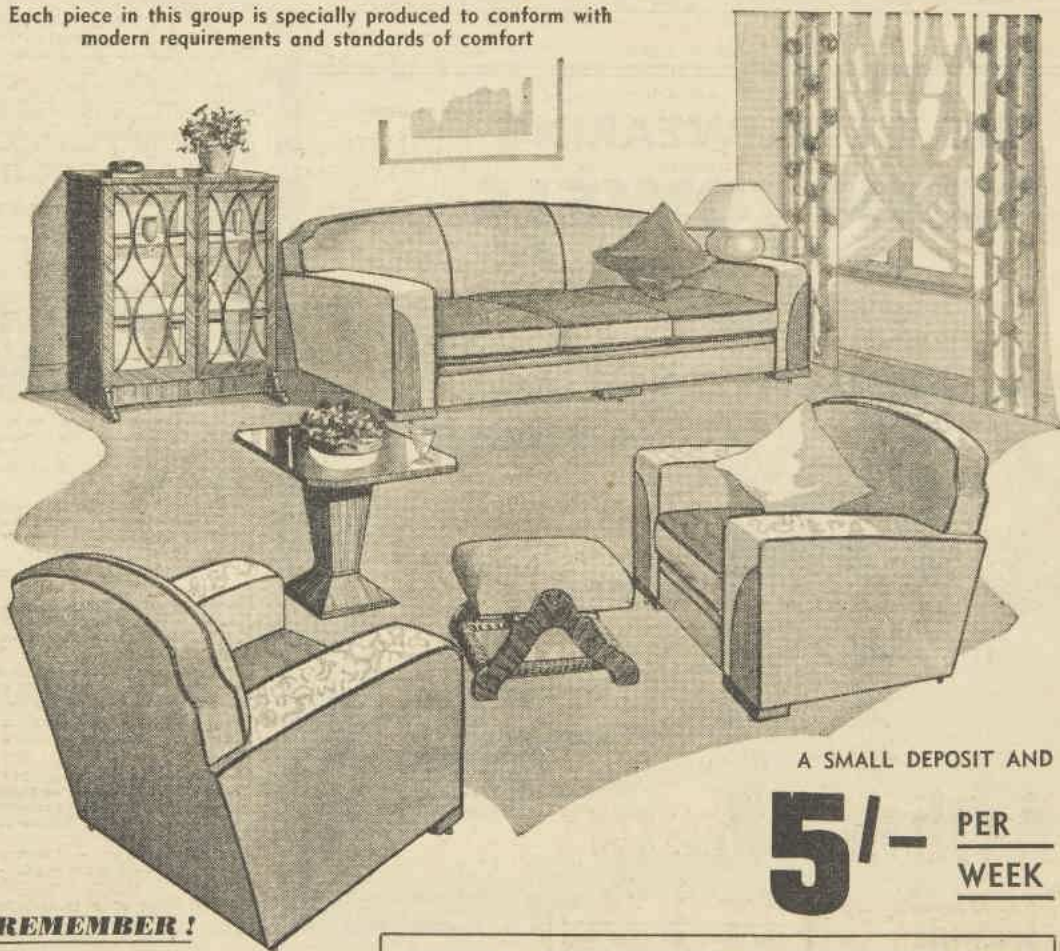
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Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Make Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement: "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter ounce box of Orizex Compound, and one ounce of Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky, or greasy, and does not rub off."*

Simple Way to Lift Corns Right Out

No excuse for cutting corns. Tender corns, tough corns, or soft corns can now be safely lifted out with the finger-tips, thanks to Frodo-Ice, says grateful user. Only a few drops of Frodo-Ice, the new-type antiseptic treatment, which you can get for 1/6 at any chemist or store, is ample to free one's feet from every corn or callus without hurting. This wonderful and safe remover stops pain instantly, and does not spread on to surrounding healthy tissue. Frodo-Ice is a boon to corn-burdened men and women.*

NORMAN FREEMAN was silent. In silence he watched Stephen and his daughter playing tennis. In silence he watched them swimming, riding, fishing. He watched them for four days, and felt as he had never felt before. Useless and old and ineffectual. Peter watched, too, and knew before it ever happened that he had lost Diana.

"Your father has told me about his idea," he said one day.

"What idea, Peter?"

"That we should marry this summer, instead of waiting for December."

"Oh—yes!"

"How do you feel about it?"

"I promised to stay with him until I was twenty-one. I'd like to keep my promise."

"Because it is a promise—or because you don't want to marry yet?"

"Both, Peter."

"Would you feel the same way if I were Stephen Blake?"

"I—don't know, Peter."

"Then you'd better make up your mind. I'd like to know, Diana."

For a week Peter kept away. From a distance he watched them. Of course, Blake was her father's guest. She had to be polite to him.

Did it help, Peter wondered, to get good and drunk in moments like this? Some fellows thought so. Only the situation afterwards would be exactly the same. He stayed later at the office instead.

Stephen's visit lengthened. Norman Freeman was too good a host

to even hint at a departure. Diana seemed unaware of the passing of time. She was aware only of a glorious new happiness, a companionship more perfect than she had ever known before.

Stephen liked everything she liked, enjoyed all the things she most enjoyed. Life had never been so perfect, such a succession of enchanted hours.

Then one evening Diana, who had dressed early for dinner, came down to the study and found Stephen still in outdoor clothes, waiting for her. He led her to the settee, and, seated beside her, took her hand in his.

"Will you be sorry when I go?" said Stephen.

"Of course. You know we will."

"I meant in the singular, Diana."

"Yes, Stephen."

"But I must go. I've been here six weeks."

"Stay another six weeks. Six months. We love having you."

"Until—December?"

Diana did not answer.

"Diana, you don't want to marry Peter?"

"I'm engaged to him."

"People have made mistakes before. People have broken engagements, too."

"Yes, but—"

"And sometimes people have been afraid of doing it — and sent the right person away."

"Stephen—"

Diana makes her choice

Continued from Page 32

"Diana—darling—Peter's not the man for you! He's a mere boy. A nice boy. But you should marry a man, Diana. You know, if I were Peter I'd be frightened to leave you alone so much. Someone else might steal you."

"Rubbish, Stephen."

"It's not rubbish, Diana. It's true. Peter loves you, of course, in his way. But he loves his work more. You need to be the first love in a man's life, Diana. Could you—honestly, now—be contented as second best?"

"I'm not second best to Peter, Stephen. I'm sure I'm not. It's just that he's working hard for—"

"December? And you let him, Diana, when the very thought of December frightens you. Is that fair?"

"No—"

"What would you say was the honorable thing to do, Diana, when a woman, engaged to a man whom she thinks she loves because she has grown up with him and is so used to him, suddenly meets another man—and right away they know that they were meant for each other? Even if it meant hurting one person, wouldn't it be better to hurt one than hurt three?"

Diana looked at him. Her defenses were tottering. She had fought and fought against this surrender, denied in her heart the very words Stephen now uttered. In one movement Stephen had her in his arms.

"It will be a difficult thing to do, my darling," he whispered. "But you must do it, for all our sakes."

The third time Diana Freeman decided whom she was going to marry she walked slowly towards her father, frank fear in her eyes, but determination in her step. And before she told him Norman Freeman knew what had happened. Stephen Blake had won.

"Father," she said, "I'm going to marry Stephen."

"Have you told Peter?" asked

Norman Freeman, and his voice sounded unfamiliar and far away.

"Yes."

"And how did he take it?"

"He—he wished me happiness."

Norman Freeman was silent.

"Father—"

"Well, my dear?"

"Haven't you anything to say?"

"I—I wish you happiness, too, my dear."

That was all. He turned and left her, so that she should not see the pain in his eyes. "I must see Peter," he thought. "We must stop this thing, somehow." But how? And what right had a person to meddle in another person's life, even if that other were his own daughter?

Diana watched her father's retreating back and found, distressingly, that she was crying. She had hurt Norman Freeman and she loved him as deeply, she knew, as he loved her. And yet—and yet it was hardly kind of him to take it like this, even if he did like Peter so much.

"How did he take it?" asked Stephen, waiting in the summer-house.

"Quite well."

"I knew he'd take it better if I didn't come with you. And Peter?"

Diana was quiet a moment, remembering, oddly, Peter's twisted mouth, smiling as he wished her happiness. And a sudden rush of loneliness swept through her. She felt lost, cut adrift.

"We'll get married right away, Diana. It will be better."

"But Father—I promised I'd stay with him until I was twenty-one."

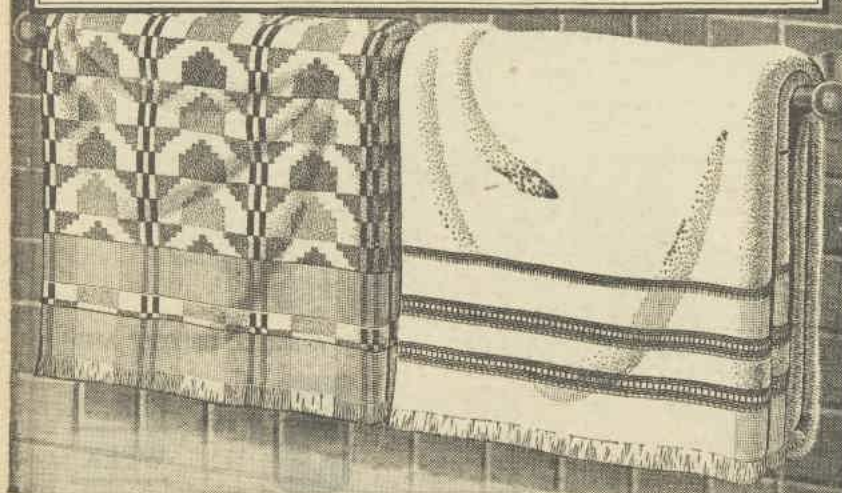
"But you won't, now? Think how awkward it will be, how embarrassing for him. He'll get used to the idea of having me as his son-in-law instead of Peter much more quickly when I am his son-in-law. Besides, darling, just think of cruising in the yacht in the summer—"

"Oh, Stephen, we couldn't do that!"

Please turn to Page 36

BIG, LONG-WEARING BATH TOWELS Free!

FOR SUNLIGHT SOAP USERS



HOUSEWIVES!

Now is the time to stock up your linen cupboard! And what a fine opportunity is given to Sunlight Soap users. Lovely, big Bath-towels—FREE! Save your wrappers—only 45 needed for the fluffy white Admiralty towel or the gaily coloured one. Both 23x46 inches—a good large size. And remember, they'll last for years washed with Sunlight—the soap that's absolutely safe for everything.

ALSO THESE AND MANY MORE FREE SUNLIGHT GIFTS



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21"x31", 34 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops.
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44"x44", 72 SUNLIGHT wrapper-tops.

Many other fine and useful gifts offered to Sunlight Soap users. Write for a copy of the list, describing full range of SUNLIGHT gifts available, to: SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT, LEVER BROTHERS PTY. LTD., G.P.O., SYDNEY.

How to Get Your Gift

Cut off the required number of wrapper-tops (the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap"—three in every carton). Take these to LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (TOWN HALL END), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, write on a small piece of paper your name, address and gift required, enclose with wrapper-tops required for your gift and address to: "SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," LEVER BROTHERS PTY. LTD., BOX 4310 YY, G.P.O., SYDNEY. IMPORTANT: Uncertain conditions make these offers subject to alteration without notice.



What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

- After one of the most exciting tussles in its history, the Sheffield Shield ended in a victory for New South Wales. The Shield has now been won most often by
Queensland—New South Wales—Victoria—South Australia—Victoria and New South Wales a tie.
- Vanilla flavoring is extracted from the
Fruit of a tropical plant—leaves of a tropical vine—trunk of a tropical tree—stem of an Indian plant.
- That very well known and touching line, "The boy stood on the burning deck," was written by
Longfellow — Wordsworth — Elizabeth Browning — Felicia Hemans.
- With the Balkans so much in the news, you should have no trouble in picking from these the countries which constitute the Balkan Entente
Turkey — Greece — Hungary — Rumania — Bulgaria — Yugoslavia.
- Ever heard of a funambulist?
It's a

- Kind of railway worker — player of a muted instrument — rope walker — small Alpine railway.
- To be perfectly correct, you should eat peas with a
Fork — spoon — spoon and fork — knife and fork.
- You know what a red-letter day means to us, but it was originally
A bank holiday—a church festival day—a day when squires gave presents to tenants—a day when a red halo was supposed to show round the moon.
- No doubt you have handled yards of calico, but did you know that this cloth is made from
Linen — cotton — flax — twill.
- Daisy, looking "sweet upon the seat of a bicycle made for two," would have been riding a
Tangent — tanghi — tango — tandem.
- Those letters a.m., by which we distinguish our morning hours, stand for the words
Annus mirabilis—ante meridiem — antinacassar—anti meridian.

Answers on Page 36

CORNWELL'S PURE MALT VINEGAR

Makes Salads More Tempting



in QUARTS and PINTS

Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.



£1 for Best Letter

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

CHOOSE CLOTHES

WHY do mothers assume that children are not able to judge what clothes are most suitable for themselves? I think the average school-girl has a very good "clothes sense," and, if given the chance, will choose just the little frocks which suit her own personality and make her feel at ease with her little play-mates. As a teacher, I have frequently felt sorry for children whose clothes were obviously made for service only, without any regard for daintiness and fashion. Little girls, like their older sisters, love to feel they are looking their best.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. Shadow, 28 Paraday Ave., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

A FARM PROBLEM

IN my opinion a laborer on a farm should not dine at the family table. In many cases this is the only time families have to digest their private business, and if any other person is present this may not be talked over at all.

As a result inconvenience and trouble are caused.

Edward B. Carroll, Batesford, Vic.

HOT UNIFORMS

BUS drivers, postmen, and others in the Public Service still sweater in a temperature of 100deg. in heavy uniforms. Why? One can imagine the result if the driver of a double-decker bus, for instance, collapsed while wearing the present uncomfortable uniform, which is not only a danger to his health, but a menace to the safety of the public.

This unnecessary torture calls for speedy readjustment.

Mildred Fox, Brightmore St., Cremorne, N.S.W.

ACTORS ALL

HOW rare and how refreshing is a really "natural" person—one who is free from irritating mannerisms and with whom one can feel perfectly at ease.

So many people when outside their home circle seem to be continually "acting a part." Their unnatural pose is annoying and no pleasure is derived from their company. This "Jekyll and Hyde" personality is very common nowadays.

Mrs. E. Ganter, 3 Edington St., North Rockhampton, Qld.

HOME WOMEN

WHAT is the reason for men having such misguided ideas that women's place is in the home and kitchen.

No doubt these are great places, and must ever be worthily filled by sympathetic women, but women have so advanced that not only can they fill the home worthily, but also make a mark on the outside world.

I always consider that women in Parliament will make a much better job on matters that concern the welfare of children and women than men.

Anne Wells, 168 McKean St., North Fitzroy N7, Melbourne.

BAD EXAMPLE

TEACHERS in our schools are doing all in their power to impress on children the rules of "safety first." In some schools a constable comes regularly to give instruction on the right way to alight from trams, cross roads, and so on.

Yet it is quite common to see parents with small children alighting from the wrong side of trams, even in busy traffic.

Mrs. J. Livett, 60 Holmes St., Kingsford, N.S.W.

Lead them to the piano, but do not make them play

IN reply to Miss M. Meredith (27/1/40), I would definitely say that it isn't worth while teaching a reluctant child to play the piano.

I have seen too many certificates won by reluctant children who showed no desire to learn, and when they grew up declared they wouldn't touch a piano.

But it is worth while teaching one who is musically inclined.

Mrs. A. J. Gillies, Noorat, Vic.

Waste of time

I QUITE agree that for a mother to have to coax or drive a child to play the piano is waste of time and money.

A child who has a natural love of music will not need to be driven to play a piano. It will be a pleasure.

While agreeing that radio provides excellent music and entertainment, it cannot take the place of a pianist.

A. M. Dow, 48 Queen St., Maryborough, Qld.

Missed point

MISS M. MEREDITH has missed the point about the value of piano lessons to any child. This lies in the development of appreciation of good music.

A man who has played cricket can enjoy a Test match, although the players are far above him, much more than one who has never handled a bat.

It is exactly the same with music. Those who learn can understand and enjoy the best musicians far more than those who have never played.

Mrs. J. Wilson, 397 Angus St., Adelaide.

Student's view

AS a girl of fifteen who has learnt music, doing examinations, I would like to say that the pleasure derived from playing far outweighs the tiring hours of toil.

Wireless entertainers have to work in order to give enjoyment, and, I am sure, they find the work has been well worth while.

Joyce Dudley, Bruthen, Vic.

Worth it

OF course it is worth while encouraging a child to learn to play the piano. It may take time, but it pays.

Does the radio always provide the required programme?

E. M. Power, Best St., Hendra, Brisbane.

Social asset

MOTHER, if she can afford it, should have her daughter taught to play the piano.

I do not think the wireless will



Budding genius.

ever rival a good old sing-song round the piano, and at parties I have found that the girl who can play the piano is always the centre of attraction.

Joan Mohr, Plymouth St., Alderley NW2, Brisbane.

Forced art

WIRELESS will never take the place of the delight it gives in the home when the girls and boys are able to make their own music.

Of course, one always finds those children who have to be driven to their practice, and in some cases it seems hardly worth the effort.

M. Proud, P.O., Ipswich, Qld.

Prize-givings at school may be unfair

I THINK that Miss M. N. Conn (27/1/40) has struck the right note when she asks what effect must prize-giving have on the "not so brainy."

I think it gives the average scholar an inferiority complex, or a "what's-the-use-of-trying" feeling.

At the school where my boy goes, they give no prizes, and the only competition is at sport, where the school is divided into four colors, and each division gets so many points for its wins (3), seconds (2), thirds (1).

Mrs. D. Blair, Alderley Ave., Alderley, Qld.

Equal chances

YES, Miss Conn, the awarding of school prizes is most unfair. The backward scholar realises that he has no chance against the brilliant.

If the prizes were awarded for perseverance instead of results, he would be encouraged to do his best, with the knowledge that he had the same chance of winning a prize as the smartest scholar.

Why should a child be rewarded because nature has bestowed upon

Hymn of Hate

I THINK in this I sing the "Hymn of Hate" of all housewives. Why, oh why, won't husbands and families come at once when called to a meal?

It is really most disheartening and annoying when, after probably spending some hours in thought and preparation, one sees the food getting cold and spoilt, while somebody or hodies "Just finish this page," "Just dig to the end," etc. Is it just thoughtlessness? I'm sure it's not lack of appetite!

Mrs. B. Dearden, 79 Polin St., North Sydney.

him more intelligence than the average child?

Mrs. E. Murphy, Houghton, S.A.

Unfair

I AM opposed to prize-giving at school unless the prizes are for merit.

It is unfair that a brilliant child should receive a prize when he comes top of the class, while the plodder gets no reward for his efforts.

Many a child knows the heart-break of always being just "fair," while his clever fellow pupil secures the prize and the admiration of his elders.

Mrs. Frazer, Robinson St., Croydon, N.S.W.

Same winners

I HAVE noticed that year after year the same children get the school prizes.

I do not think it makes the other children envious, although I am sure that they would also like to get prizes.

I admire the child more whose brain is not so quick, but by working very hard through the year passes the examinations even if not at the top of the class.

Mrs. M. Beale, 5 Lyndhurst Crescent, Auburn E2, Vic.

Not in vain

IN most schools and colleges prizes are given for each subject, also leadership and sport, and it is the general practice that a pupil cannot obtain more than, say, two prizes. As a result, even the brilliant child is not given the due reward, although having won it.

This unjust awarding of prizes enables the second best to win a prize.

Miss Lois M. Row, 16 Darley St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

When and when not to kiss in public

YES, Miss G. McCure (20/1/40). I, too, think kisses should be reserved for those we love.

We have heard quite a lot about kissing being unhygienic, and a good way to spread microbes.

In a great many instances kissing



Affectionate greeting.

is only habit, and I am afraid makes some people insecure.

Mrs. W. Kennedy, c/o P.O. Box 28, Yarram, Vic.

Special greeting

HOW can Miss McCure possibly know that the kisses are not indicative of affection?

We kiss those of whom we are fond, to show our real affection for them, and give a handshake to more casual acquaintances. I am sure that the distinction is noticed.

Mrs. M. Wallis, 17 Stud Rd., Dandenong, Vic.

Bow instead

MISS McCURE expresses my sentiments exactly.

As an Englishwoman, I object to the kisses to which I am subjected every time I meet new acquaintances.

Kisses should never be exchanged until people really feel affection for each other. Even a hearty handshake, I reserve for friends whose worth I have proved. Otherwise both are an empty gesture.

Mrs. Ray Randall, Room 6, Second Floor, National Mutual Building, Queen St., Brisbane.

ADOPTED CHILDREN

WHY should not elderly unmarried women adopt children, and, if they so desire, teach them to call their adopted parent "mother"?

There are many women who have devoted their lives to others, and find, when their best years have gone, they are lonely and uncared for, and the company of a little child would mean so much to such women.

If a woman is in a position to keep and educate a child, why should she not do so, and earn the commendation of people instead of sneers and frowns?

Miss C. Coney, 84 Queen St., Ararat, Vic.

SINCERE GREETINGS

HOW many of us realise that "Good-morning," "good-evening," and "good-night" are really daily well wishes?

When you meet your friends don't just murmur "Good-morning"—let your face light up with a smile and say "Good-morning" distinctly and without hesitation.

Think how much happier you would be if someone wished you a good morning and you knew he really meant it. It helps such a lot these hot summer days.

Dorothy Francis, c/o S. H. Francis, Wool Exchange, Eagle St., Brisbane.

TOO MODERN

WHAT a pity the practice of using Christian names is becoming increasingly popular between modern daughters and their mothers!

The use of a Christian name fails to convey that feeling of love and respect due to a mother. Any of her friends can address her by her Christian name, but only her child has the privilege of using the word "Mother."

Mother-love will never be out of date or old-fashioned, so why let current usage interfere with the use of a word which has had world-wide acceptance for hundreds of years as an expression of this love?

Charity Young, 7 Henson Ave., Mayfield East, Newcastle, N.S.W.

"I KNOW IT'S A TROUBLE-SOME TIME"

says

Mrs. MOTHERWELL



"But most of the trouble's grossly exaggerated. Obviously the change-over from a liquid to a solid diet is not easy for baby, but there's Robinson's "Patent" Groats to help him—and you. It's a cereal food containing the elements which help to build bone and muscle, and is suited to baby's delicate digestion. The cost? Very reasonable, and a tin lasts a long while."



"MY BOOK"

ROBINSON'S "PATENT" GROATS

A complete guide to infant feeding will be sent if you write Colman-Keen (A/asia.) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2503 M.M. Sydney, and enclose 2d. stamp for return postage.

3 FIRST PRIZES AT BABY SHOWS



—thanks to a CLEAR SKIN

Mrs. E.L.W., of East Sheen, is proud of her son's complexion. It has won him 3 first prizes in baby contests. One he was chosen from over a hundred children, judged by famous Harley Street doctors. And each time I was complimented on his beautiful skin. I feel sure his success, in no small part, was due to Wright's Coal Tar Soap. I may add that Wright's is the only soap used by my family."

She writes: "Donald is a winner of 3 first prizes in baby contests. One he was chosen from over a hundred children, judged by famous Harley Street doctors. And each time I was complimented on his beautiful skin. I feel sure his success, in no small part, was due to Wright's Coal Tar Soap. I may add that Wright's is the only soap used by my family."

Keep YOUR skin fresh and clear—use

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

W4-69

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes baby does not appear to be the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. A. C. Mrs. Clifford, 48 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.***

"Why not? Didn't your father offer you his yacht?"
"Yes, but—but he knew how fond of sailing Peter was."
"So am I."
"Yes—but—it seems mean, somehow."

Stephen shrugged.
"Please yourself. But don't you think you're being a little foolish, darling? Scruples are all very well, but what kind of a honeymoon can we have otherwise?"

"I thought we might fly somewhere in your plane."

"I haven't got a plane, darling."

"But the one you flew in—Quicksilver."

"That belonged to a friend of mine. It's been shipped back to him. What was left of it," Stephen chuckled.

"Oh, I see."

Norman Freeman, however, insisted that they should have his yacht, just the same and he did not miss the obvious relief in Stephen Blake's eyes. Norman Freeman began to wonder. Just how did Stephen Blake stand financially? Could he not otherwise have afforded to take his bride on a decent honeymoon? Come to think of it, he knew precious little about this "Greek God of the Air," except that he had supported him lavishly for the past two months.

"I'd like to speak to you, Stephen, when you have a moment."

Stephen Blake seemed only too willing.

"Certainly, sir. Why not now?"

"It's about Diana—and yourself—"

"You mean, you want to know how I stand?"

"Something like that. Diana's my child, you know, and she's accustomed to a certain standard of living."

Stephen laughed.

"I quite understand, sir, and I think you'll find my credentials quite satisfactory. I'm chairman of a large company out West. I've also a controlling interest in a concern in the East. Quite a sound concern. One or two shares here and there. Good securities. I think, sir, you'll

find Diana will continue to live to the standard she is accustomed to."

It sounded all right. Norman Freeman appeared to be content with it, anyway, and Stephen Blake felt relief and an increased confidence. Norman Freeman was too much of a gentleman not to take a man's word and, of course, Diana would continue to live to the standard she was accustomed to. She came into her fortune when she was twenty-one, and until then her husband would surely be able to obtain credit anywhere on the security of her inheritance. More than ever, Stephen Blake was glad he had come to Stonefields.

And he adored Diana. That was obvious. He could not tear himself away from Stonefields because he could not tear himself away from her side.

They spent hours (for which Diana paid) at the Flying Club. Stephen was made much of down there. He was a celebrity again and Diana began to suspect that he loved being a celebrity. She smiled to herself and thought what babies men were. They loved being made a fuss of.

Except Peter. He hated it. And as she thought of Peter, with an unaccountable stab of course, one couldn't help missing a playmate of such long standing as Peter, he himself walked into the club bar. He looked thinner and a little older.

He displayed no embarrassment at meeting Diana.

"Hello, Di."

"Hello, Peter. How are you?"

"Fine. And you?"

"Fine. Father's fine, too."

"I know. Played golf with him yesterday."

"Did you?" Diana was surprised.

Norman Freeman had not told her.

"Beat him, too. The first time for weeks!"

So it was a regular thing. And Norman had not mentioned it to her. Perhaps he thought he was being tactful not to, Diana, oddly, felt shut out. Her father had shut

Diana makes her choice

Continued from Page 34

her out of lots of things lately. There was none of that old camaraderie which she and her father and Peter had enjoyed together. But apparently it still existed between the two men. Diana felt unaccountably depressed, unwanted.

"Hi, Peter," said Stephen, coming into the bar with Jill Humby hanging adoringly on his arm. "Have a drink?"

"Thanks. I've got one."

"Drink it up, old man, and have another on me."

"No, thanks. This will quench my thirst. By the way, I heard from Bill Sanderson to-day. He inquired after you. Didn't know he was a friend of yours."

Stephen slowly raised his glass. When he had finished his drink, he slowly put it down again.

"Bill Sanderson? I don't think I know him."

"He seems to know you pretty well."

Stephen laughed.

"Lots of people have claimed acquaintanceship with me since my flight."

"He claims acquaintanceship before that. The last time he saw you was when you stopped to refuel near Cagliari, on Sardinia. You'd left the Sudan then, remember? He was staying near there. He recognised the Quicksilver as you came flying over. Said he was never more surprised in his life. He thought he'd left his plane safe in its hangar in Khartum."

"Whoever he is, he's making a mistake. I made a non-stop flight from Khartum. The whole world knows that."

THERE was a strained little silence in the Flying Club bar. Diana sat stiffly on her high stool, staring with unseeing eyes at her empty glass. Bill Sanderson—the owner of Quicksilver—And Stephen denied his acquaintanceship.

"Sorry," said Peter, "my mistake." Conversation burst out, high, brittle conversation about anything that anyone could think of, anything to cover up the transparency of Stephen's denial, the acute discomfort of Diana, her small head held high, her eyes numb. And Peter thought of the letter in his pocket. A letter with a Sudanese stamp and the passage: "We're all highly amused out here by the 'daring exploit' of Stephen Blake. Last time I saw him was when he stopped to refuel on his non-stop 'accidental' flight to England."

"He landed at an obscure airport near Cagliari. Only natives were there. And, if you please, in my own bus which he 'borrowed' while I was on holiday. He shipped it back to me, however—with a broken wing and a bust propeller! Give him my kind regards if you meet him."

Peter went outside and quietly tore the letter up. He returned to find Diana beside him.

"What you told Stephen just now was true, Peter. I know because he once confessed to me that Quicksilver belonged to a friend."

"Forget it, Diana."

"I don't want to. It wasn't such an admirable thing to do."

No more admirable, thought Peter, than stealing another man's future wife.

"You hate me, don't you, Peter?"

"Not 'hate,' Diana."

"Despise?"

"A little. Yet it seems hardly worth while."

"You mean I'm hardly worth while."

The answer is—

- 1—New South Wales.
- 2—Fruit of a tropical plant.
- 3—Fellcia Hemana.
- 4—Turkey, Greece, Rumania and Yugoslavia.
- 5—Kope walker.
- 6—Knife and fork.
- 7—A church festival day.
- 8—Cotton.
- 9—Tandem.
- 10—Ante meridiem. (Latin, "Before midday.")

Questions on Page 34

"Yes. I used to think you were. I used to think you were worth working for and saving for and giving up what you and Stephen think is so important—a 'good time,' 'enjoying life.' But I find I can enjoy life. Diana, too. Without you."

Tears stung Diana's eyes.

"I'm glad, Peter. Go on enjoying it."

She turned and left him. Peter watched her go and a rush of tenderness and pity swept him. Poor little Diana. She was her father all over again. Proud. Stubborn. But they could take it on the chin when they had to. Norman had taken it when Diana had told him she was going to marry a man he thoroughly disliked. And Diana had taken it just now, in the Flying Club bar, when she found that her "Greek God of the Air" had feet of clay.

All his burning hatred, his contempt, his hurt of the past weeks was drowned now in the realisation that, whatever happened, he loved Diana with more intensity than ever before.

Stephen was just finishing his third whisky when Diana went back to him.

"Coming home, Stephen?"

Stephen looked regretfully at Jill Humby.

"Of course, my dear."

In the car Diana looked straight ahead.

"I want you to know, Stephen, that you made me feel very ashamed this afternoon. It was despicable of you to deny a friend. Especially when you used his plane to play your splendid practical joke."

Stephen mumbled something inaudible. Diana looked at him, at his angry eyes, his sullen mouth. And suddenly it was easy to say what she had been dreading.

"Stephen, I could never marry a man I could not respect. And I could never respect you now."

It didn't hurt at all. It didn't tear her very heart as the sight of Peter's numb eyes had done. She felt only an inexpressible relief.

Norman Freeman saw his daughter's eyes as she came into the house. He saw, too, Stephen Blake, heard his angry voice giving orders for his bag to be packed. He was immeasurably relieved to find that it was not necessary, now, to tell Stephen Blake that his intensive inquiries had yielded the information that the company out West had gone into liquidation four years ago and that the other one in the East had followed suit. With incredible relief he knew it was not necessary now.

His daughter had come back to him. It only remained, now, for him to bring Peter Garfield back to his daughter.

That, he knew, would be easy.

He was right.
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Weight Reduction

Seaweed reducing treatment is by far the safest and most effective for the majority of obesity cases, and having only drastic giving and tonic properties, cannot damage the system like some treatments do. It will not affect the heart and can have no ill-effects and on getting down to normal weight desired, one does not immediately put on weight again as in the case of reduction by exercise. This is the opinion of Mr. Len O. Sings, Pharmaceutical Chemist, of Collis, W.A., who has made a careful study of fat reducing properties over many years. He supplies the Special Reducing Tablets at 4/6 plus 2d. post for 2 weeks' supply. There is nothing secret about these, the formula is printed on each bottle. The Reducing Massage Cream acts by absorption—4/6 jar, post 6d. The Seaweed Slimming Bath Salts are used as well (for drastic reduction), 2/- each, 10/6 for 8 dks, post 1/6. A diet chart is supplied free for meals day by day. Testimonials from all over Commonwealth. Write him.***

No More Piles

Pile sufferers can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—bad blood circulation in the lower bowel. Cutting and salves can't do this—an internal remedy must be used. Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds because it relieves this blood congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vaculoid has a wonderful record for quick, safe, and lasting relief to Pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists anywhere sell Vaculoid with this guarantee.***

Do you know this about infant feeding?

If breast milk fails or diminishes, the safe alternative is Vi-Lactogen—the Humanised Milk—it is specially prepared to build young babies into strong, healthy children. Here's how



VI-LACTOGEN BEING SCIENTIFICALLY HUMANISED IS CLOSEST TO BREAST MILK

Fresh milk (from specially controlled dairies) is analysed, and its composition altered to resemble breast milk, by the addition of sugar of milk and pure fresh cream. It is then pasteurised, before undergoing the process known as homogenization, which breaks down the fat globules until they are as small as those in human milk. During manufacture, care is taken to preserve the natural vitamin content of the food and, furthermore, the process definitely kills any disease-producing germs which might have been present in the raw milk.

EXTRA VITAMINS 'A' & 'D' ENSURE HEALTH AND GROWTH

Extra vitamins, "A" and "D" have been added to those already present in Vi-Lactogen. These vitamins are obtained from the richest natural sources, and make the use of emulsions and synthetic vitamins unnecessary. Vitamin "A" promotes growth and is anti-infective. Vitamin "D" protects against rickets and deficiencies in the bones and teeth.

ORGANIC IRON GUARDS AGAINST ANAEMIA

Iron is essential to health! It is derived by adults from greens and fruits, but, of course, baby cannot obtain it in this manner. Cows' milk contains very little iron, so an adequate supply for baby's requirements is added to Vi-Lactogen—enough to equal the normal quantity in breast milk. It guards against anaemia.

These are three reasons why you should use Vi-Lactogen. It is the safe alternative to breast milk!

VI-LACTOGEN
THE READY MODIFIED OR HUMANISED INFANT FOOD



EASIEST OF ALL TO PREPARE. Simply add hot (boiled) water—and you have a food closely approximating breast milk.

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Women Also Serve

Mechanical officer's practical experience

MEMBER of the famous Women's Legion which drove cars for the Royal Air Force in England during the last war, Mrs. Eric Bowden, now living in Adelaide, is giving the benefit of her experience to this war by acting as mechanical officer of the South Australian Red Cross Emergency Transport Service.

Attractive, dark-eyed Mrs. Bowden—then Miss Ida Hankey, niece of Sir Maurice Hankey—was one of the first ten women to join the Legion.

She tells entertainingly of the long, cumbersome skirts worn in those days in contrast with the present-day South Australian trim khaki tunics fastened with Sam Browne belts and having the headquarters colors, blue and scarlet, on the shoulder-tabs.

On her arrival in Adelaide in August of last year Mrs. Bowden put in an application to do ambulance driving. On her past war record she was at once appointed to her present work as mechanical officer.

New Welfare Hut in Sydney Domain

EX-STUDENTS of convents will provide the voluntary services for the new Catholic United Services Auxiliary Hut in the Sydney Domain. The Auxiliary, which is known as C.U.S.A., has Miss Kate Egan as president.

At the hut, sailors, soldiers, and airmen will have the equivalent of a club, where refreshments are served free and reading and writing rooms are provided.

Each convent will take charge one day a fortnight, and there will be three changes of staff daily.

The Auxiliary will also contact and work for needy relatives of men on service.

Australian girl in "Terriers"



MISS MERLE STEPHENS
—See Day

MISS MERLE STEPHENS, who held a clerical job in an advertising agency in Melbourne and went abroad to fill a similar position in England some months ago, has joined the auxiliary Territorial Service over there.

She volunteered in Folkestone, Kent, and is at present a private.

The ordinary pay is 1/4 a day, but as she passed a shorthand and typing examination and has signed on for general service she earns 2/6. She lives in "digs" instead of in the barracks, so she also receives a fuel and ration allowance and an allowance for room and lighting as well.

Though her work is mainly clerical, Miss Stephens has to attend classes for drill and physical training and first-aid lectures.

In a letter home she said: "The other day we all marched through a gas-chamber filled with tear gas—first with respirators, then without them. We came out with eyes stinging and running, though the tear gas was very weak. The idea was to give us confidence in our respirators."

Big results from seven meetings

THE Anglican Red Cross Society is one of the liveliest circles in South Australia. Mrs. Walter Smith has been president since 1915.

After only seven meetings members have sent a parcel containing 100 pairs of pyjamas, 150 pairs of socks, 40 face washers, 40 Dorothy bags, 21 mufflers, and other articles to Red Cross headquarters.

Keen band of twenty workers

SEVENTEEN women sewed color patches on 700 tunics at the military camp at Ingleburn (N.S.W.) one day recently. They were members of the Liverpool Comforts Fund.

Mrs. Nicholson, secretary of the fund and wife of the Ingleburn adjutant, Lieutenant J. A. Nicholson, goes out with a band of workers at least once a week. There are twenty helpers all told.

At the camp they darn socks, shorten trousers, sew on buttons and alter neckbands on tunics. Their next move is to install a sewing machine to speed up the work.

Transport from Liverpool to Ingleburn is their worst problem.

One of the "girls in grey"

ATTRACTIVE grey-eyed Ruth Trelliving is the only one of the 12 South Australian nurses in the contingent with the 2nd A.I.F. who has been overseas before.

She travelled to England with a patient in 1937. While she was in London in 1938 she took a position at the Brompton Chest Hospital for about seven months. There she was often present at operations performed by the famous lung specialist, Dr. Tudor Edwards.

After she left this hospital, Sister Trelliving spent some time sight-seeing before she returned to Australia.

She has "lived in suitcases" a great deal during her life, and feels she will have no difficulty packing and unpacking in the regulation cabin trunk issued to all the army nurses, and in coping with her "hold all" in which will be stored her camping equipment.

Sister Trelliving was born in England, but came out to Australia when she was four years old.



Sister Trelliving

Salvation Army on war work again

OVER the radio, as "The Lady Looking for a Generous Helper," Brigadier Sadler, of the People's Palace, Brisbane, appeals for funds for the Army Red Shield Huts.

One of the most appreciated gifts came in the letter-box. The letter read: "I have just done an extra day's washing—work that was unexpected—so I can afford to send you the amount earned, 8/-, to your fund. I'd love to be in the position to send more."

"I lost my only three boys in the last war, and they always used to write and tell me what the Army did for them on the other side. They could not speak too good a word for the Army's Red Shield Huts' work. Neither can I. Just put my name in the list as 'A Grateful Mother.'"

Weekly gifts for the "Scotties"

THE Victorian Scottish Regiment has good reason to be grateful to the 45 practical women who are on a committee devoted to their welfare.

Every week the soldiers' meals are supplemented by 80lb. of cake and a magnificent supply of vegetables.

An ice-chest and a weekly supply of ice are provided, and the men's darning and mending is collected and returned finished.

All members save up the pennies they receive in change and this usually amounts to about £1 weekly, which is spent on chewing-gum for the soldiers.

When the medical officer in charge of the Mt. Martha camp mentioned that a hot-water service would be acceptable, Mrs. H. W. Hawkins, the secretary, appealed to her husband, who immediately presented the camp with a plant costing £1000.

Twelve hot showers are now being worked overtime—Mt. Martha is the only camp so equipped.

The committee, which has for its president Mrs. R. A. Johnston, wife of Major Johnston, conducts weekly competitions for the best-kept tent, with cigarettes as prizes.

Mrs. Hawkins, who has a big job as secretary, was nursing in London when the last war broke out, and after offering her services was appointed to the Registrars of Graves Offices, St. James' Square, where her job was to locate graves and inform parents of soldiers.

Canteen run by "Aids"

IMMEDIATE object of the Queensland Voluntary Aid Detachment is to find funds to supply a band for the troops in camp to brighten their evenings.

The detachment, of which Miss Florence Gallagher has been honorary secretary for the past 15 years, runs a canteen at the camp at Gaythorne (Queensland).

For weeks past members have been supervising first-aid and home nursing classes for Red Cross headquarters and they are all knitting and sewing.

In the last war, Miss Gallagher became an expert waitress. She worked in the Coode Kitchen and the Y.W.C.A. soldiers' hut.

After the war she was often called to go on duty at the Soldiers' Convalescent Homes.



MISS FLORENCE GALLAGHER, opening a cool drink, with other V.A.D.'s at the canteen at the camp at Gaythorne, Queensland.

Why I use the new Poudre Tokalon



By PRINCESS ALA TROUBETZKOY

- ★ It is made in so many up-to-date flattering shades.
- ★ It is finer and lighter than any other powder I know.
- ★ I love its exquisite real flower perfume.
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- ★ I am sure I could not buy a better powder at any price.

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1. Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary System in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
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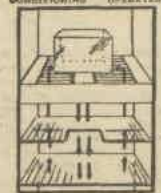
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LOMBARD said:

"I've been thinking about that. Marston had several drinks last night. Between the time he had his last one and the time he finished the one before it there was quite a gap. During that time his glass was lying about on some table or other. I think—though I can't be sure—it was on the little table near the window. The window was open. Somebody could have slipped a dose of cyanide into the glass."

Blore said, unbelievably: "Without our all seeing him, sir?"

Lombard said dryly: "We were all rather concerned elsewhere."

Armstrong said slowly: "That's true. We'd all been attacked. We were walking about, moving about the room, intent on our own business. I think it could have been done."

Blore shrugged his shoulders. "Fact is, it must have been done! Now then, gentlemen, let's make a start. Nobody's got a revolver, by any chance? I suppose that's too much to hope for."

Lombard said: "I've got one." He patted his pocket.

Blore's eyes opened very wide. He said, in an overcasual tone: "Always carry that about with you, sir?"

Lombard said: "Usually. I've been in some tight places, you know."

"Oh," said Blore, and added: "Well, you've probably never been in a tighter place than you are to-day. If there's a lunatic hiding on this island, he's probably got a young arsenal on him—to say nothing of a knife or dagger or two."

Armstrong coughed. "You may be wrong there, Blore. Many homicidal lunatics are very quiet, unassuming people. Delightful fellows."

Blore said: "I don't feel this one is going to be of that kind, Doctor Armstrong."

The three men started on their tour of the island. It proved unexpectedly simple. On the north-west side, towards the coast, the cliffs fell sheer to the sea below, their surface unbroken. On the rest of the island there were no trees and very little cover. The three men worked carefully and methodically, breasting up and down from the highest point to the water's edge, narrowly scanning the least irregularity in the rock which might point to the entrance of a cave. But there were no caves.

Ten Little Niggers

Continued from Page 6

devil of it is that that's all probably been provided for."

"In what way, sir?"

"How do I know? Practical joke, perhaps. We're to be marooned here, no attention is to be paid to signals, and so on. Possibly the village has been told there's a wager on. Some fool story anyway."

Blore said dubiously: "Think they'd allow that?"

Lombard said dryly: "It's easier of belief than the truth. If the village were told that the island was to be isolated until Mr. Unknown Owen had quietly murdered all his guests, do you think they'd believe that?"

Doctor Armstrong said: "There are moments when I can't believe it myself. And yet—"

Phillip Lombard, his lips curling back from his teeth, said: "And yet—that's just it! You've said it, doctor!"

Blore was gazing down into the water. He said: "Nobody could have clambered down here, I suppose?"

Armstrong shook his head. "I doubt it. It's pretty sheer. And where could he hide?"

Blore said: "There might be a hole in the cliff. If we had a boat now, we could row round the island."

Lombard said: "If we had a boat, we'd all be halfway to the mainland by now!"

"True enough, sir."

Lombard said suddenly: "We can make sure of this cliff. There's only one place where there could be a recess—just a little to the right below here. If you fellows can get hold of a rope, you can let me down to make sure."

Blore said: "Might as well be sure. Though it seems absurd, on the face of it! I'll see if I can get something."

He started off briskly down to the house.

Lombard stared up at the sky. The clouds were beginning to mass themselves together. The wind was increasing.

He shot a sideways look at Armstrong. He said: "You're very silent, doctor. What are you thinking?"

ARMSTRONG

said slowly: "I was wondering exactly how mad old MacArthur was."

Vera had been restless all the morning. She had avoided Emily Brent with a kind of shuddering aversion.

Miss Brent herself had taken a chair just around the corner of the house, so as to be out of the wind. She sat there knitting.

Every time Vera thought of her she seemed to see a pale drowned face with seaweed entangled in the hair. A face that had once been pretty—impudently pretty, perhaps—and which was now beyond the reach of pity or terror.

And Emily Brent, placid and righteous, sat knitting.

On the main terrace, Mr. Justice Warrgrave sat huddled in a porter's chair. His head was poked down well into his neck.

When Vera looked at him, she saw a man standing in the dock—a young man with fair hair and blue eyes and a bewildered, frightened face. Edward Seton. And in imagination she saw the judge's old hands put the black cap on his head and begin to pronounce sentence.

After a while Vera strolled slowly down to the sea. She walked along toward the extreme end of the island, where an old man sat staring out to the horizon.

General MacArthur stirred at her approach. His head turned; there was a queer mixture of questioning and apprehension in his look. It startled her. He stared intently at her for a minute or two.

She thought to herself: "How queer. It's almost as though he knew."

He said: "Ah! It's you! You've come." Vera sat down beside him. She said: "Do you like sitting here looking out to sea?"

He nodded his head gently. "Yes," he said. "It's pleasant. It's a good place, I think, to wait."

"To wait?" said Vera sharply.

"What are you waiting for?"

He said gently: "The end. But I think you know that, don't you? It's true, isn't it? We're all waiting for the end."

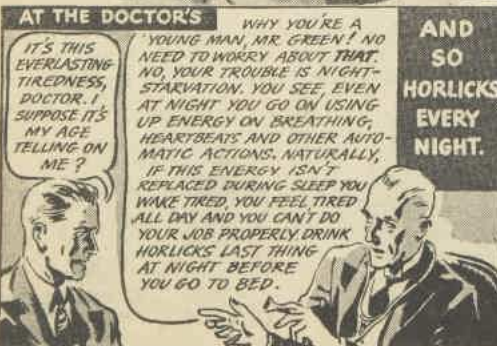
She said unsteadily: "What do you mean?"

Please turn to Page 40



IS 40 THE "DEAD"-LINE?

Jack Green thought so until he . . .





Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are just planning to leave America to go to

PRINCESS NARDA: Often called Europe's most beautiful woman, and the only woman Mandrake is really interested in, when they hear the announcement of

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GENERAL MACARTHUR said gravely: "None of us is going to leave the island. That's the plan. You know it, of course, perfectly. What, perhaps, you can't understand is the relief."

Vera said wonderingly: "The relief?"

He said: "Yes. Of course, you're very young; you haven't got to that yet. But it does come! The blessed relief when you know that you've done with it all—that you haven't got to carry the burden any longer. You'll feel that, too, some day."

Vera said hoarsely: "I don't understand you."

Her fingers worked spasmodically. She felt suddenly afraid of this quiet old soldier.

He said musingly: "You see, I loved Leslie. I loved her very much."

Vera said questioningly: "Was Leslie your wife?"

"Yes, my wife. I loved her, and I was very proud of her. She was so pretty, and so gay." He was silent for a minute or two, then he said: "Yes, I loved Leslie. That's why I did it."

Vera said: "You mean—" and paused.

General MacArthur nodded his head gently. "It's not much good denying it now—not when we're all going to die. I sent Richmond to his death. I suppose, in a way, it was murder. Curious. Murder—and I've always been such a law-abiding man! But it didn't seem like that at the time. I had no regrets. 'Serves him right!'—that's what I thought. But afterwards—"

In a hard voice, Vera said: "Well, afterwards?"

He shook his head vaguely. He looked puzzled and a little distressed. "I don't know. I don't know. It was all different, you see. I don't know if Leslie ever guessed—I don't think so. But, you see, I didn't know about her any more. She'd gone far away where I couldn't reach her. And then she died, and I was alone."

Vera said: "Alone—alone"—and the echo of her voice came back to her from the rocks.

Ten Little Niggers

Continued from Page 38

General MacArthur said: "You'll be glad, too, when the end comes."

Vera said sharply: "I don't know what you mean!"

He said: "I know, my child, I know."

"You don't. You don't understand at all."

General MacArthur looked out to sea again. He seemed unconscious of her presence behind him. He said very gently and softly: "Leslie."

When Blore returned from the house with a rope coiled over his arm, he found Armstrong where he had left him, staring down into the depths.

Blore said breathlessly: "Where's Mr. Lombard?"

Armstrong said carelessly: "Gone to test some theory or other. He'll be back in a minute. Look here, Blore, I'm worried."

"I should say we were all worried."

The doctor waved an impatient hand. "Of course, of course. I don't mean it that way. I'm thinking of old MacArthur."

"What about him, sir?"

Doctor Armstrong said grimly: "What we're looking for is a madman. What price MacArthur?"

Blore said incredulously: "You mean he's homicidal?"

Armstrong said doubtfully: "I shouldn't have said so. Not for a minute. But of course I'm not a specialist in mental diseases. I haven't studied him from that point of view."

Blore said doubtfully: "Gaga, yes. But I wouldn't have said—"

Armstrong cut in with a slight effort, as of a man who pulls himself together: "You're probably right! Hang it all, there must be someone hiding on the island! Ah! Here comes Lombard."

They fastened the rope carefully.

Lombard said: "I'll help myself all I can. Keep a lookout for a sudden strain on the rope."

After a minute or two, while they

stood together watching Lombard's progress, Blore said: "Climbs like a cat, doesn't he?" There was something odd in his voice.

Doctor Armstrong said: "I should think he must have done some mountaineering in his time."

"Maybe."

There was a silence, and the ex-inspector said: "Funny sort of cove altogether. D'you know what I think?"

"What?"

"He's a wrong 'un!"

Armstrong said, doubtfully: "In what way?"

Blore grunted: "I don't know exactly. But I wouldn't trust him a yard."

Doctor Armstrong said: "I suppose he's led an adventurous life."

Blore said: "I bet some of his adventures have had to be kept pretty dark." He paused, and then went on: "Did you happen to bring a revolver along with you, doctor?"

Armstrong stared. "Me? Good Lord, no! Why should I?"

Blore said: "Why did Mr. Lombard?"

Armstrong said, doubtfully: "I suppose, habit."

A SUDDEN pull came on the rope. For some moments they had their hands full. Presently, when the strain relaxed, Blore said: "There are habits and habits! Mr. Lombard takes a revolver to out-of-the-way places, right enough, and a portable stove and a sleeping bag and a supply of insect powder, no doubt! But habit wouldn't make him bring the whole outfit down here! It's only in books people carry revolvers around as a matter of course."

Doctor Armstrong shook his head perplexedly.

They leaned over and watched Lombard's progress. His search was thorough and they could see at once that it was futile. Presently he came up over the edge of the cliff. He wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Well," he said, "we're up against it. It's the house or nowhere."

The house was easily searched. They went through the few outbuildings first and then turned their attention to the building itself. Mrs. Rogers' yard measure, discovered in the kitchen dresser, assisted them. But there were no hidden spaces left unaccounted for. Everything was plain and straightforward; a modern structure devoid of concealments. They went through the ground floor first.

As they mounted to the bedroom floor, they saw, through the landing window, Rogers carrying a tray of cocktails to the terrace.

Philip Lombard said lightly: "Wonderful animal, the good servant. Carries on with an impassive countenance."

Armstrong said, appreciatively: "Rogers is a first-class butler; I'll say that for him!"

Blore said: "His wife was a pretty good cook, too. That dinner last night—"

They turned into the first bedroom.

Five minutes later they faced one another on the landing. No one hiding, no possible hiding place.

Blore said: "There's a stair here."

Doctor Armstrong said: "It leads up to the servants' room."

Blore said: "There must be a place under the roof for eisterns, water tank, and so on. It's the best chance—and the only one!"

And it was then, as they stood there, that they heard the sound from above. A soft furtive foot-fall overhead.

They all heard it. Armstrong grasped Blore's arm. Lombard held up an admonitory finger. "Quiet. Listen."

It came again—someone moving softly, furtively, overhead.

Armstrong whispered: "He's actually in the bedroom itself. The room where Mrs. Rogers' body is."

Blore whispered back: "Of course. Best hiding place he could have chosen. Nobody likely to go there. Now then, quiet as you can."

They crept stealthily upstairs.

On the little landing outside the door of the bedroom, they paused again. Yes, someone was in the room. There was a faint creak from within.

Blore whispered: "Now."

He flung open the door and rushed in, the two others close behind him. Then all three stopped dead.

Rogers was in the room, his hands full of garments.

BLORE recovered himself first. He said: "Sorry—er—Rogers. Heard someone moving about in here and thought—well—"

He stopped.

Rogers said: "I'm sorry, gentlemen. I was just moving my things. I take it there will be no objection if I take one of the vacant guest chambers on the floor below. The smallest room."

It was to Armstrong that he spoke, and Armstrong replied: "Of course. Get on with it."

He avoided looking at the sheeted figure lying on the bed.

Rogers said: "Thank you, sir." He went out of the room with his arms full of belongings and went down the stairs to the floor below.

Armstrong moved over to the bed, and, lifting the sheet, looked down on the peaceful face of the dead woman. There was no fear there now. Just emptiness.

Doctor Armstrong said: "I wish that I'd got my stuff here. I'd like to know what drug it was."

Then he turned to the two others. "Let's get finished. I feel it in my bones we're not going to find anything."

Blore was wrestling with the bolts of a low manhole. He said: "That chap moves very quietly. A minute or two ago we saw him in the garden. None of us heard him come upstairs."

Philip Lombard said: "I suppose that's why we assumed that it must be a stranger moving about up here."

Blore disappeared into a cavernous darkness. Lombard pulled a torch from his pocket and followed.

Five minutes later three men stood on an upper landing and looked at one another. They were dirty and festooned with cobwebs, and their faces were grim.

There was no one on the island but their eight selves.

Lombard said slowly: "So we've been wrong—wrong all along! Built up a nightmare of superstition and fantasy, all because of the coincidence of two deaths!"

Armstrong said gravely: "And yet, you know, the argument holds. Hang it all, I'm a doctor; I know something about suicides. Anthony Marston wasn't a suicidal type."

Lombard said doubtfully: "It couldn't, I suppose, have been an accident?"

Blore snorted, unconvinced. "Queer sort of accident," he grunted.

There was a pause, then Blore said: "About the woman—" and stopped.

"Mrs. Rogers?"

"Yes. It's possible, isn't it, that that might have been an accident?"

Philip Lombard said: "An accident? In what way?"

Blore looked slightly embarrassed. His brick-red face grew a little deeper in hue. He said, almost blurring out the words: "Look here, doctor; you did give her some dope, you know."

Armstrong glared at him. "Dope? What do you mean?"

"Last night. You said yourself you'd give her something to make her sleep."

"Oh, that, yes. A harmless sedative."

"What was it exactly?"

"I gave her a mild dose of trional. A perfectly harmless preparation."

Blore grew redder still. "Look here—not to mince matters—you didn't give her an overdose, did you?"

Doctor Armstrong said angrily: "I don't know what you mean."

Please turn to Page 42

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WHY lovely WOMEN become SPIES

Kisses win secrets money could not buy

"Women become spies not for money, not quite for the power it gives them, but because they can get for a kiss something which millions of pounds will not buy."

This was the reason given by Mata Hari, "the most beautiful spy in the world," the Dutch-Japanese dancer who was shot by a firing squad in France in 1917 for her espionage activities for Germany during the last war.

MATA HARI'S history is told in "Women Spies I Have Known," by "E.T.," who claims that of all the people who have written about her he is the only one who knew her personally.

Lithe, beautifully modelled, with fathomless inky black eyes and glossy black hair, Mata Hari was incredibly beautiful. She ran away from her home in Java to become a dancer, and at twenty-one had stormed the capitals of Europe and America as the greatest and most exotic dancer of her time.

When "E.T." met her again she was dancing in New York, but her theatrical appearance was a cloak for espionage. She had been sent there to obtain American naval secrets for Germany.

The German spy ring in America planned a blackmail coup which would implicate the young naval officer who had become Mata Hari's slave, but Mata Hari objected.

How she secured not only the plans, but kidnapped the designer as well to take him to Germany is a more exciting story than anything Hollywood can produce.

It was Mata Hari's bad luck, and Britain's good fortune, that he jumped overboard, taking with him the secret of a death ray he had invented.

The plans Mata Hari secured were used with such success by the German navy that the battle of Jutland was one of the greatest battles of naval history.

"This extraordinary woman," writes "E.T.," "who had blazoned a great name for herself through almost every country in the world, who had numbered amongst her lovers princes and paupers, beggars and millionaires, was shot down like some infectious pest, to be remembered and written about afterwards more in the light of a martyr than as a dangerous enemy spy."

Minor charge

THE charge proved against her at her court-martial was, he says, a minor one.

Scores of spies who had been found guilty on much more serious counts were in prisons throughout France at the time.

He explains that this apparent lapse of Frenchmen's traditional chivalry to a woman was the result of the spy scare in France which had reached such proportions that the Ministry of Justice was compelled to take drastic action.

Of all the imprisoned spies Mata Hari was the most notorious, even if the least guilty, and the public clamoured for her death.

"Spying is a pretty dirty business," "E.T." explains.

"But in love and war all things are said to be fair, so in espionage any resort, however contemptible it may seem in ordinary everyday life, is considered reasonable should the means appear to justify the end."

Judging from the stories in "Women Spies I Have Known," however, women spies try to avoid the more contemptible actions.

For instance, in nearly all these adventures the woman spy strove, often successfully, to save the victim from whom she obtained military secrets from being implicated in the final "show down."

There may be a sardonic lesson in the fact that one of these women spies was murdered, another was shot dead escaping in a Chinese fishing boat from a Russian port.

An American girl whose spying for an oil secret in the Balkans implicated a young officer, wrote confessing all to his Government after she had escaped, and is now in a Black Sea prison.

And Mata Hari received paste jewellery from the German naval authorities as a reward for one of her most successful espionage coups!

In 1937 the countries of Europe spent £30,000,000 on espionage to discover each other's defence and

diplomatic secrets. An equal amount was spent in counter espionage.

Vast sums are paid in bribes to buy these secrets, and thousands go in luxury hotel bills, hire of aeroplanes, and fast cars, fabulous dinners for unsuspecting victims, and others who figure in the adventures of spies, whose true-life stories seem like breath-taking fiction.

Modern women spies

MODERN espionage, "E.T." says, is totally different from what it was 30 years ago, when there were practically no women spies. Nowadays women spies predominate.

This is not because women spies are more reliable than men, but because they have more scope for disguise.

The woman spy of fiction—the vamp type whose fatal beauty trapped honorable men into betraying their country's secrets—no longer exists.

The modern woman spy does not lure her victim with feminine charms, but is a "shy, retiring little thing, who sets her trap with such consummate skill that really it is a pleasure to fall into it."

"She makes her appeal by trying to create a bond of trustful, innocent sympathy."

"Women Spies I Have Known," by "E.T." (Hurst and Blackett), Our copy from Bookstall Library.



MATA HARI—"Eye of the Dawn"—the Dutch-Japanese dancer, who became "the most beautiful spy in the world," and was shot by a firing squad in France in 1917. Right till the end she expected a pardon would come and she would escape the death sentence. She refused to have her eyes bandaged, and smiled and threw kisses at the firing party.



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Common constipation is the result of living on foods which are deficient in "bulk". Most of our modern staples—meat, fish, eggs, white bread, potatoes, milk—lack bulk; they get so completely absorbed by the system that the residue they form is insufficient to make the bowels move.

Of course, you can make your bowels move if you purge yourself. But doctors agree that the indiscriminate use of harsh, gripping purgatives is harmful—and, moreover, does not get at the real cause of constipation.

What, then, can you do for permanent relief? The answer is: eat more "bulky" food, and eat it regularly! What you need is food that forms a soft, bulky mass of residue which the bowel muscles can "take hold of".

Kellogg's All-Bran—a natural "bulk" food. The one way you can be sure of getting enough to keep you regular is to eat Kellogg's All-Bran. It's a crisp new breakfast cereal that acts on your bowels in the same way as fruit and vegetables but much more surely and thoroughly. It forms a soft, bulky mass that the bowel muscles find easy to "take hold of". Kellogg's All-Bran absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently but effectively aids elimination. When you eat it regularly you need no harsh medicines.

In addition, All-Bran contains the vital health element Vitamin B, which "tones" the intestinal tract. All-Bran is also very rich in iron.

Eat Kellogg's All-Bran every morning—either with milk and sugar or sprinkled over your favourite breakfast cereal! Do this every day and drink plenty of fluids, and you'll no longer be troubled with common constipation. You'll enjoy the perfect daily "regularity" that keeps you radiantly healthy and makes life worth living! Get a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day.

SOLD AT ALL GROCERS
Eat it every day and "never miss a day."





"He Cut His Teeth

without my knowing"—writes a mother. Keep baby regular during teething and at other times by using Steedman's Powders—they keep baby's bloodstream cool. Give this gentle aperient to children up to 14 years of age.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS FOR CONSTIPATION

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Bad Breath Flabby Fat

CONSTIPATED FOOD TRACT

Retained fermenting food wastes poison the system and are a positive menace to fitness and good looks. Sufferers from constipation usually experience flatulence, a bloated feeling, have sick headaches, biliousness, pimples, bad breath, and put on excessive unhealthy fat. Depression hangs around and everything seems wearisome and gloomy. It is surprising the welcome relief and fitness that are obtained by dispersing constipation with Pinkettes. These gentle little laxative and liver pills are perfectly harmless, for they are compounded of safe vegetable ingredients. Pinkettes peacefully exercise and strengthen lax bowels, help the liver in its bile producing function, keep the digestive system regular and efficient. Unload your liver, digest constipation and unhealthily fat without delay, by taking Pinkettes 10 days. At chemists and stores, 1/3 bottle.

TO AVOID Inconvenience I STRONGLY SUGGEST YOU TRY TAMPAX ONCE!

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NO PADS
NO PINS
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FREE OFFER

2d. packet of famous Camellia-scented Toilet soap. Free to all ladies who use this coupon. Please state color of hair.

BLORE said: "It's possible, isn't it, that you may have made a mistake? These things do happen once in a while."

Armstrong said sharply: "I did nothing of the sort. The suggestion is ridiculous." He stopped, and added in a cold, biting tone: "Or do you suggest that I gave her an overdose on purpose?"

Phillip Lombard said quickly: "Look here, you two; got to keep our heads. Don't start slinging accusations about."

Blore said sullenly: "I only suggested the doctor had made a mistake."

Doctor Armstrong smiled with an effort. He said: "Doctors can't afford to make mistakes of that kind, my friend."

Blore said deliberately: "It wouldn't be the first you've made—if that gramophone record is to be believed!"

Armstrong went white.

Phillip Lombard said quickly and angrily to Blore: "What's the sense of making yourself offensive? We're all in the same boat. We've got to pull together. What about your own pretty little spot of perjury?"

Blore took a step forward, his hands clenched. He said, in a thick voice:

"That's a foul lie! You may try to shut me up, Mr. Lombard, but there's things I want to know—and one of them is about you!"

Lombard's eyebrows rose. "About me?"

"Yes. I want to know why you brought a revolver down here on a pleasant social visit?"

Lombard said: "You do, do you?"

"Yes, I do, Mr. Lombard."

Lombard said, unexpectedly: "You know, Blore, you're not nearly such a fool as you look."

"That's as may be. What about that revolver?"

Lombard smiled. "I brought it because I expected to run into a spot of trouble."

Blore said, suspiciously: "You didn't tell us that last night."

Lombard shook his head.

Ten Little Niggers

Continued from Page 40

"You were holding out on us, Mr. Lombard?" Blore persisted.

"In a way, yes," said Lombard.

"Well, come on, out with it."

Lombard said slowly: "I allowed you all to think that I was asked here in the same way as most of the others. That's not quite true. As a matter of fact, I was approached by a little man—Morris his name was. He offered me a hundred guineas to come down here and keep my eyes open; said I'd got a reputation for being a good man in a tight place."

"Well?" Blore prompted impatiently.

Lombard said, with a grin: "That's all."

Doctor Armstrong said: "But surely he told you more than that?"

"Oh, no, he didn't. Just shut up like a clam. I could take it or leave it—those were his words. I was hard up. I took it."

Blore looked unconvinced. He said: "Why didn't you tell us all this last night?"

"My dear man"—Lombard shrugged eloquent shoulders. "How was I to know last night wasn't exactly the eventually I was here to cope with? I lay low and told a noncommittal story."

Doctor Armstrong said, shrewdly: "But now—you think differently?"

LOMBARD'S face changed. It darkened and hardened. He said: "Yes. I believe now that I'm in the same boat as the rest of you. That hundred guineas was just Mr. Owen's little bit of cheese to get me into the trap along with the rest of you." He said slowly:

"For we are in a trap—I'll take my oath on that! Mrs. Rogers' death! Tony Marston! The disappearing nigger boys on the dinner table! Oh, yes, Mr. Owen's hand is plainly to be seen, but where the devil is Mr. Owen himself?"

Downstairs the gong pealed a solemn call to lunch.

Rogers was standing by the dining-room door. As the three men descended the stairs, he moved a step or two forward. He said, in a low, anxious voice: "I hope lunch will be satisfactory. There is cold ham and cold tongue, and I've boiled some potatoes. And there's cheese and biscuits and some tinned fruits."

Lombard said: "Sounds all right. Stores are holding out, then?"

"There is plenty of food, sir, of a tinned variety. The larder is very well stocked. A necessity, that, I should say, sir, on an island where one may be cut off from the mainland for a considerable period."

Lombard nodded.

Rogers murmured as he followed the three men into the dining-room: "It worries me that Fred Narracott hasn't been over to-day. It's peculiarly unfortunate, as you might say."

Miss Brent came into the room. She had just dropped a ball of wool and was carefully rewinding the end of it.

Mr. Justice Wargrave came in. He walked with a slow, measured tread.

Vera Claythorne hurried in. She said quickly: "I hope you didn't wait for me, Am I late?"

Emily Brent said: "You're not the late. The general isn't here yet."

They sat round the table.

Rogers addressed Miss Brent: "Will you begin, madam, or will you wait?"

Vera said: "General Macarthur is sitting right down by the sea. I don't expect he would hear the gong there, and anyway—he hesitated—'he's a little vague to-day, I think.'"

Rogers said, quickly: "I will go and inform him luncheon is ready."

Doctor Armstrong jumped up. "T'll go," he said. "You others start lunch."

The five people sitting round the table seemed to find conversation difficult. Outside, sudden gusts of wind came up and died away.

Vera shivered a little and said: "There is a storm coming."

Rogers went round the table collecting the meat plates. Suddenly, with the plates held in his hands, he stopped. He said, in an odd, scared voice: "There's somebody running."

They could all hear it—running feet along the terrace. In that minute, they knew—knew without being told. As by common accord, they all rose, and stood looking towards the door.

Doctor Armstrong appeared, his breath coming fast. He said: "General Macarthur—"

"Dead!" The word burst from Vera explosively.

Armstrong said: "Yes, he's dead."

The storm broke just as the old man's body was borne in through the door. The others were standing in the hall.

As Blore and Armstrong passed up the stairs with their burden, Vera Claythorne turned suddenly and went into the deserted dining-room. It was as they had left it. The sweet course stood ready on the sideboard, untasted. Vera went up to the table. She was there a minute or two later when Rogers came softly into the room.

He started when he saw her. Then his eyes asked a question. He said: "Oh, miss, I—I just came to see—"

In a loud, harsh voice that surprised herself, Vera said: "You're quite right, Rogers. There are only seven."

General Macarthur had been laid on his bed. After making a last examination, Armstrong left the room and came downstairs. He found the others assembled in the drawing-room.

Miss Brent was knitting. Vera Claythorne was standing by the window, looking out at the hissing rain. Blore was sitting squarely in a chair, his hands on his knees. Lombard was walking restlessly up and down. At the far end of the room, Mr. Justice Wargrave was sitting in a grandfather chair. His eyes were half closed.

They opened as the doctor came into the room. He said in a clear, penetrating voice: "Well, doctor?"

Armstrong was very pale. He said: "No question of heart failure or anything like that. Macarthur was hit with a blackjack or some such thing on the back of the head."

A little murmur went round, but the clear voice of the judge was raised once more: "Did you find the weapon?"

"No."

"But you are sure of your facts?"

"I am quite sure."

MR. JUSTICE

WARGRAVE said quietly: "We know now exactly where we are."

There was no doubt now who was in charge of the situation. This morning Wargrave had sat huddled in his chair on the terrace, refraining from any overt activity. Now he assumed command with the ease born of a long habit of authority.

Clearing his throat, he once more spoke: "This morning, gentlemen, whilst I was sitting on the terrace, I was an observer of your activities. There could be little doubt of your purpose. You were searching the island for an unknown murderer?"

"Quite right, sir," said Lombard.

The judge went on: "You had come, doubtless, to the same conclusion that I had—namely, that the deaths of Anthony Marston and Mrs. Rogers were neither accidental nor were they suicides. No doubt you also reached a certain conclusion as to the purpose of Mr. Owen in enticing us to this island?"

Blore said hoarsely: "He's a madman! A loony."

The judge coughed. "That, almost certainly. But it hardly affects the issue. Our main preoccupation is this—to save our lives."

Armstrong said, in a trembling voice: "There's no one on the island, I tell you. No one!"

The judge stroked his jaw. He said, gently: "In the sense you mean, no. I came to that conclusion early this morning. I could have told you that your search would be fruitless. Nevertheless, I am strongly of the opinion that Mr. Owen—to give him the name he himself has adopted—is on the island. Very much so. Given the scheme in question, which is neither more nor less than the execution of justice upon certain individuals for offences which the law cannot touch, there is only one way in which that scheme could be accomplished. Mr. Owen could only come to the island in one way. It is perfectly clear. Mr. Owen is one of us."

To be continued

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The perforated Latex Girdle is constructed so that the large perforations form minute suction cups which work constantly while you walk, work, or sit. Its massage-like action gently and surely eliminates fat with every move you make.

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The new Latex wonder Girdle banishes figure faults and imparts a charming appearance as soon as wrapped on. After having massaged away the superfluous fat, it leaves your figure shapely and more supple, your health improved. The girdle can then be worn as a foundation garment which clings to your figure as a second skin, giving a most graceful appearance.

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Prove without cost to yourself, quickly and definitely in 10 days: that our very efficient girdle will do all we say. Try it for 10 days. You will be the sole judge.

MAIL THIS COUPON

Below are my measurements. It is distinctly understood the girdle is not to cost me one Penny unless I am thoroughly satisfied.

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THE HOMEMAKER

February 17, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

YOUR BABY'S HAIR . . .

CHERISH those shining silken locks . . . be lavish with your care in babyhood and school days . . . No tousled mop of dull hair for your small daughter . . . Her beautiful healthy hair must be one of her greatest charms.

... By ...
JANETTE

EVERY mother wants her little daughter to look sweetly attractive.

Rosy cheeks and bright eyes that bespeak health are half the battle won . . . but they are not all. For if that smiling young face is topped by dull, unhealthy-looking hair, your child will never look her best.

It is mother who must care for the silky fine hair of babyhood, keep it gleaming and healthy, and trained in a style that expresses the personality of the young miss.

Most mothers are concerned with two things about their children's hair: "How can I make it curly?" and "How can I keep it fair?"

For small daughters these problems seem more important than for the young son of the house.

A great many babies are born temporary blondes; but the kind of blonde hair that starts darkening after a few years will eventually become dark or medium, and there is practically nothing that you can do to keep it light.

You can keep it scrupulously clean, you can avoid using oils or tonic preparations with ingredients that



SHE is too young to take an interest in her wind-blown hair now, but this is the time her mother must start to lavish care on it with weekly shampoos and brushing if her tresses are to prove a charming asset later on in life.

AT THIS AGE this little girl is beginning to take an interest in her appearance. Her softly waving hair, scrupulously clean and shining, is arranged in a simple little-girl style to suit the young face.



A BLONDE now, her hair will darken naturally as she gets older, but lemon juice rinses and regular shampooing will help to keep it light as long as possible.

on your own daughter's head. But do resist that temptation—nothing looks less appealing than an obvious copy.

Remember, too, that if your child's hair does not resemble the original in the first place it can never be made to look like it. It is more than likely that some other child's style of hairdressing will not suit your little girl anyway.

Far better if you discover a style specially suited to your daughter's tresses—whether they be softly waving or dead straight.

Extra brushing and care will soon make it look more attractive. Even mouse-colored hair has a soft tone all its own.

Whether your daughter's hair is blonde or brunette, curly or straight, however, the important thing for its looks and future well-being is cleanliness.

Weekly shampoo

A CHILD'S hair should be washed once a week with a mild soap or shampoo-preparation. And it should be brushed twice a day.

Brushing helps to keep the hair and scalp clean, to distribute the oil from scalp to ends, and to aid in the stimulation of the circulation in the scalp.

Children's-size hairbrushes shaped to their hands are available. As soon as possible put one into your daughter's hand and teach her how to brush.

Hair should be brushed up, from underneath as well as over the top. An easy way for the child to do this is for her to bend her head so that her hair is upended, and then brush down.

make it look darker, and you can use a lemon rinse in the shampoo to remove soap residue and "bring out the lights."

But you cannot stop Nature's color changes and you must not attempt to interfere with them by way of bleaches, no matter how harmless they are called.

Young hair is so easily damaged.

In later years, when your daughter will want her hair to be lovely, it will bear the disastrous after-effects of any dyes, bleaches, etc., used when very young.

In any case, hair of a tawny blonde, or light or dark brown, can be just as attractive as fair hair, if it is well cared for and softly shining.

Hair curls or does not curl according to the natural formation of the individual hairs.

Curly hairs are flatter than straight hairs, and more susceptible to moisture.

Between the very curly and the very straight there are gradations, and by fussing and working with their children's hair many mothers have accomplished wonderful results in the way of accentuating slight waviness.

To permanent-wave young hair seems to me to put altogether too much strain on the hair and to give inartistic results. Such sophisticated methods are quite unsuited for little children.

It always seems to me a pity to see a little head covered with stiff, artificial curls that have so obviously just been taken out of the curlers.

The discomfort of tight curlers is surely an unnecessary burden to inflict on our little daughters.

Certainly when your favorite child film star has an abundance of ringlets it may be difficult to resist the temptation to imitate those curls

"DAMP-SET"
YOUR OWN WAVE WITH
VELMOL

It works on hair of any texture . . . on any wave, natural or permanent . . . and takes but four minutes . . . Here it is, the wonderful waving fluid . . . VELMOL, for so long the secret of Hollywood's screen stars only . . . but now available to "damp-set" your hair in deep, firm, sparkling new way curls . . . and saves many shillings and many hours of time.

And it's so easy! All you need is brush, comb and a little VELMOL. (A bottle is only 2/- at any chemist, store or hairdresser.) "Damp-setting" keeps the hair fastidiously fresh . . . keeps waves so firm and neat . . . yet never "stiff" and "greasy." Holds a finger wave for days . . . makes a "perm" last longer . . . Ask for VELMOL!

Garden
color harmonies in**BLUE and GOLD**

• Although the delphinium is a true perennial and the marigold an annual, they live together in peace and amity, and provide a strong and pleasing contrast in deep blue and gold as few other flowers can do.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER.

**BETTER THAN EVER
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First—Medical Science reported the magic effect of one certain vitamin. It healed burns and wounds when applied direct to the skin. Then Pond's found a way to include this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams.

When "skin-vitamin" is lacking, the oil glands dry up, cells flatten—skin becomes harsh, dry and dull.



But when Pond's Cream containing "skin-vitamin" is applied daily to this skin, it soon turns smooth, clear and healthy.

**Pond's Creams
with active
"SKIN—
VITAMIN A"**

HERE'S a new way to loveliness that is the result of an important discovery. Just a few years ago scientists first learned that one certain vitamin has a special relation to skin health and beauty.

Lack of this "skin-vitamin," vitamin A, causes dryness, roughness, a dull appearance of the skin. But now you can safeguard your skin from this deficiency. You can apply the "skin-vitamin" direct to your skin, with Pond's Cold Cream for Cleansing, Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder base and skin softener. Every jar of Pond's contains the active "skin-vitamin" for extra beauty care.

Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/- tubes for your handbag, 1/- jars for your dressing table, and economical 2/6 jars containing approximately 3½ times as much.

• Those We Love. The delightful new radio story presented by Pond's every Thursday at 9 p.m., on 2CH, 3DB-LK, 4BK-AK, 6IX-WB; at 7.45 p.m., on 3SR; on 2GZ every Wednesday at 8.15 p.m., and 7HT at 8 p.m.; every Monday night 7.30 to 8.00 on 5AD-MU-PI-SE and 2EO at 7.30 p.m.

Lady Anne Hill

"I've always thought Pond's too good to be made any better. But now with the 'skin-vitamin' in them I find they really are more helpful. My thanks to Pond's for this wonderful improvement."



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NAME

ADDRESS



GOLDEN CORN, deep blue delphiniums and orange-gold calendulas make a perfect setting for this young lovely. As this picture shows, blue and gold are colors that harmonise in a most striking way, and the Old Gardener recommends a combination like this for colorful effects in your garden.

THOSE who look ahead and prepare for a dazzling autumn show each year will long enough ago have planted those good companions, the hybrid delphinium and the pot marigold or calendula.

But gardeners who forgot to sow seed early in order to have the close-petalled marigold in flower during April and May may obtain seedlings now which, if fed up well, should flower during those months.

Delphiniums planted two months ago are already producing spikes, but these are rather poor during the hot months, and if cut or pinched back will flower again when the marigolds are challenging the sun with their dazzling brazen blooms.

Dealing with the delphinium first, it can be said that it is incomparable in the garden as a cut flower or for brightening up the mixed border.

Old crowns are always best, particularly if two-year-olds can be obtained and set out in rich soil.

They produce the biggest and most floriferous spikes, for their juicy roots seem to hold more vigor and strength than seedlings, no matter how sturdy they may be.

Nurserymen recognise these old crowns as good property, and gardeners cheerfully pay as much each for them as they would for a dozen seedlings.

They can be obtained in almost every shade of blue, from the palest pastel tints to darkest purple-blue, and by cutting them down after flowering is over, or pinching back, may be made to flower for months of the year.

When preparing the soil for delphiniums, remember that they are gross feeders. Old manure, compost, leaf-mould and bone dust suit them admirably, but they draw heavily on lime, and this ingredient for success must be plentifully supplied.

During the hot months of the year they must receive plenty of water and should be dusted occasionally

with sulphur to ward off mildew, a disease to which they are particularly allergic during periods of humidity.

Liquid manure is very beneficial during the growing season, but should cease when the buds begin to show color.

When planting out delphiniums, allow at least 2ft. between the plants, for they produce much foliage, and, as they draw heavily on the plant food in the soil, need ample root space.

Grandon Giants are the finest of the perennial class, although in almost every State leading seedsmen have special names even for this variety.

Butterfly varieties

IF grown in rich, open, well-drained volcanic soil in cool districts the spikes will often reach 10ft., or 12ft., but 5ft. to 6ft. is the average in poorer soil.

Blue Butterfly delphiniums are the best of the annual varieties, with Azure Fairy (pale blue) running a close second.

These two varieties, although recognised as annuals, frequently form crowns which may be lifted and planted in new soil for the next season.

And now to the lesser of the two good companions, the pot marigold or calendula.

This is a hybrid of the old, common English marigold, a poor-looking plant that seemed to grow on every vacant allotment and to cover every abandoned plot 20 years ago.

Plant breeders took it in hand and in less than a decade this lowly plant of poor degree has risen to stardom, or near it, and is now classed as one of the very best among florists' flowers.

Although doing best during winter and spring, it will, as I said

earlier, flower in autumn if sown in early summer on the shady side of the garden.

For some strange reason that has never been satisfactorily explained, calendulas revert to type during hot weather, and most of the flowers are single like the old common parent of a generation ago.

It does best in a rich, sandy loam, but will do equally well in heavier soil providing the drainage is good.

Seed can now be sown for winter and spring flowering, and if the delphiniums are cut back when they finish their summer blooming, and are transplanted to a position behind some nice clumps of marigolds, will provide an excellent show.

In addition to the golden calendula, the variety Radio, which has quill-shaped petals, is very beautiful, also Gold Ball, Lantana (orange-red), Campfire (the best of the golden varieties), and Lemon Queen.

Marigolds should be planted out about 18 inches apart, and should be given a short, stout stake, as the plants become very top-heavy when in full flower.

The plants need very little attention beyond watering and some liquid manure when they are beginning to bud.

Calendula rust, orange-colored pustules that rapidly spread all over the leaves, is the worst disease known to affect this plant.

It is incurable once the rusty spots appear, but can be prevented from spreading to clean plants by spraying with winter-strength lime-sulphur or bordeaux mixture.

By picking off the worst affected of the leaves, and spraying the rest, this disease can often be controlled, but it is wisest when a bad outbreak occurs to remove and burn the affected plants.

This disease also affects shasta daisies, double daisies and many other plants.

What a difference

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Yes! Those zestful Kraft flavours have the knack of pepping up your Lenten meals, and no mistake. A savoury casserole dish? Kraft blends deliciously with eggs, or rice, vegetables, salmon or spaghetti. An intriguing, satisfying salad? Try tasty Kraft Old English Cheese with shredded carrot, creamy potato cubes, a garnish of watercress in this new Kraft Potato Salad.

And remember, Kraft provides a wealth of nourishing food elements that are essential to a well-balanced Lenten diet. Kraft, like meat, is a first class protein food. Like milk, Kraft is rich in vitamin A, and calcium and phosphorus, the minerals needed to build strong bones, sound teeth. It takes a full gallon of milk to make a single pound of Kraft.

KRAFT POTATO SALAD

2 cups cooked diced potatoes
1 cup shredded raw carrot
8 oz. pkt. Kraft Old English Cheese
Chopped onion, watercress
or parsley, pepper, salt

Line salad plate with mixture of shredded lettuce and chopped onion. Arrange slices of cheese at edge, then a ribbon of the shredded carrot. Mix diced potatoes lightly in Kraft Mayonnaise and pile up in centre of the dish. Garnish with watercress or parsley and radish roses. Serves four.



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KRAFT CHEDDAR—mellow flavoured and creamy.
KRAFT CELERY—cheddar with celery flavour.
WELSH RABBIT—all ready to melt on toast.
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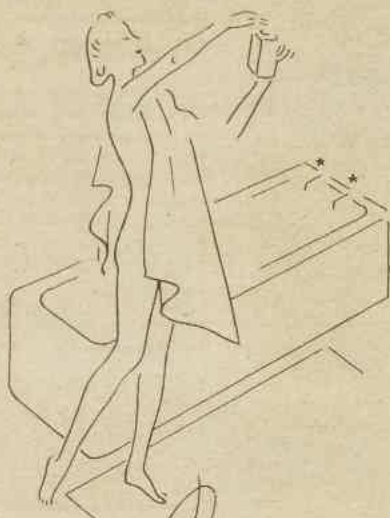


Armchairs for Idleness

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AFTER Your BATH

THIS POWDER FOR ALL-DAY FRESHNESS

Personal daintiness is so important. You must remain fresh and cool all day long. You can ensure such personal daintiness by adopting the Johnson's "Powder Shower" after each bath. A fragrant shower of Johnson's Baby Powder is the most pleasant way of retaining bath-time freshness all day or all evening. Just try using this finest of all tales on your own skin.



Johnson's
BABY
POWDER



Product of Johnson & Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Models, Tek Toothbrushes, etc.



"BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU"

A3-40.



TOP LEFT: Comfort chair covered in tweed, with table and reading lamp alongside.

ABOVE: Extension armchair. The loose cushion lifts out to make a full-length lounge.

LEFT: Bachelor chair with extension table and reading lamp on one side, bookshelves on the other.

The chair itself is covered with hand-woven material in rough tweed surface. The loose cushion is of the same material in crazy checks to match the hand-loomed rug.

Two novelty notes of this place of rest are the floor book-rest and the tubular chromium, one-legged table with heavy round glass top just large enough for after-dinner coffee.

Reading lamps for A.R.P. nights are a wartime speciality in furniture displays. Varying designs in extending metal work are business-like but convenient.

Shades are small and opaque, casting a spotlight directly on to the reader, whose strained "office" eyes are soothed by bluish "daylight" rays.

From London by Air Mail.

NOWADAYS armchair evenings are regarded as the perfect ending to an official day in wartime life.

The service woman off duty visits her beauty salon, wraps herself in glamorous attire, and is ready for a Mayfair night.

But the tired military officer and city man grope their way home with very different thoughts—flickering firelight, blue spirals of fragrant tobacco, the embracing comfort of deep armchair, and good reading.

So furniture designers are now pre-occupied with every aspect of the art of idleness—lines for loungers, support for figure fatigue, lighting for tired eyes and all the accessories for reading, relaxing and smoking as lazily as possible.

Laziest idea

PICTURED above is one of the new recumbent armchairs—the laziest idea in comfortable furniture. The deeply-sprung armchair has movable cushions—one of them lifts out to make a full length extension on the floor. The same cosy corner features a clipped sheepskin rug—so popular at the moment—and wrought-iron fire-tongs in fantastic shapes.

A typically self-contained armchair is the weathered oak one also pictured above. Once settled in it, the occupant should have no need to move for the rest of the evening.

Fluted wood on one side makes a broad arm with double shelf underneath—room for books, cigarette box, and ashtray.

An extension table opens out on the other arm to make a small table with space for papers and one of the latest blackout lamps.



YOU'LL GET A MIRROR-SMOOTH GLOSS FIRST TIME

Dynamel is better than enamel because—

(1) Dynamel dries twice as fast. Twice as hard. (2) No brushmarks. (3) You can scrub that mirror-smooth finish. (4) Anybody can do a good job with Dynamel.

Dynamel some odd piece of furniture for a start. It's easy. It's fascinating. Choose from thirty-four levelier colours on Taubmans Dynamel Color Chart at paint shops everywhere.

FREE

Anna Stewart,
75, Mary Street,
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Please send me your NEW BOOK ON
KITCHENS—packed with color schemes
for everything from kitchen walls, and
doors to cabinets and chairs. I en-
close 2d. in stamps to cover cost of
postage and handling.

Name
Address

A15

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

(By A DOCTOR)

The causes and treatment of . . .

ALLERGY

PATIENT: Doctor, I'm so worried about Bobby. I know that a child of his age should have at least a quart of milk a day, but even a small amount seems to make him bilious. I've tried giving it to him in all sorts of ways, but it always has the same effect.

Doctor: It seems that Bobby may be one of those unfortunate people who are allergic to milk, which means that he is over-sensitive to one or more of the proteins in milk, and so it sets up a reaction in his system which causes biliousness. The only sure way to cure him is to avoid the substance he is allergic to.

In the case of milk it is most unfortunate, because no other food can approach it in nutritional value. And the difficulty is to find a substitute which will supply him with sufficient of those materials necessary for growth and health.

However, with the right treatment, it is quite possible that in a few months' time Bobby will be cured not only

of his symptoms, but also of his particular idiosyncrasy, and will be drinking his milk every day.

First of all he will have to have a skin test to make sure he really is allergic to milk protein. If he is, then I would suggest a series of injections of a specially prepared protein extract which will build up his resistance to the offending substance. His system will gradually become accustomed to its presence, and the boy will no longer be sensitive to it.

In the majority of cases this treatment is very successful.

Quite a number of people suffer from this complaint, although not all of them are allergic to milk.

The foods to which some people are sensitive include practically the whole of our dietary, but the most common offenders are milk, eggs, strawberries, spinach, sea foods and chocolate. It is surprising how often we find that allergy to chocolate is the cause of otherwise unexplainable headaches, especially among young women.



The symptoms of allergy are many and varied, including hives, eczema, "sick headaches" (migraine), indigestion, nausea, vomiting, diarrhoea, asthma, and nasal congestion. But, of course, these symptoms may be due to other causes as well as to allergy.

The difficulty is often to find just what is the offending substance, for people can be allergic to many other things besides food—for instance,orris root (in face powder), horse-hair, wool, feathers, and house dust.

Our most valuable aid in the search for allergies is the "skin" test, in which very small quantities of extracts of likely substances are injected just under the skin. If a person is allergic to any of the substances tested, an inflamed area shows up round the point of injection. All these cases are treated in the same way as milk allergy.

TO SEE THIS HEALTHY YOUNGSTER drinking his glass of milk with relish, you would never guess that a few months ago he was allergic to milk. In his case injections effected a complete cure.

How I remove UNWANTED HAIR from ARMS and LEGS



- 1 I just apply New VEET straight from the tube. No unpleasant smell; no mess or bother.
 - 2 Then I wash it off with plain water. The hair washes away too. Not a trace remains.
 - 3 No stubble like the razor leaves. Not even a shadow. Skin is left soft, white and smooth as velvet.
- Never use a razor. It only makes the hair grow faster and coarser. The modern quick, clean, easy way to end your superfluous hair troubles is with New VEET. 2/6 and 4/6 (plum size) at all Chemists and Stores.
- FREE!** By exclusive arrangement every woman reader of this paper can now obtain a special package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Ltd. (Dept. 287 E.), 168/172 Day Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Cash's NAME TAPES
Save Laundry Losses
A Few Stitches & They're On
* Sold by Leading Stores *



"Are you overworking your INNER MAN?"

In these days of hurried meals, it's more important than ever to remember this simple rule: *Meat needs Mustard*. What a difference that one little yellow dab makes to your appetite, enjoyment and digestion! For Mustard is Nature's own "self-starter" for your digestion. Its clean tang literally "makes your mouth water" — and on that first stage of digestion all other stages depend. No other condiment can do what Mustard does so cheaply and so well. For the sake of digestion and health — never, never forget the Mustard.

MEAT needs

MUSTARD

—KEEN'S Mustard

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Baby's Milestones

JUST as on a highway there are "milestones" and finger-posts to mark the progress of the road, so in life, which has been likened to a "highway," there are certain "milestones" measuring its intervals, and marking the physical, mental, and moral progress of the traveller, be he young or old.

The normal baby of good nutrition should pass each milestone on time, though no two babies are alike, and there is often quite a wide range of normality.

The knowledge of these "milestones" and how to read them is, however, a guide to the young and inexperienced mother in the first two years of her baby's life.

A leaflet on this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and any reader interested in this subject can obtain this leaflet free of charge by sending her request with a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

The Modern Mother



takes Beecham's Pills



Of course she takes a laxative. She takes Beecham's Pills. They are her Golden Rule of Health. Her Mother takes them, and her Grandmother. Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable, gentle, yet always effective. Take them yourself to avoid sick headaches, biliousness and digestive upsets. Beecham's Pills will give you a naturally lovely complexion and keep you in perfect health.

Worth a Guinea a Box

Since when
have **YOU** been
using
GIBBS?



"HOLE-IN-ONE" — the triumph of the golf links is a tragedy when it happens to your teeth. Don't wait for trouble—start with Gibbs NOW. Gibbs Dentifrice helps to get rid of the causes of tooth decay, and cleans and polishes your teeth to gleaming whiteness. Its fragrant, antiseptic foam neutralises acids, makes your gums firm, your whole mouth feel delightfully toned up and refreshed. Do as Dentists advise—use Gibbs Dentifrice twice daily. Don't deny yourself its benefits a moment longer—

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES . . .
DEFEND THEM WITH

CHANGE
TO GIBBS
TO-DAY



**Gibbs
Dentifrice**

Write your
name on your
own tin!

AT ALL CHEMISTS
AND STORES

Small Tins . . 1/-
Large Tins . . 1/6
Large Refills . 1/3



Men can't realise . . . and it is so hard to "explain" . . . when dragging, exhausting muscular cramps mean broken appointments and "time off." On those days every month when you would give anything to be able to shake off that terrible feeling of weakness and "blues" — try a couple of little MYZONE tablets. Already five out of every nine women are blessing this wonderful new pain-relief. For MYZONE's

special *asterin* (anti-spasm) compound brings immediate — more complete and lasting — relief from severe period pain, headache and sick-feeling, than anything else you've ever known. Just take two MYZONE tablets with water, or cup of tea. Find blessed relief and new bright comfort . . . notice how there is no "doping." Try MYZONE with your very next "pain." 2/- a box. All Chemists.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

**Aquarians, mind your step!
Remember, old ideas die hard**

AQUARIANS as a "race" are individualists. This should be fully realised, not only by themselves, but also by those who contact them.

And those who learn to cultivate the more desirable sides of their characters have more than an average chance of proving extremely successful and nappy. Likewise people who appreciate these characteristics and find a way to turn

But they must not forget that the old ideas and methods have lasted a long while, and that generally people are rather scared or suspicious about that which is ultra-modern, or too radical.

Aquarians are those people with birthdays between January 20 and February 19, also those during whose birth-hour this particular sign happened to be rising in the east. The former type is the stronger.

Until the last few decades Aquarians were not in tune with the times. They had not realised their potentialities, nor how to adjust themselves to conditions. But with the coming of the Aquarian era of civilisation, which will last for 2000 years, and which replaces the Piscean age which began just before the birth of Christ, they come into their own.

Until the last few years they have not regarded it as correct or wise to be anything out of the ordinary. Yet that is what all Aquarians should strive to be.

They have high ideals about making the world a better place to live in; but to do this takes courage, initiative, originality, and selflessness. They must have enough self-confidence to forge ahead along new and seemingly crazy paths of thought and action. They must invent and originate continually.

Above all they must have the courage of their convictions, for the path of the reformer, idealist, and inventor is always an uphill one. Many Aquarian ideas of to-day may be regarded as the children of disordered brains, but will be adopted in the years to come.

Fame was theirs

MANY of the world's most loved and famous people were born under the sign of Aquarius.

These include such people as Abraham Lincoln, beloved President of the United States; Sir Henry Irving, John Barrymore, and Ronald Colman, famous actors; Franklyn D. Roosevelt, spectacular President of America; John D. Rockefeller, multi-millionaire; Charles Lindbergh, pioneer aviator; Robert Burns and Lord Byron, poets; Fritz Kreisler, violinist; and Thomas A. Edison, inventor.

them to good account can also benefit.

To bind Aquarians by rules and regulations is to court disaster. They must express themselves in their own way, but they will find it unwise to follow their own urges entirely, and without discrimination.

People born under this sign are members of a new race—modern, radical, reformative, and inventive. They have humanitarian instincts, and big ideas about universal brotherhood.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Just fair for you on February 21 (p.m.), 22, and 23 (a.m.).

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Be patient until after February 20. Things will then start to improve slightly. February 23 (p.m.), 24, and 25 (to noon) fair.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Be diligent and concentrate on beginning or finalising important matters on February 17, 18, and 19 (very early). Thereafter you must take things more quietly. These dates can produce good results for many enterprising and hard-working Geminians.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): February 20 and 21 (to noon) can produce opportunities or improvement for confident and optimistic Cancerians who know what they want and go after it. Seek promotion or favors, make changes or removals, start new ventures. February 19 next best.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): Things ease out for you soon; meanwhile continue to live quietly. Routine matters best.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): If you have not got your affairs well in hand by this time don't start anything important for some weeks to come. February 23 (p.m.) and 24 poor.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): Finalise all important matters on February 17, 18, and 19 (morning). Be confident and seek advancement or gains then.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): Make the most of February 20 and 21 (morning). Fortune will favor many Scorpians then. Work hard.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): Live quietly for some weeks to come. Be very cautious on February 23 (after noon) and 24.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 21): Fair on February 23 (after noon) and 24.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Many Aquarians have a last chance at this time to make good. February 17, 18, and 19 (very early) will favor you for changes, seeking advancement, and asking favors.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Better times ahead for you now, so plan well and work hard, especially on February 20 and 21 (morning). February 19 just fair.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

NEW SILHOUETTE



LELONG, the famous French designer, sponsors this kingfisher-blue jersey model as the perfect afternoon frock. The classic simplicity of the silhouette, with its ripped-in waist and softly-hanging skirt, is counteracted by a broad band of intricate shirring over the bustline.

Tales from Nature's Wonderlands

**"WHO'S WHO
at the
ZOO"**

An entirely new series of dramatic stories in one of radio's most popular week-end features, presented in response to numerous requests.

DRAMATISED AND PRESENTED BY MR. SAMUEL BIBER . . . ASSISTED BY PEGGY AND BILLY

SUNDAYS—3.30—4.0 p.m.

2GB

Little Miss Precious Minutes...

● Here's our wise little friend again—Little Miss Precious Minutes. Her mission in life is to save you time and labor in your daily routine, and so allow you more leisure.

PILLOWSLIPS should be hung out to dry after washing by the double end. Hung this way, the water drips out through the open ends and does not lodge inside the slip. Besides drying more quickly the pillowslips will also last longer if treated this way.

IF putty is hard to remove from a broken window try painting it over with a solution of caustic soda. After this has been left on for half an hour the putty can be cut away quite easily.



ABOVE: Small mats and rugs should be moved before a room is swept. Tufted rugs must be well shaken and beaten.



LEFT: Always iron linens and silk materials on the wrong side, to avoid the risk of pushing stitches through at the seams.

©

Save money!

MIX YOUR OWN VERM-X

Buy a bottle of Verm-X Concentrated Insect Exterminator and mix with Kerosene. The result is Verm-X Spray—the same efficient product supplied to you as Verm-X ready mixed, but you get more for your money. Non-poisonous, and guaranteed not to stain.

Size to make 1 pint—1/6.

VERM-X CONCENTRATED INSECT EXTERMINATOR Kills insects cheaper



HOLIDAYS!

Anywhere, Any Place, Any Time
AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU
64 James Bldg., Elizabeth St., Sydney.

A GOOD linoleum cream can be made by melting 2 ounces of beeswax and one ounce of white wax in a jar. Then add one pint turpentine and one ounce of soft soap dissolved in a pint of boiling water. Stir without boiling until the mixture is thick. This can be bottled and kept ready for use.

WHEN a glass stopper sticks in a bottle, pour a little salad oil round the stopper, and place the bottle in a warm place. (On the hot-plate would do. But be careful not to overheat and so crack the bottle.) The heat will cause the oil to work round and loosen the stopper.

A FEW pods dropped in with the peas when they are cooking helps to keep them green. And to make them sweet sprinkle half a teaspoon of sugar over after straining.

LETTUCE will keep crisp for days if it is placed in an airtight container. If you haven't a refrigerator, a billycan with tight-fitting lid will serve the purpose almost as well.

REMOVING the fluff from brooms after sweeping is often a bother to the busy housewife. Here is a cheap and easy way of overcoming the problem. Drive two strong stakes into the ground about half a yard apart. Nail a piece of 13 inch wire netting from one stake to another, and to clean your brooms and brushes just rub along the wire and all the fluff will come out.

HERE'S a handy hint for housewives who are worried by chapped hands after rough housework. Sprinkle the hands with ordinary sugar and rub well in before rinsing it off. The resulting smooth skin will delight you.

BLUNT scissors can be easily sharpened in this way: Glue a piece of emery-paper to a small strip of wood, then draw the scissors along the paper with the inside of the blade sloping sufficiently to allow

the cutting edge to be flat on the bone. Use just sufficient pressure to keep the steel in close contact with the abrasive surface.

SEWING MACHINES must be oiled periodically to keep in good condition. A certain amount of dust is bound to work into the bearings and from time to time all accessible parts should be wiped clean with an oily rag. Do not use thick lubricating oil, but a special machine oil. After oiling remove the needle and run the machine for some time to allow the oil to work into the bearings.

SMALL spots of grease on wallpaper can often be removed by covering them with two or three thicknesses of blotting-paper and placing a hot iron on top. The iron must be just hot enough to melt grease. Be careful not to scorch the wallpaper.

YOU can brighten the colors of carpets that have faded if after washing you put a teaspoonful of vinegar to every gallon of water for the final rinsing.

WHEN highly-enamelled surfaces lose their brilliancy after cleaning they will soon shine again if polished with a soft chamois leather.

AN iron mould stain has often ruined a garment, and here is a good way of removing such marks.

Damp the stain with cold water, and then wet it thoroughly with the following mixture. Take one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one tablespoonful of cream of tartar and a teaspoonful of oxalic acid. Mix these into a pint of water and then keep on applying the solution to the stain until it disappears entirely.

JAM that has gone sugary will be quite fit for use if you put it into the oven until the sugar melts.

LACE curtains launder much better if a little milk is added to the blue water.



The Wonder Tablet

And Stop Limping

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language how the Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue, and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation, the real basis of sound health. Prepared in small, delicious tablets by a special process, Elasto dissolves instantly on the tongue and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biological remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the

system a new health force, stimulating the growth of new, healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

What Users of Elasto say

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Completely healed my varicose veins."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone! I have never felt better."
"Varicose veins quickly healed after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Elasto has lunched my Elasto."
"New walk long distances with ease."
"I am free from rheumatism and neuritis."
"My heart is quite sound again now."

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1352, E. Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Elasto will save you pounds!



"... and for intimate personal use, Doctor?" — 'DETTOL'

Many women suffer needless discomfort and mental distress in connection with personal hygiene. Safeguard against this by making a habit of using 'Dettol' for bathing, for all personal cleansing and for douching when advised. 'Dettol', the modern antiseptic, is pleasant to use, reliable, non-staining, non-poisonous, and harmless to the skin. Write for a free booklet on this subject, post free from Reckitts (Over Sea) Ltd. (Pharmaceutical Dept.), Box 25 15 B.B., G.P.O., Sydney.



'DETTOL' THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

K176A

Live Your Food
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H.P. SAUCE
The fruit sauce
with a
hundred uses

A LEA & PERRINS PRODUCT

FREE! **BABY BOOK
for MOTHERS!**

Full of helpful advice and information for expectant and nursing mothers. Diet instructions for mother and baby, weight charts, weaning, teething, bottle feeding, baby ailments. To secure your copy, write Coleman-Koen (A/sia) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2503 MM, Sydney, N.S.W., and enclose 2d. stamp.

**ROBINSON'S
Patent BARLEY**

PANCAKES win first prize this week

TEMPTING new recipes sent in by readers this week comprise a delectable array of sweets and savories. Delight the family with these novel dishes, and send us your favorite recipe. It may win a cash prize.

EASY-TO-MAKE pancakes stuffed with a delicious savory mixture win first prize of £1 this week. Other recipes published on this page are awarded prizes of 2/6 each.

Surely you must have a star recipe—one which is the special favorite with the family. Then why not enter it in this fascinating weekly competition?

All you have to do is write out your recipe, attach name and address, and forward to this office. You may be one of next week's lucky prizewinners.

STUFFED PANCAKES

Two eggs, 6 tablespoons flour, 1 pint milk, seasoning to taste. Beat eggs, mix with flour, and gradually stir in milk. Season well



STUFFED PANCAKES make a delicious dish for breakfast or luncheon. The recipe given on this page is well worth trying, for it was judged the best of this week's recipes.

and let stand for a while. Fry pancakes in ordinary way, and fill with this mixture:

Two cold cooked potatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1lb. cooked white fish, seasoning, tomato ketchup, grated cheese.

Dice the cold cooked potatoes and fry till brown with the chopped onion. Add the cooked fish. Season and add a little tomato ketchup and Worcestershire sauce.

Put a little of this mixture on each pancake, roll up and lay in fireproof dish. Pour a little melted butter over grated cheese and brown in oven.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Crane, Munro St., Kelvin Grove, Brisbane.

APPLE FLOAT

Four medium-sized apples, 1 cup water, sugar to taste, whites of 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful lemon juice, 1 cup chopped nuts, desiccated coconut, candied cherries.

Wash, peel, and slice apples into a saucepan. Add water. Cover and simmer gently until the apples are soft enough to rub through a sieve. Reheat and add sufficient sugar to sweeten. While hot add the stiffly-beaten whites of eggs and lemon juice. Beat together until mixture is fluffy. Add chopped nuts. Chill thoroughly. Serve very cold topped with desiccated coconut or whipped cream. Sprinkle with nutmeg and garnish with candied cherries.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. A. Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

FROSTED PEACHES

Allow 1 large peach for each person, marshmallows, chopped nuts, 1 cup castor sugar, 3 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons cream.

Cover peaches with boiling water, then remove skins, which will peel off easily. Cut each peach in halves, insert in each centre a marshmallow first dipped in cream and then rolled in chopped nuts (almonds preferred). Join halves together with toothpicks. Sift castor sugar and cream together with the butter. Gradually add, a little at a time, 3 tablespoons of cream.

Roll peaches in this frosting and then in desiccated coconut.

Serve chilled with whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Clear, 196 Murray St., Wagga, N.S.W.

SNOWBALLS

One ounce gelatine, 1lb. sugar, chocolate icing, coconut.

Soak gelatine in 1½ gills (1½ small teacupfuls) of water for 20 minutes. Boil together sugar and 1 gill of water for 10 minutes, or until sugar is dissolved; add soaked gelatine with water and boil another 10 minutes.

Turn mixture into basin, beat until cool and stiff; form mixture into balls with hands, while warm dip in chocolate icing and roll in a dish of thickly sprinkled coconut.

The dipping into chocolate icing can be omitted if desired. After forming into balls just dip in coconut.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Holborow, Clybucca P.O., via Kempsey, N.S.W.

BANANA BREAD-AND-BUTTER PUDDING

Two or three ripe bananas, 2 tablespoons raspberry jam, slices of bread and butter, 1 pint custard.

Mash up ripe bananas, and add raspberry jam. Mix to a nice cream. Have ready some slices of bread and butter; spread with the mixture and fold together like sandwiches. Cut into fingers, and place in a buttered pie dish. Pour the custard over, and bake for 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Gardiner, Two Mile Flat, N.S.W.

PAPAW PYRAMID

One papaw, 1 lemon, 1½oz. gelatine, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon honey.

Dice the papaw, pour over it the juice of the lemon and honey. Boil the water and sugar until syrupy. Add the gelatine (moistened with cold water), then drop in the diced papaw, simmer for 15 minutes, pour into a mould and set, or freeze. Serve with whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Marshall, Barrett St., Booval, via Ipswich, Qld.

HONEY ROLL

Three eggs, 2oz. sugar, 1 large tablespoon honey, 4oz. flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, caramel coloring, hot water.

Beat the eggs and sugar until thick, add honey. Sift flour with cream of tartar, carb. soda and cinnamon. Fold this lightly into the sugar and eggs, and when well mixed in fold in 2 tablespoons hot water and enough caramel coloring to make the mixture a pale brown.

Pour into an oblong baking dish, and bake in a quick oven for 10 minutes. Turn out quickly onto a damp cloth. Trim off hard edges and roll up. Let stand for 2 minutes, then unroll the cake and roll it up again without the cloth, fill with the following mixture:—

Four ounces icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon honey, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Beat well together, then put in roll.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Ruffels, Delinton, Tas.

SAUSAGE AND BANANA TOAD-IN-THE-HOLE

Four ounces flour, 2 eggs, 1 pint milk, pinch salt, 8 beef or mixed sausages, 4 bananas and a rasher of bacon.

Make a batter as follows: Sift flour and salt, beat eggs, add to the centre of flour, mix and gradually add half the milk and work well together. Beat this well, then stir in the rest of the milk and allow to stand half an hour before using. Well grease a casserole or deep baking dish and place in layers of sliced, partly cooked sausages (cold meat of any kind may be used). Slice bananas and place on top of meat layer; chop bacon finely and sprinkle over bananas, then rest of meat, sprinkling with salt and pepper. Pour batter over all and bake in fairly hot oven three-quarters of an hour. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Knights, 60B Westbury St., East St. Kilda, Melbourne.

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Luxury eating for everyone costs so little with rich, spicy Swallow & Ariell Plum Pudding. Full-flavoured . . . top-full of the finest ingredients . . . and hermetically sealed in tins of exact quantities.

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PLUM PUDDING**

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The Uneda Bakers

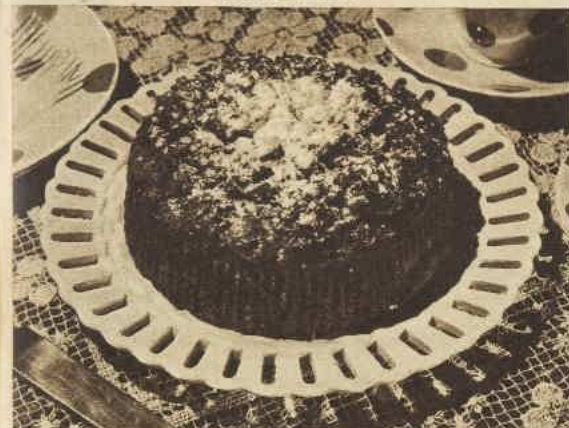
* Allow for "extra" helpings: 1lb., 2 serves; 1½lb., 3 serves; 2lb., 4 serves; 2½lb., 5 serves; 3lb., 6 serves.

HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS
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HANSEN'S ICE-CREAM MIX



STUFFED POTATOES—a new sort of luncheon dish. Potatoes are stuffed with small tomatoes which are in turn filled with a seasoned mixture.



CHOCOLATE POTATO CAKE. It's delicious and will prove most popular for your afternoon-tea parties. Recipe for making on this page.



POTATO SHAPES. Appetising for lunch or dinner and served on a bed of green peas. Egg-yolk and cheese are mixed in with the potato.

POTATO SHAPES

One pound sieved mashed potato, 2oz. grated cheese, 1½oz. butter, green peas, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 egg-yolk and a little beaten egg, seasoning to taste, 1oz. flour.

Sieve potatoes while hot, add butter, cheese, egg-yolk and seasoning and blend with milk. Put all ingredients except flour and warm egg into a saucepan and warm through, mixing well. Turn onto a floured board, dredge lightly with flour and roll out to about half an inch thick.

Arrange on a greased baking sheet, brush over with beaten egg, and bake in a fairly hot oven until lightly browned. Serve on a bed of green peas previously heated.

CHOCOLATE POTATO CAKE

Eight ounces sieved cooked potato, 5oz. self-raising flour, 4oz. sugar, 2oz. breakfast cocoa, 2oz. butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon milk.

Rub butter into flour, and add sugar and cocoa. Mix thoroughly and then add sieved potatoes. Mix all together and add a tablespoon of milk to make the mixture of a stiffish consistency. Put into lined cake tin and bake in a moderate oven for one hour. If fresh-cooked

potatoes are used they should be strained and a clean tea-cloth placed over them to absorb any remaining moisture before cooking. They should, of course, be used cold.

POTATO OMELETTE

Two eggs, 2oz. butter, 4oz. sieved cooked potato or cooked diced potato, seasoning and flavoring to taste.

Prepare filling first. Melt half the butter in a small frying pan, prepare potato and toss in the butter. Add salt and pepper and the flavoring chosen. This may be tomato or mushroom ketchup, garlic, herbs or parsley. Leave over a very low heat to keep warm.

Break eggs into a small basin, add salt and pepper. Beat up only slightly until yolks and whites are mixed, but not frothy. Melt rest of the butter in an omelette pan or strong frying pan and heat until just beginning to color. Pour in the eggs and stir with a fork, bringing the cooked mixture into the middle and letting soft mixture come into contact with the hot pan. When the bottom is set, but the centre still soft, put in the hot filling. Fold omelette over filling and turn out onto a warm plate. Serve immediately.

You can use POTATOES in so many ways

HUMBLE, but always an obliging, satisfying form of food, because it lends itself to the preparation of a wide variety of dishes, the potato is also a most nourishing vegetable, rich in valuable salts and essential vitamins.

BECAUSE you are so used to serving potatoes as a matter of course with the main meat dish for dinner, perhaps it hadn't occurred to you that these vegetables can be used for making all kinds of appetising dishes as well as scones, cakes, savories, soups, and so on.

Cooked in their jackets, potatoes are a most valuable food because of the essential salts and vitamins they contain.

Some of these salts lie just under the skin—hence the advisability of cooking these vegetables in their jackets. If you peel and boil your potatoes, save the water in which they are boiled for making soups and gravies—then you won't pour the valuable dissolved salts down the sink.

Potatoes, although a starch vege-

By **Mary Forbes**

• Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

table, are, unlike most starch foods, alkaline in their effect in the body, instead of acid-forming.

POTATO SOUP

One pound potatoes, 1 onion, 1 stick celery, 1oz. butter, 1oz. fat bacon, 1 pint water, 1 pint milk, seasoning.

Wash and slice vegetables. Put butter and bacon in a large saucepan and fry vegetables in the fat, add water, and bring to boil. Simmer for one hour, then pass soup through a sieve. Return to rinsed saucepan, adding milk and bring to boil. Season and serve.

POTATO PASTRY

Six ounces flour, 3oz. butter or margarine, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 4oz. mashed potatoes. Cream butter with a wooden spoon until soft, then beat in potatoes.

Sieve in flour, baking powder and salt, and knead slightly together. Turn out onto a well-floured board and roll out to fit the top of any savory dish.

STUFFED POTATOES

Six large potatoes, 6 tomatoes, 1oz. grated cheese, pepper and salt, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, sprigs of parsley.

Bake six large potatoes in their jackets and when cooked scoop out sufficient of the inside to allow a tomato to be inserted in each. Cut the top from each tomato, remove pulp and mix with the potato. Add grated cheese, seasoning and chopped parsley and mix all together. Fill into each tomato and return the six stuffed potatoes to the oven for a few minutes for tomatoes to continue cooking. The heat from the baked potatoes will partially cook the tomatoes while being prepared. Serve garnished with sprigs of parsley. This makes an appetising luncheon dish for six people.

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Here's the easiest way you've ever won a delightful pair of Mignon Hosiery—a taste-tantalising one-pound box of MacRobertson's Old Gold or Golden Glory Chocolates! And, at the same time, you will be giving yourself the treat of enjoying the purest tea the world can produce—ROBUR!

Robur Tea invites you to simply write down 14 suitable words for the spaces in the competition story below, and send to COMPETITION, c/o Robur Tea Co. Ltd., Box 4332, G.P.O., Melbourne, to reach there by March 12th, 1940 at the latest! Think of it! £255 in prizes, and such prizes! Hundreds of pairs of your favourite Mignon full-fashioned Silk stockings to the value of £120, and 675 one-pound boxes of famous MacRobertson's Chocolates—and entry is absolutely FREE.

The conditions of the competition are simply—

1. There is no entry fee, nor is there any limit to the number of entries you may send, but each entry must be accompanied by a wrapper from a 1 lb. packet of Robur Tea (or two ½ lb. wrappers).
2. The winners will be notified by post and a full prize list published in the Women's Weekly (issue 28th March), but no other correspondence can be entered into.
3. The judges, whose decisions will be final and legally binding, will be the principals of Richardson-Cox, Women's Weekly, Mignon Hosiery, MacRobertson's and Robur Advertising Sections—no employees of these firms being eligible to enter for the competition.
4. In the event of duplication of entries which are adjudged most suitable, preference will be given to nearest entries.
5. This competition does not apply to South Australia where legislation does not permit same.
6. Queensland residents may substitute KING TEA packet tops for Robur wrappers—the KING TEA and ROBUR TEA brands there being identical.

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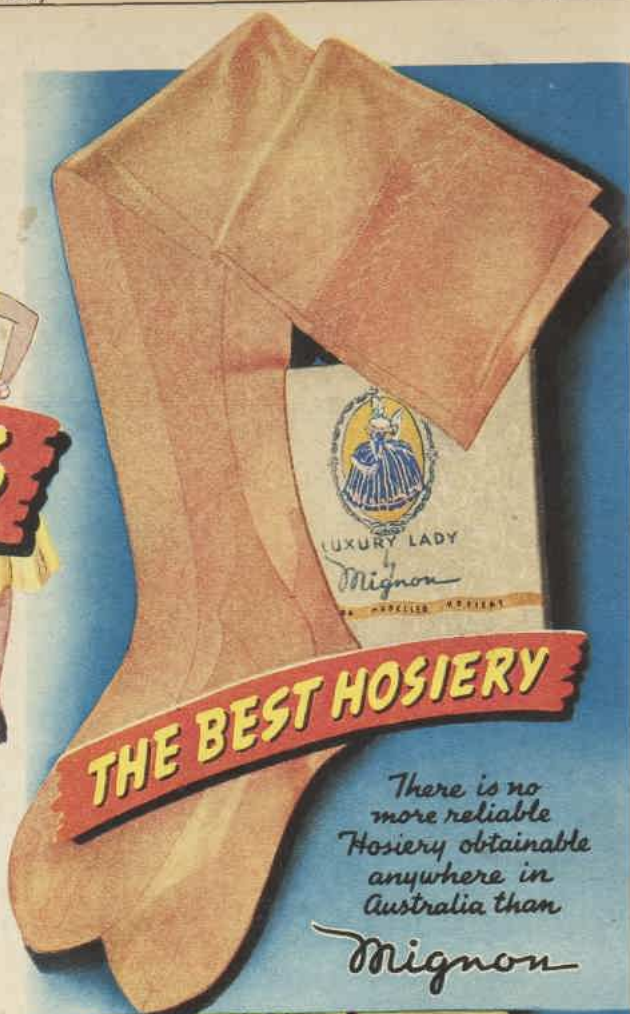
I think that with these 13 MacRobertson's Chocolates, and the glamorous Mignon Hosiery, together with the extra luxury of ROBUR tea, this competition will be a 14 success!

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ROBUR tastes BETTER goes FURTHER

PART 1

DANGEROUS QUEST

by GEORGE BETTANY



SUPPLEMENT—MUST NOT BE
SOLD SEPARATELY

Australian Women's
Weekly NOVEL,
February 17, 1940

DANGEROUS QUEST

Part One

By GEORGE BETTANY



WHEN at last Dan Waterford looked up, his eyes, as they rested upon Sergeant Dacre's face, were grave. "That's all you can tell me about her, Sergeant? She went off in the car with this man, and hasn't been heard of since?" Sergeant Dacre's face as he answered was no less grave than that of his companion. "You see, Dan, until you walked into the Detachment half an hour ago, none of us dreamed that anything was wrong. It looked all right. We all knew you'd gone to the rodeo, and when this South American drove into town and inquired for your sister, folk naturally sent him out to your farm. According to your neighbor, Jim Anderson, this man and your sister drove into Anderson's yard with the story that you'd been hurt at the rodeo.

"Jean told Anderson that her companion was Dr. Monpessa, who had driven over from Calgary to bring Jean to the hospital to see you. Monpessa said he was at the rodeo when it happened, and saw the whole business. Jean asked Jim Anderson to look after the stock while she was away, then off they went. That was four days ago, and we heard no more until you walked into my office asking why Jean wasn't out at the farm. I rang up the hospital at Calgary after you'd gone. They'd never heard of you—or of Dr. Monpessa. To date, that's all we know."

Dan's face bore a puzzled expression. "Well, it sure beats me," he commented. "What's the idea in telling a story like that? Kidnapping? Can't be; I'm no millionaire."

Sergeant Dacre glanced at the worried face of his friend and hastily looked away. He liked Dan Waterford. Who didn't? The policeman rose, dropping a sympathetic hand upon Dan's shoulder. "You had best leave it to the police, Dan," he advised. "Get on to your horse and hit the trail back to your farm. We'll find Jean, right enough."

For the first time during the interview Dan's engaging smile appeared. "Sure, Sergeant. I don't want to cause any trouble—but this thing worries me. You see, I'd give my two arms for Jean—you know that—bein' the only two left of the family, and livin' together all these years—"

He broke off, then made a final appeal. "Say, Sergeant, you've got no idea what's happened to her?"

Without meeting Dan's eyes the sergeant shook his head. "Don't get worrying, Dan; we'll find her," he repeated, with a confidence he did not feel.

He stood in the doorway of the Police Detachment to watch the tall figure of his friend walking towards the livery barn. Then, shaking his head, the sergeant went inside, closed the door, and picked up his telephone.

"Get me Police Headquarters at Regina—and make it snappy!"

Frowning, Sergeant Dacre awaited an answer from H.Q. over one hundred miles away. He didn't like this business. Jean Waterford was such a pretty girl, and only nineteen. A sweet girl, too.

"Yep—Sergeant Dacre speaking from Blackfoot River. . . . Yes, I want Inspector Guthrie. Get him right away."

Half an hour later the sergeant's telephone bell rang again. He snatched the receiver from its hook, and his voice when he spoke was sharp with anxiety. "Well? Any luck? . . . I was afraid of that. . . . yep, five foot eight. . . . Yes. . . . yes.

Oh, that's the feller, right enough. . . . called himself Dr. Monpessa. No news of the girl? No, didn't expect any. Well, do all you can; her brother's a friend of mine. . . . yes, knew her well. As soon as you have news of his movements let me know—gronto. . . ."

He hung up, frowning, wondering what he was to say to Dan when they met, wondering what Dan would do when he learned the truth. There was no saying how he would act, seeing it was Jean. But he certainly wouldn't lie down under it—not Dan. Best not tell him to-day. Best call him in the morning. Good heavens, what a story to hand to a friend! Likely enough they'd never catch Monpessa. That kind knew how to take care of themselves.

They'd never see Jean again—not after a start of four clear days. Why, he could have got her into South America by this time—probably had. There wasn't any real hope—but how was he to say that to Dan Waterford? Dan, who thought more of his sister than most men thought of their wives.

Dan, of course, was living in a fool's paradise. He had no real knowledge of the world. His life had been spent on a prairie farm; his greatest adventures were his annual visits to the Calgary Stampede. The life men lived in great cities was something entirely beyond his knowledge.

Sergeant Dacre, anxious to soften the blow, looked at the situation from every angle and cursed. It dominated his thoughts during the remainder of the day and night.

So, he reflected, as he shaved himself the following morning, must a doctor feel when he faces a brave man who must be told tragic facts which sometimes constitute the simple truth. Well, it had to be done; delay would merely raise false hopes. Immediately after breakfast Dacre sent a constable to the farm, and having done so sat down to wait.

He was watching for Dan from the office window, and saw him while he was still some distance from the Police Detachment. He saw Dan pause to exchange a word or two with a neighboring farmer, who was standing in his empty grain wagon; saw Dan's familiar and cheery gesture as the wagon continued upon its way. It was

plain that Dan suspected nothing of the tragedy which had overtaken him. He was at the door. . . . Well, now for it. . . .

"Good-day, Sergeant! Any news?"

Dacre forced a smile. "Good-morning, Dan!" The words, even as he spoke them, seemed charged with irony. "Sit down."

Dan seated himself, his smile slowly fading as he realized by the sergeant's manner that, whatever news there might be, it would not be pleasant. With eyes curiously averted for one so young he watched the sergeant's face, reading there reluctance and uneasiness. For the first time since Dan had known him the sergeant's eyes avoided his own.

"I guess you'd better shoot, Sergeant," he suggested quietly. "Get on with it, man! Think I'm scared to be told? Think I can't take my medicine?"

Relieved by Dan's tone, Dacre glanced at him. "It's not so easy to tell you," he replied slowly. "I'd give a year's pay. . . ."

Dan's mouth became a thin line, as though he braced himself anew. "Sure I know. Go on—shoot!" Then, as the policeman still remained silent, "Is she dead?"

"I don't know, Dan, but I'm afraid you won't see Jean any more."

"How's that?" Dan's voice was quite steady.

From a drawer in his desk the sergeant drew a box of cigars which he offered the other. They lit up.

Again Dacre gave his friend a rapid scrutiny. "I hate to tell you this," he said, as though there had been no pause. "You see, I'm a Mounty, Dan; you're a prairie farmer. It's my business to know all the different sorts of crime, and there are things going on in the big cities of which you haven't even heard; many of these things don't ever get into the papers. All the same, you must have seen mention, from time to time, of missing girls? What you don't know is the number of girls who are reported missing every year, Dan; nor would you know what had happened to them if you did."

"What does happen to them, Sergeant?" Dan's voice was still quiet.

Dacre shrugged, waving his cigar. "We trace some of them, of course; other we never succeed in tracing."

"Accidents, loss of memory, quarrels with parents or lovers—these things account for most of them—but there are still a lot left over. Of them we rarely hear any more."

"And Jean, you think, comes under the last heading?"

Dacre nodded. "I'm afraid she does."

For several minutes Dan sat staring silently at an inkstain on the table between them. Dacre did not speak. He chewed his cigar, allowed the other time to think; time to understand.

At last, and without glancing up, Dan spoke. "It's up to you Mounties to get news of that man," he said.

Dacre gave him a sharp, uneasy glance. Not a word about Jean . . .

"Oh, you can count on us picking up his trail," he replied uncertainly, "but I can't hold out much hope."

"Of Jean, no, sure you can't. Not if you're honest. We're days too late," said Dan.

Dacre watched him with increasing uneasiness. Dan had always been a good loser, he reflected, but never had he taken a blow lying down . . .

Again Dan spoke. "Have they—found her yet?"

The sergeant shook his head. "Not much hope of that, either, I'm afraid. By now she's where we can't do much to interfere. South America—"

Dan nodded slowly. "That's so," he agreed gravely, "but she's not in South America. No, she's in Canada—maybe nearby. That's why I asked if she'd been found yet."

Dacre stared. "In Canada?" he repeated.

"Sure—in Canada. You know Jean, Sergeant; I knew her better—better than anyone livin'. That being so, I can say right now that she's dead."

Not easily was Sergeant Dacre startled, but he was startled then. "How do you know that?" he questioned sharply.

Dan smiled at him. "Why, Sergeant, Jean was sweet. She was a good girl. Clever, too. That man couldn't ever hold a girl like Jean. Soon as she found out what she was up against, she'd escape—one way or the other. If it had been the first way we'd have had news of her by now; so I guess it was the other. Wait and you'll hear."

As if in corroboration of his statement the sergeant's telephone bell rang. He picked up the receiver.

"Yep—speaking. What? . . . Good heavens! . . . Yes, I'll see to it. Yes, her brother's in my office . . . right!"

He hung up, avoiding the eyes opposite.

"Dan," he said heavily, "you're right. She's been found. She's been taken out of Crooked Lake in the Qu'appelle Valley."

After a pause the sergeant permitted himself a swift glance at the other's face—and was shocked. It wasn't right. It wasn't natural . . . Dan, he saw, was smiling almost, as if the news had gladdened him.

A MONTH later Sergeant Dacre was riding into town from the north, when the fancy took him to diverge from the trail and to look once more upon the Waterford homestead. Truth to tell, he was very uneasy about Dan Waterford; indeed, he feared for him as he had never before feared for a man.

He was unable to forget Dan's quietness under the blow, or the purposeful deliberation with which he had sold his farm, stock, and implements. Nor could the sergeant forget Dan's face as he looked down upon the drowned body of his sister. There had been no outbursts, no whimpers, nothing but a quiet demand for information concerning the movements of the man known to them as Monpessa. To the sergeant's earnest warnings Dan had paid no heed. From his attitude it might have been supposed that he had not even heard them.

And now Dan had gone; without explanation, without good-byes; just "pullin' out" . . .

The day was fresh and full of sunshine

which mocked the sergeant's mood. At the top of a high knoll he reined in.

Before him the grass dropped steeply to the lap of a wide and sunny valley, where a narrow creek found its way between belts of red willows. On the uplands beyond were golden wheat-fields, fields of oats, fields of barley. A white house with a red roof, cedar shingled, rose above a belt of maples. Behind it, huddling close, were stacks of hay, a pale yellow stack of oat sheaves, and a group of farm buildings.

Looking down upon this scene the sergeant found it difficult to believe that the house he saw was empty. The bright curtains which Jean had made still remained . . .

Sergeant Dacre sighed heavily, then, turning away, he put spurs to his horse. The bay gelding, unused to such harsh treatment, leapt at the downward slope with ears laid back. There were moments when the severe police regulations were like some to Sergeant Dacre; moments when he longed for freedom to act as inclination dictated. This moment was one of them.

WINTER—and the wilderness. In the foreground a frozen lake, to the edges of which ghostly spruce firs crowded. Snow. Silence. The sky a grey threat.

Backed into the forest a huddle of log buildings, half buried in the drifts about them—drifts knife-edged by winds, hollow-ground by storms. A sleigh trail standing out in deathly whiteness against the bluish tint of the surrounding snow—the Hudson Bay Trading Post at Lake Fargeau, Northern Manitoba.

Beside the big heating stove in the factor's house two men sat smoking, one of them clothed in the winter kit of the Royal Canadian Police. The constable spoke.

"You say the batch of fur was stolen between here and Beacon Crossing?" he questioned.

Thoughtfully John Drage, the factor, answered him. "That's so—and Jim Swale was shot dead. This makes the third raid on fur in this district within a month. I've not heard of any arrests."

The constable's serious face broke into a smile which betrayed his youth. "We've made two, Mr. Drage—Indian half-breeds, but they're just deuces in the game."

"It's the man back of it we want. He's got brains, nunny, and fast dogs. The fur has been shipped out by air. We jumped his trail a day or so too late—as usual. Still, he has murder on his slate this time, and I kind of fancy he won't come back to these parts."

"You know him?" questioned the factor with raised eyebrows.

"Sure. We've known him years. He's been seen in Winnipeg within the last month. Queer bird. Comes from the Argentine, so they say. One of those fellows who are born crooked; but he's a lone wolf—a freelance who doesn't stick to any single racket. Now he's come north to raid fur—but I never heard of him in direct connection with a killing before. It's true he's tried most things: smuggling, selling liquor to the Indians, blackmail—yes, all those; but never murder. I guess—"

The policeman broke off to listen, then he looked at his companion inquiringly. "Don't that dogs?" he asked.

John Drage rose from his chair and led the way through the trading hall to the front door. A newly-arrived dog team was

hired to a young spruce at the edge of the clearing and a tall man clad in frosty furs was approaching them with the stiffened gait of one who has been long exposed to Arctic frost. His breath, as he greeted them, hung about his head in a steamy cloud.

"Good day! What post is this?"

"Lake Fargeau," replied John Drage, eyeing the stranger curiously. Then he invited him to step inside. "One of the neches" (Indians) "will look after your dogs," he said, as the visitor glanced round at his team.

In the sitting-room he took the other's cap, mitts, and fur coat, shaking the frost from them and hanging them in the trading hall. Then, with a wave of his arm, he introduced the policeman. "This is Constable Billings from The Pas. My name's Drage—John Drage."

The visitor shook hands heartily with both men. "Great chaps, you Mounties!" he observed, grinning at Billings in an engaging way. "Always glad to meet any of you. Same goes with you, Mr. Drage. My name's Waterford—Dan Waterford."

The policeman gave him a searching scrutiny. What he saw he liked. "Come far?" he inquired.

Dan smiled. "Been on the trail the past two weeks," he answered evasively.

The constable nodded. "Heading for the Peg?" he asked casually.

Dan shook his head. "Come from there," he said. "Just huntin', you know." He glanced at the policeman with a hint of a smile; their glances met—and locked. The constable nodded gravely, drawing his own conclusions. Trapping, perhaps, but hunting . . . no . . .

Dan pulled a pipe from his pocket, acting the stem between his teeth with a little clicking sound. He began cutting tobacco from a plug, handling the knife awkwardly, his fingers still stiffened by the frost. Suddenly his steady eyes rose to the constable's face. "Heard anything of a foreigner in this district lately?" he asked with embarrassing suddenness.

The policeman's eyes narrowed. "A . . . foreigner? Yep. Why?"

Dan nodded thoughtfully. "I kind of fancied you had," he replied easily. "He's pretty slick is Monpessa."

"Monpessa?" The policeman looked puzzled.

"Sure, the man I mentioned. Not that you'd think he was a foreigner to hear him speak, but you can tell by his coloring. He's college educated, and just as smooth as frog hair."

Billings sat forward with a queer, jerky movement, his eyes suddenly eager. "Say, Mr. Waterford," he questioned, "what do you know about this man?"

"Not a heap—but I'm learning," was the quiet reply.

"You've met him?"

Dan slowly shook his head. "Not so you'd notice—but I shall."

Once more the young constable nodded. "I kind of think we'd better get together, Mr. Waterford," he said. "Draw your chair up to the stove. Maybe we can help each other?"

"Maybe we can. That's how I figured," replied Waterford, lighting his pipe.

SAND, cactus, and the pitiless glare of the sun. Yellow sand in heaped whale-backs; scorched, breathless valleys, dry as the desert air; a sky like heated steel.

DANGEROUS QUEST

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Thirst. Heat and thirst. The only shadow the shadow of death.

On the far horizon a line of cliffs, blood-red, and streaked with pansy purple—Arid Buttes, the home of the Vulture Indians, the tribe whose arrows, it was said, were dipped in the venom of rattlesnakes.

Towards the distant cliffs a line of shambling footprints was leading. Uneven they were, swinging to the right or left like the bow of a rudderless boat; a story plain enough to the old desert rat who followed them. Ten miles behind him his horse lay dying, too weak to resist the feathered ghoul, already tearing what little flesh remained upon his bones.

They moved in ungainly hops: hunched, horrible and gorged. The horse's owner was picturing a similar fate.

He wished now, as he had wished when his horse gave out, that he had been able to retain his rifle. It would have provided a more merciful end for the animal; but Cactus Charlie had lacked strength to carry it; nor could he suffer its blistering heat, even when it was wrapped in rags.

Human suffering may be likened to a ladder, every rung of which represents a fresh torture; but since man's body can sustain little, to reach the top of the ladder is to die. During the last few days Cactus Charlie had climbed high upon that ladder; higher, indeed, than he himself realised, though old desert rat thought he was.

His eyes stared wildly out of dark cavities, and so swollen was his tongue that it seemed to fill his mouth. Its tip protruded from cracking lips like a blackened blister. His figure was that of a ragged scarecrow, so shrivelled that it seemed there could be no single drop of moisture in his whole body.

Yet he staggered on, following those marks of blundering feet which zigzagged ahead of him, his whole mind focused upon the man who had made them; the man who had stolen the remaining water while Cactus Charlie slept, leaving him to die, a sin in the desert beside which murder by knife or bullet pales into insignificance. It was not the urge to live which drove Cactus Charlie; it was the greater urge to watch a traitor die.

Charlie had been hired to guide a foreign fugitive across the desert, but the man had weakened. To reach the Indians at Arid Buttes had been their only hope; Charlie had said so at that dried-up water-hole. Then, while Charlie slept, Monpessa had stolen their remaining water and gone on alone, those blood-red cliffs to guide him.

But he wouldn't—shouldn't—get away with it! Not while Cactus Charlie lived! He would tell those neeches what manner of traitor they were harboring; one who had broken the desert law; there would be no mercy for such a one.

The old man plodded slowly on. On, on towards the distant, blood-red cliffs went those footsteps in the sand, but the cliffs still stood mockingly remote. Over ridges, across scorching valleys, the ragged scarecrow following ever more slowly, like some dying Nemesis. He was now too near death to realise that he would never reach those distant cliffs. He did not even realise that he had lost the tracks he followed; that it was his own circling footsteps which he pursued.

Two days later a white man and an Indian came upon a group of feasting vultures—the second such scene they had witnessed that day. The Indian pointed. "Him Cactus Charlie. Other fellow steal water, maybe."

His companion slowly nodded. "I guess that's what happened," he replied, his eyes upon the white ribs at his feet. He spoke to the bones as though they had power to listen and to understand: "You're the third to die because of Monpessa, old-timer, but he hasn't met Dan Waterford—yet." His eyes rose, dwelling for a space upon those distant, blood-red cliffs. Then he motioned to the Indian. "Guess we'll get on," he said.

The Indian grunted, and the two continued their way.

THE Minnetonka, three days out from St. John, was wallowing homeward in the teeth of an Atlantic gale. She was old, a ship destined never to make this journey again.

Her crew had no words for her traffic. Like the ship they had lost heart—for beneath her decks she carried three hundred rejected aliens; an undisciplined mob of Russians, Galicians, Doukhobors, Poles, and others as unclassified as they were unwashed. They talked and shouted without ceasing; some smoked foul pipes, others were seafolk, and their personal habits were of the slums.

The Minnetonka was indifferent to their misery. She carried them only because Canada would not have them.

A bitter wind sang in the gear aloft, whipping the black smoke astern like a torn veil. She lurched, flinging the noisy mob below deck into drunken evolutions. They sprawled; they lay inert to be tramped by strange foot-coverings; they shouted, moaned, or cursed; some prayed; there was no order amongst them, nor any desire for order.

On deck, the first and third officers were conferring together. "Twenty-eight, seventy-five—and still falling!" reported the junior, who had just taken a barometer reading.

The chief nodded. "Thank you—we seem to be in for it."

The wind increased. The barometer continued to fall. From time to time the chief inspected it grimly, noting its concave throat. The Minnetonka rolled slowly as she met the white-tipped seas.

In the stateroom quarters was pandemonium. A placid but overworked doctor found himself helpless amidst the crowding mob. He was addressed in languages as foreign to him as Chinese. They pawed him like dogs, praying, cursing, demanding instant attention, offering bribes and threats. He faced them wearily, trying to make himself heard and understood above the clamor. "One at a time, please! There's an injured woman here who needs attention . . ."

The shouting broke out anew. The jostling continued. A big and bearded peasant from the Ukraine grasped the doctor's arm and spun him round roughly, jabbering sentences which conveyed no more than a threat. The noise increased; the situation was already ugly.

Then from the unknown came one who knew what the doctor faced, a quiet young man who pushed his way through the mob, flinging the aliens aside with an ease which told of great physical strength. Reaching the doctor's side he swung round to face the bearded Russian, and a moment later his two fists thudded, one to the chin, the other to the solar plexus.

"Well," he demanded, glaring at the mob now struggling away from this new force, "anybody else want a dose?"

None showed any inclination to accept his invitation, though the young man waited

with something in his eyes which looked like eagerness. Shrugging contemptuously, he turned.

"Get on with it, Doc. I'll attend to these . . . bohunks."

The doctor nodded and bent to his work again. The young man accompanied him until he had given attention to such as were in need of it—and they were few. When the last bandage had been secured the doctor shut his bag with a snap and smiled at his companion. "Thanks!" he said briefly. Then: "You shouldn't be with this mob."

An engaging grin appeared upon the young man's face. "You are dead right, Doc. This is what comes of tryin' to save dollars! Well, I know when I've had enough, and it's right now, I'm going to transfer to second class—or try to."

"I can arrange that. Come along."

"Thanks, Doc, I'm surely grateful."

The doctor smiled. "Humph! I'm grateful, too; you certainly carry a pair of man-sized punches in those fists of yours, so the gratitude cuts both ways. You'll be more grateful before we dock in Liverpool," he finished significantly. "Barometer's at twenty-eight, and still falling."

"Meanin' a storm's comin' up?"

The doctor laughed shortly. "What these sailors call 'dirt,'" he answered, elbowing a passage towards the alley-way.

To his surprise the young man halted in consternation.

"Then, maybe, we'll be—late?" The question held a sharp note of anxiety which the doctor was quick to recognise. He looked at his companion in some surprise.

"Yes, we shall certainly be late. The Minnetonka isn't known as a flier. By the look of it I should say fourteen or sixteen days to Liverpool. Want to get it over?"

"No; just wanted to make Liverpool ahead of the Gigantic."

"Humph! We'll be lucky to do that. She leaves New York on Thursday, doesn't she? This weather won't delay her, you know. Ah, there's Robson, the purser. He'll fix you up. By the way, I don't know your name?"

Once more the young man's engaging smile appeared. "It's Waterford," he answered—"Dan Waterford."

"Now I wonder," mused the doctor, when he had left Dan in the purser's care, "why that young man is so anxious to reach Liverpool before the Gigantic? A girl? Hardly . . . May have a friend aboard, though, or perhaps an enemy . . ."

DAN left the purser's office accompanied by a steward, who showed him to a two-berth cabin. "The other gentleman is Colonel Donaldson, sir, a very pleasant gentleman. I'll bring your trunk right away, sir."

Dan gave the man half a crown with a friendly grin. "Thanks, that will be fine."

When the door had closed behind the steward, Dan looked round the cabin with feelings of satisfaction.

It was difficult to believe that he was aboard the same ship. He looked at the carpeted floor, the clean towels with their chromium rails, the spotless paintwork, and the polished brass of the port-holes; he stared at the gleaming mahogany and wondered afresh at the things which money can buy.

On the ledge below the washstand mirror lay an old briar pipe, and his gaze travelled round in search of further clues to the

character of his cabin companion. He saw a pair of ebony-backed hairbrushes in an open case of leather, a silver shaving-mirror, a silk dressing-gown, and a pair of red leather slippers. Dan himself had never possessed such things. They indicated to his inexperienced eyes a man of wealth and fashion, and Dan, considering this, became uneasy.

Had he jumped out of the frying-pan only to land in the fire? Suppose these Second-Class fellows were boiled shirts and claw-hammer coats when they were feedin'? Dan went hot at the very thought of it, his own wardrobe consisting of the old suit he was wearing and another of blue serge, at present in the missing cabin trunk.

The arrival of two stewards with his cabin trunk drove the matter temporarily from his mind, and after a hot bath and a change into his best suit he felt better equipped to meet what came. Lunch, he had been told, would be ready in three-quarters of an hour, and he decided to take a turn on deck, where the air after his recent quarters would clear his head.

He stepped into the white enamelled alley-way, and, having turned two sharp corners, he climbed a steep flight of steps leading to the alley-way above—better carpeted, he observed, than the ones upon his own deck. He halted at the sounds of distant music and looked about him, wondering if he could find his way back to his cabin. It then struck him that he had forgotten to make a note of the number. After considering the matter he decided to try to find his bathroom, from which he could find his way.

He was half-way down the steep companion ladder—the Minnetonka having no staircases in her Second-Class quarters—when the ship's bows, weary perhaps of buffetings, swung sharply. The next thing Dan knew, he was encircling the hand-rail with one arm, the other clutching a very cold, very wet figure which had suddenly precipitated itself upon him from above.

There was a giddy moment when he wondered if the ship was about to turn right over, followed by one of unutterable relief as she righted herself. He shook off the wet hair, which was clinging to one side of his face, took a deep breath of thanksgiving, and straightened.

About six inches from his own was the prettiest face he had ever seen, and with a shock he realised that its owner was clasping him wildly round the neck. The cold, clammy surface his arm encircled was the girl's wet mackintosh.

He hastily released her, conscious of her laughter, and the moisture from her hair as she shook loose the curls which so recently had clung to his cheek.

"Gee! . . ." he muttered, tongue-tied by these happenings.

At sight of his consternation the girl's laughter broke out anew. "Don't be such an idiot!" she said. "I couldn't help it. Besides, if I hadn't grabbed at the nearest object—you—I might have broken my neck."

At the foot of the ladder they paused and surveyed each other frankly, a situation which resulted in further laughter, in which Dan joined. When this had spent itself, a tiny frown appeared between the girl's brows.

"There aren't many of us," she said, "and I thought I knew them all—by sight, anyway—but certainly I haven't seen you before. You don't look as if you'd been ill, either."

Dan smiled, his embarrassment swept away by their laughter. "I was mighty

near it in the Bay of Fundy," he confessed. "I've just transferred from the steamer."

She nodded, her eyes still filled with laughter. "Full of rejected aliens, isn't it? I don't wonder you couldn't stick it, Mr. —?"

"Waterford, Dan Waterford."

Again she nodded, this time thoughtfully. Rather a nice name, Dan, she thought. She'd never known a Dan before. Satisfied him, too . . .

"I'm Joan Donaldson—English, of course. You're Canadian, aren't you?"

"Bet your life," he laughed. "Kind of raw at that. This is my first trip to the Old Country, and I've started right in by losing my cabin. Forgot to make a note of its number. I was on my way back to locate it when you happened."

"Haven't you got a passenger list?"

Dan shook his head. "A what? That's a new breed to me. Wouldn't know its hide in a tanyard."

Again Joan laughed, this time at his quaint phrasing. "Your name won't be in it if you've only just transferred," she told him, "but if you know the names of any others in your room I'll look them up in mine. It gives the numbers of the cabins and the names of the people in them," she explained.

"I see. Quite an idea. There's only one other feller in mine, a man called . . . Gee! You haven't got a father or a brother here, I suppose?"

"I've got a father on board. Don't tell me—"

"Well, unless there's two of 'em—"

"There aren't—what fun! Come along, your cabin's Number 29. I'll show you how to find it, then we'll look for Daddy. He likes Canadians—and hates aliens. You ought to make friends." She paused thoughtfully. "By the way," she asked suddenly, "do you know anything about politics—English politics, I mean?"

"Just as much as a pig knows about side-pockets," he told her. "Why?"

He was aware, as she smiled, of two dimples and a pair of very red lips. "If you're going to share a cabin with Daddy, you'd better be warned in advance to keep off politics. He's a hard-boiled Conservative, and his bete noir is Russia."

"His—how much?"

A peal of laughter greeted his question. "I mean he loathes all things Russian, but their politics in particular, so for heaven's sake—well, you'd best avoid the subject altogether. Agree with everything he says—unless you wish to liberate a cyclone."

Dan's engaging smile appeared. "Guess I'm safe—'cause I'm plumb ignorant about Russia."

"Splendid! He'll 'educate' you!" Once more came her laugh, then more soberly: "Look, now, there's your cabin. Think you'll be able to find it again?"

Dan's eyes swept round, noting landmarks. "Sure!" he told her confidently. Then he smiled at her in the queerly pleasing way she had already noticed amongst his mannerisms. "You see," he explained, "I was raised on a prairie farm, and I'm kind of used to the open. This isn't my stampin' ground, and I feel sort of fenced-in. It's all strange to me."

She nodded. "Yes, I can understand that, but in England I'm afraid you will find many foolish and ignorant people who will laugh at you."

"Well, why not? I get a whole lot of laughs out of other folk so I've got no kick comin' if some of 'em laugh back."

For some moments she regarded him gravely. "I've been on this route several times before," she said, "but you're entirely different from the other Canadians I've met. I'm wondering why."

"We're all pretty much the same where I come from," he told her. "I guess you've been meetin' city folk from the Eastern Provinces."

"Um, praps that's it, but even so it is strange that we haven't met any prairie farmers before—you are a prairie farmer, aren't you?"

"Well, I certainly—was."

"Aren't you now?"

"No, I sold out three years back. Since then I've been . . . travellin' some."

"You'll certainly get on with father," she said with a thoughtful little nod. "He's planning to start a cattle-ranch—soldiers and sailors often take to farming of some sort in their old age, probably because they know nothing whatever about it, and are too old to learn. When father hears you were a prairie farmer he'll want you to go down to Canvey to see the land he's bought. I suppose you've never been a cowboy by any chance? If you have, well, that would settle it, so far as Daddy is concerned."

Dan chuckled. "Well, sort of. Used to do a bit of bronk-ridin' at rodeos."

"Better and better! Father will probably offer you a job! By the way, I notice you said 'no-day-o'."

Dan looked surprised. "That's the way they say it in the West, Miss Donaldson."

"Thanks for the tip. Come along, we'll see what father's doing."

They found the colonel in the smoking-room absorbed in a farming journal, an elderly man with the unmistakable stamp of professional soldier upon him. Grey hair, grey moustache, clipped short, with eyes of the same color; jaw square, handsome, and strongly built—a fighter, Dan decided if ever he had seen one. He looked up as they approached him, frowning at sight of his daughter's wet mackintosh.

"Father, this is Mr. Waterford, a Canadian who is to share your cabin, it seems."

The stern eyes of the soldier made a rapid inspection of the young man before him. "How d'you do?" he said rather shortly. They shook hands. "Sharing my cabin, did you say, Joan?" he went on as they seated themselves.

Dan himself answered the question, smiling with a shy sort of deference which did him credit, for he achieved it simply, without loss of poise. "I was travellin' steamer, Colonel, but things got a bit too hot, even for me, though I'm not particular."

"You're a Canadian, eh?" the Colonel said thoughtfully.

"I was raised on a prairie farm," replied Dan simply.

"Good! What sort of farm? Wheat? Cattle?"

"Both," smiled the Canadian.

"Mr. Waterford," interpolated Joan, "used to ride broncos at rodeos." She glanced at the young man with a smile, and he nodded, confirming her pronunciation of the word.

"Have you now?" There was a marked change in the colonel's manner. "Well, I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Waterford. After lunch we must have a chat—by the way, have you been given a table yet?"

Dan looked puzzled, and Joan came to his rescue.

"No, Daddy, but I'll see if we can get him next to us. There's plenty of room, luckily."

"Yes, do—no, don't. I'll see to it myself."

Come on, young man, it's time we got ready."

In the privacy of their own cabin, Dan became apprehensive again, and Colonel Donaldson, brushing his hair, was aware that his remarks were being answered almost at random. He swung round, the brushes poised. "Anything wrong?" he questioned.

Dan flushed. "Well—yep, I guess there is, too. I was just wonderin' if you'd kind of help me out some . . . about those knives and forks I noticed as we went through the dining-hall. You see," he added, smiling shyly, "I'm used to havin' just one of everything, and . . ." He stammered into silence.

Donald threw back his head and laughed until the cabin rang. "Good Lord!" he gasped helplessly. "I thought for a moment you wanted to borrow money! Knives and forks!" Again he laughed heartily. "All nonsense, of course. Don't worry, my boy, you'll soon get the hang of it. Watch me. I'll give you a lead."

Dan's face became one broad smile of sheer relief, and at sight of it the colonel went off into another peal of laughter. "Bless my soul!" he choked. "You mustn't mind me laughing. Does me good. So do you. Just the man I've been looking for. No dashed nonsense about you. Knives and forks, indeed! You'd have no difficulty if they were horses or steers, I'll warrant!"

"You bet I wouldn't!" agreed Dan. "But it's not only the knives and forks that scare me. I noticed a whole bunch of glasses by the side of each plate; little small ones, some of them, same as you'd use to take a dose of physic."

"Wine-glasses," explained Donaldson. "The steward won't let you go wrong there. What do you usually drink?"

"Well—tea, mostly, I guess."

Once more the soldier's hearty laugh filled the small space. "Tea!" he spluttered. "Don't you drink beer or whisky?"

"Sometimes," confessed Dan, "but mostly tea."

This time the colonel's guffaw was so whole-hearted that Dan was compelled to laugh with him, and mutual laughter is a good foundation for the building of friendship.

"Anything else you're uneasy about?" inquired the soldier, wiping his eyes.

"Sure—plenty. There's boiled shirts and claw-hammer coats."

"Ah, yes, but they're not compulsory, you know. Some wear 'em, some don't. We shall not."

Dan, however, was not deceived. He knew that such clothes were as natural to his companion as a morning bath, and although an instinctive niceness in him forbade any comment, he appreciated a similar niceness in the soldier, recognising him for the gentleman he was.

"Gee!" he murmured. "That's certainly taken a load off my mind! I've never had any, and wouldn't know how to put 'em on. D'you know, when I first looked round this cabin and saw that silk fluff of yours hanging behind the door, I was scared stiff. Come near to blind-bolting back to the bunk."

"Did you? Well, I like you the better for it. Most of our young men to-day are like a set of tailors' dummies. They need manly sports—like riding those broncos of yours. Too many human cocktail-shakers—that's our trouble. Hallo, that's the call for lunch!"

The dining-saloon that day was the least popular part of the ship, if one was to

judge by the absentees. As Dan remarked, each passenger seemed to have a waiter to himself. Between Joan, her father and a friendly steward, Dan steered a safe course through the shoals of glass and cutlery, and at the end of the meal the colonel looked at him approvingly.

"I believe you really enjoyed that lunch?" he said.

"Sure did!" smiled Dan. "But it's the first time I've eaten my dinner out of a window-frame."

"Lunch," corrected Joan, smiling at him. "not dinner. That's the evening meal. Your window-frames are called siddles. They are to stop your plate from sliding into your lap. One of the signs of bad weather; you know, like having your port-hole screwed up. You did me a good turn about rodeos, so this makes us square."

Dan acknowledged the corrections with a queerly humble sort of gratitude which Joan's father had also observed in him, but she was more than ever puzzled to account for his presence aboard the Minnetonka. It was plain that he was unused to travel of this kind: it was equally evident that he had but little money; yet, here he was. Had he friends in England? Or relatives? Somehow he did not seem the sort of man to come across the Atlantic on business . . .

In the smoking-room again she asked him if he intended a long stay in England. His reply was characteristic: "Well, now, I guess that depends on a whole lot of things, Miss Donaldson."

"I was wondering—" she began, and stopped, unwilling to appear curious as to his plans.

He was filling his pipe with tobacco he had shaved from a plug. "You see," he told her, "I've no folks back home, and no friends, either, so likely I won't stay longer than I have to—especially as I haven't much money."

"I see. Just a business trip, like ours?" she said.

His reply, as he struck a match and smiled at her, was again evasive. "Business? Well, kind of."

Colonel Donaldson cleared his throat, a sign understood by his daughter. "I believe, Waterford," he said, "that you are interested in cattle?"

Dan nodded.

"I was thinking of buying shortborns," resumed the colonel. "What's your opinion?"

"Fine all-round cattle," replied Dan unhesitatingly. "Depends what you're aimin' at, of course; but if it's milk and beef my bet would be for shortborns; if it's milk or butter—why, Friesian, Holstein, or Jersey."

"My idea, roughly," explained the soldier, "was to run a goodish dairy, selling milk and cream and butter, while the bull calves and young bullocks could go to market. You must understand, however, that I have no intention of running the ranch on the old-fashioned lines which appear to content most English dairy farmers. I'm going to adopt the methods of Canada—Joan's been taking a course in dairy work at Guelph College—and I want a practical cattleman in charge."

"Fine!" agreed Dan with enthusiasm. "Along the lines you've mentioned, I guess you'd make a big thing of it . . ."

Smiling to herself, Joan slipped quietly away, and neither of the men noticed her going. It was obvious to her that they were settling down to a long talk, and she was satisfied. Nevertheless, she could not help wondering, as she made her way to the sheltered hurricane deck, why Dan, who had tried to save money by travelling steerage, should have come five thousand odd

miles on "Business? Well, kind of"; nor could she help wondering why he was so smilingly evasive about it all.

COLONEL DONALDSON had a flat in Belize Park; he had recently bought a five-roomed bungalow on Canvey Island, where he intended to start his dairy farm. He invited Dan Waterford to stay with him in London for a few days, and then go on to Canvey to inspect the grazing and advise him regarding fences, water, and kindred matters. Dan, however, would give no definite promise.

"You see," explained the Canadian, "I'm not sure where I'll be, or where I'll have to go, but if I do come to London, I'll surely pay a call at Belize Park."

"Any time you like. Don't stand on ceremony, or any nonsense of that kind, my boy," the soldier had answered.

Joan was more practical. "Listen, Dan," she said, offering her own hand. "You don't know anybody here"—she waved her hand towards the dim mistiness ahead which was Liverpool. "Please don't forget that you have friends in London who will be waiting for you to come and see them when you can—particularly if we can help you in any way."

Dan looked from one to the other. He hated this parting. "Gee—you're swell!" he said simply. "I certainly wouldn't hesitate to ask your help if I need it. Maybe I shall."

A prolonged, deep-throated blast warned London passengers to prepare for landing; other passengers would not be landed till morning. The Donaldsons went in search of their hand-baggage, leaving Dan, who was going ashore on the morrow.

It was all so strange to him, this dark river with its miles of docks, its congested shipping, and its almost ceaseless activity; strange as that desert had been strange, two years ago. He was aware of sudden and intense loneliness—such loneliness as he had felt that day, three years ago, when he had come home to his deserted farm.

In the great city which looked behind those lights nobody wanted him. In all the length and breadth of England he had but two friends, and already separation from them had begun. For the first time his purpose seemed vain and pointless. How in this unknown country might he hope to find the man he sought? If the Gigantic had docked ahead of the Minnetonka, who was to say where Monpessa had gone? Or by what name he would be known? The thing seemed hopeless, but once again, as it had done in the past, Joan's face came to him out of the darkness, and he knew that somewhere, somehow, he would find Monpessa.

Obviously, the first step was to ascertain if the Gigantic had arrived, and if she had, to procure one of her passenger lists.

ON the following morning Dan went ashore with the remaining passengers, passed his trunk through the customs, and found a porter to take it to the cloakroom. It occurred to him that the porter might be able to help him. Yes, the Gigantic had docked two days ago; at sight of a two-shilling-piece the porter became confidential. "Just hang around for a few minutes, sir, and I'll slip out and show you how to get to her dock."

Having at last found the ship, Dan made the discovery that to go aboard her was not the simple matter he had imagined it to be. Her gangways were guarded by suspicious men in uniform who inquired his business, but Dan Waterford had learned the power of the silver coin, and once again it proved a key by which to open closed doors.

He had expected to meet a friend, had he? Well, that was different. The suspicion vanished from the mind of the uniformed official; he was now anxious to oblige the gentleman. With this end in view he called a white-jacketed saloon steward, who—for a consideration—procured Dan a list of the first-class passengers, afterwards finding him the cabin steward who had attended Monpessa during the voyage.

Dan did not like that cabin steward. A shifty, ingratiating little Cockney he was; half a crown bought him. Yes, he remembered the gentleman very well—he had been lavish, Dan gathered, in the matter of tips. No, he could not say where the gentleman had gone because one of the dock stewards had taken up the hand-baggage. No, the dock steward was now ashore—he lived in Liverpool—but he could tell Dan where to find him.

The dock steward, it seemed, was known amongst his friends as "Chesty"; when in his home port, he could be found almost any night at the Brown Bottle in Water-side Lane, and thence, at half past seven that evening, Dan Waterford made his way.

It was not a nice neighborhood down there on the waterfront. It was noisy, dark, and had evil odors. The narrow ways were dirty and littered. The Brown Bottle was a dingy little beer-house at the corner of two narrow streets, one of which ended thirty yards further on at the backs of warehouses fronting the river.

The doors of the beer-house were wide open, and the bar-room was crowded with seamen and women. To Dan, who loved clean air, the place was nauseating with its reek of beer and shag tobacco, but he pushed his way in, ordered a bitter, and inquired of the barman for Chesty.

The dock steward, better dressed and cleaner than most of those present, was another thin-faced sharp-eyed Cockney. He pushed his way over to Dan, a dripping glass in his hand.

"Looking for Mr. Monpessa?" he inquired with a grin which was almost a leer.

Dan nodded. "I want his present address."

The steward grinned again, then winked.

"What's it worth to you?" he questioned.

Dan stared into the steward's shifty eyes unsmilingly. "Half a crown," he replied with a firmness which could not be mistaken.

The steward laughed unpleasantly. "A half a quid you mean, don't you?" he inquired insolently.

"No, I don't. I mean half a crown."

Again the Cockney's eyes passed over him. "Oh, well, seem' you're broke I don't mind 'elping you," he said at last with an air of patronage which made Dan long to choke him. "What do you want 'im for?"

"That's my business."

The steward gave him a sharp glance. "If you're interested in the lady," he said, "I could tell you something—for a quid?"

"Well, I'm not."

"All right, keep your 'air on, mate!" He drank his beer without lowering the glass, then caught a passing potman by the arm.

"Same again, Charlie, and one for yourself. My friend the Prince will pay." He jerked his head towards Dan, who was watching him distastefully.

The potman grinned and nodded.

When the drinks arrived, Chesty bent his head towards Dan's ear in a confidential manner. "Drink up," he whispered. "We'll get out of 'ere—see?"

Dan paid with a ten-shilling note, giving the steward half a crown from the change. They swallowed their drinks and left the place.

They had gone but a short distance when Dan felt queerly faint, and wondered if English beer was stronger than he had supposed. The grey ribbon of the pavement began to seewaw; then, without warning, it came up like a plank and struck him between the eyes—or so afterwards he described it.

When he next awoke he was aware of pain, and realised that he was being kicked into consciousness.

"Wake up, you drunken loafer!" said a voice.

Then he felt himself lifted bodily and flung out into the street. He lay for a while where he fell, his head throbbing so agonisingly that he could scarcely see, but he got to his feet at last and walked d. unkenly down the street, conscious that it was daylight, and that he was still amidst the stums of the waterfront, though where he had no idea.

He passed a coffee-house with a large board across its front: "Good Pull-Up for Carmen." Coffee . . . yes, that might clear his head a little. He went in, dropping heavily upon a wooden form beside a trestle table. Several stevedores eyed him curiously, then winked at one another.

"Got a hang-over, mate?" asked one of them good-naturedly.

Dan paid no heed. It is doubtful if he heard. In any case the phrase was new to him. He drank half a pint of coffee essence and water; scalding hot it was, and served in a chipped mug, but he felt the better for it, and ordered some of the bread and cheese which he noticed the stevedores were eating. Thinking over the events of the previous night he saw that he had walked into the simplest of traps like a veritable greenhorn.

He called the proprietor—a small, seedy-looking man who looked as if he could do with a good sleep. "What day is this?" asked Dan.

The proprietor regarded him for some moments suspiciously, wiping wet hands on his trousers the while. "Why, Friday, of course. Don't yer know that?"

Dan thanked him. It had been Wednesday when he called at the Brown Bottle. Yes, there certainly must have been something in that beer . . .

The proprietor was still watching him curiously.

"That," he said, "will be fourpence." He held out a grimy palm for the money.

It was then that Dan made the discovery that he had no money in his possession. Chesty, it seemed, had robbed him too . . .

He glanced up at the proprietor, who had waited with growing suspicion while the Canadian turned out his pockets.

"Looks like I've been robbed," said Dan quietly. "You see, I'm a Canadian. Just landed, and I'm not on to your ways in this country—yet. Now listen, and don't rear up. I've got a trunk full of stuff in the cloak-room at the dockside station—look, here's the check. There's four hundred dollars in that trunk, so you'd best get your hat and come along with me while I get it."

When he had paid off the coffee-house keeper and put his trunk back into the cloakroom, Dan went into the nearest chemist's shop. A fresh-faced, middle-aged woman wearing a long coat of white linen confronted him behind the counter.

"Good-day, ma'am! Guess this is a drug store, isn't it?"

The woman smiled and nodded.

"Maybe I could see the boss?"

"The boss? You mean the proprietor?"

"Sure."

"I am the proprietor," she smiled.

Dan stared in astonishment. A qualified woman chemist was something new to him. "Gosh!" he said, slowly and wonderingly. "You can fix physic and all that?"

"Certainly." She pointed, smilingly, to a framed qualification certificate which hung between the rows of glass jars behind her.

The ghost of Dan's smile appeared and his face cleared. "You must excuse my ignorance, ma'am," he apologized. "I'm Canadian."

The woman laughed then as Colonel Donaldson had laughed about the knives and forks, but it was kindly laughter. "Have you just landed?" she asked, suddenly grave. "You don't look very well."

"Well, I've just been landed—high, wide, and handsome!" he made answer ruefully, and told her of the Brown Bottle and its sequel. He related the facts with little smiles and without bitterness.

When he had finished, she slowly nodded. "I'm sorry," she said. "I'm afraid that sort of thing often happens in seaport towns. Won't you come in and sit down for a little while? I shouldn't like you to think that the English are all like that; in the meantime I'll make you up something."

She led the way round the end of the counter to a cosy room, making him comfortable in an armchair and handing him a box of cigarettes.

"You're certainly very kind, ma'am," said Dan gratefully.

"Rubbish! Make yourself at home; I shan't be long."

Soon she returned with a small glass which she handed to him with a smile. "That will put you right," she said.

He thanked her gravely and drank; then he rose, but she gently pushed him back into his chair again. There was that about him which she liked instinctively, and she wondered what had led him to such a place as the Brown Bottle.

"Have you no friends in England, Mr. . . .?"

"Waterford—Dan Waterford. Yes, I've two friends; folk I met comin' over, but they're now in London."

She smiled. "Now I'm going to cook you something," she said.

Dan rose hastily in protest. "See here, ma'am, you're surely been kind, but—"

"Have you an appointment or something?" she asked.

"No, but—"

"Then sit down, please. I want to talk to you while I cook you an omelet. I've been in Canada myself, and my husband was in the 10th C.M.R.'s at the beginning of the war, so you see I am half Canadian, and I've a right to do something for a fellow countryman, haven't I?"

Dan enjoyed the meal she cooked for him, and afterwards they talked of Canada, and particularly the prairie provinces which she knew fairly well, and when he left, an hour later, Dan felt a different man—and said so. She invited him to supper that evening to meet her husband. Dan gravely thanked her but declined. He might be on his way to London by then, he explained; at present he could not say with certainty.

He spent the afternoon wandering about Liverpool, interested in the docks, St. George's Hall, and the Walker Art Gallery. At seven o'clock he walked down to Water-side Lane—and waited. He waited an hour before Chesty appeared: he was walking towards the Brown Bottle with another man, also of the steward class, and was not a little startled when Dan suddenly stopped squarely into his path.

The Canadian's strong hand closed upon the steward's shoulder, and he addressed the other man without looking at him.

"Vamoose!" he said curtly.

The man addressed, after one startled glance at Dan's face, hastily obeyed. The word may have been new to him, but the tone was unmistakable.

"What do you want?" snarled Chesty.

"Just three things. First, my money. Hand it over!"

Chesty acted wisely. He did not hesitate, but produced a roll of bills in silence and handed them to Dan. Chesty knew a killer when he saw one.

"Second, Monpessa's address—and see it's the right one!"

"Moran's Hotel, Adelphi, London," came the prompt answer.

"Right! And thirdly—this!" Dan's fist thudded as he spoke upon either side of steward's jaw, and the fellow dropped as a bullock drops beneath the pole-axe.

Dan glanced down at him and walked away towards Lime Street station, at which he had called during the afternoon. At a post office he stopped to purchase a stamped card, which he addressed in a sprawling, unformed hand to "Mrs. Ewen, The Drug Store, Nankin Street, Liverpool." On the reverse he wrote:

"I paid one debt this evening, but I owe you a whole heap for what you did for me this morning. One day, maybe, I'll be able to pay that, too."

"D. Waterford."

He blotted the card with slow deliberation and dropped it into the post-box. Then he went on to get his trunk and a ticket to London.

If Mrs. Van Benham was overdressed, she was also undeniably handsome. She was aware, when passing down the famous grill-room, that her figure attracted glances from many of the those who dined; this pleased her because she knew her escort would be pleased.

A waiter led them to their table and handed them menus, but Mrs. Van Benham left the choice to her escort, watching him as he smilingly gave their order with the air of a man to whom food is of great importance. The woman's eyes scarcely left his face.

Mrs. Van Benham, forty-six years old, had recklessly abandoned a millionaire husband, her two children, and her reputation rather than face parting with this man when he came to Europe.

Many women had shared her infatuation for Ramon Monpessa, but in Beatrice Van Benham the thing was an obsession obvious to all. Her glances lingered upon his eyes, his mouth—a self-indulgent mouth—and the polished blackness of his wavy hair.

His own glances were tender, and she did not notice that most of them rested upon her emerald necklace, the large black pearls she wore for earrings, or upon the multiplicity of diamonds which covered her plump wrists and fingers. Privately, he considered the woman old and rather distasteful, but at least he had the satisfaction of knowing that she had come to him well dowered. Those emeralds, for instance; they were worth twenty thousand pounds if they were worth a penny; the earrings, owing to their size and color, he put at another two thousand; then, of course, there were the diamonds.

Monpessa, smiling at her tenderly, told himself that he was content. The woman was plastic in his hands; she believed that he loved her just as madly as she loved him;

he had but to express a wish to her and it was instantly gratified.

He refilled her glass, meeting her ardent glance with just the tenderness, yet bold assurance, which appealed to such women. The thing, he told himself, would be simplicity itself. It was all arranged. At their hotel he had booked rooms that both opened upon the same balcony.

He offered her his jewelled cigarette-case. Gold it was, a present from Beatrice herself. He lit her cigarette with an air of infinite tenderness and care for her, even in so small a matter as the holding of a lighted match. As a lover, Ramon was flawless.

He ordered liqueurs: for himself benedictine, for her creme de menthe; he never forgot a woman's tastes in such trifles. He watched the effects of the wine she had drunk, and decided they would not have coffee. He must get her away soon, before the wine made her too indiscreet.

At two o'clock the following morning Monpessa, in silk pyjamas and a perfumed dressing gown, opened the glass doors leading to the verandah and stepped out. Except for the whine of a late taxi speeding up the deserted Embankment the night was quiet. His slippers of soft leather made no sound upon the leaded verandah as he passed like a shadow to the doors of Mrs. Van Benham's room. He smiled to himself to find them closed, but unlatched.

The curtained doors swung inward at a touch. He gently closed them behind him and tiptoed towards the bed. The evening's drinks, he saw, had taken the desired effect; Beatrice was sleeping heavily.

His glance swept round to the dressing-table. The jewels were scattered upon it with the same thoughtless indifference with which her clothes were scattered about the room. Chairs and bed-rail were strewn with stockings and underwear of the finest textured silk, and the atmosphere was heavy with lily-of-the-valley, the perfume she favored; a bowl of these frail flowers, which he had sent up to her soon after their arrival, stood in front of a large portrait of himself. On the same little table lay three valuable diamond rings, which he transferred in passing to the pocket of his dressing-gown.

He walked over to the dressing-table and picked up the necklace of emeralds. They were large stones and he handled them lovingly, passing sensitive fingers over them as he estimated their weight, and the weight of their platinum setting. At last he wrapped the necklace in a clean handkerchief and placed it in his pocket with the rings.

The diamond bracelets he examined with even greater care, for he had not before handled them. The stones were all of fine quality and some of them were very large.

When he had disposed of the jewels, he sought Beatrice's crocodile bag, in which, on his own advice, she kept a large sum in bank-notes. The bag lay unfastened upon a side table, and again Monpessa smiled. How careless she was! She deserved to lose her money.

He counted the notes leisurely; in all they amounted to something over £3000. A sudden impulse which was more sadism than charity made him remove a fifty-pound note from the bundle and return it to her bag. That would enable her to pay the hotel bill and find cheaper quarters, but it was not enough to permit any proper search for himself.

He had given strict orders that Beatrice

was not to be disturbed. She would probably sleep until ten o'clock, or even later. He, himself, would be leaving at seven. He had ample time, she would not realise that he had gone; by the time she did he would have reached Paris. Even if Beatrice suspected a connection between his sudden departure and the loss of her money and jewels—a very unlikely possibility, he fancied—she was not in a position to make any great fuss, even supposing she wished to do so.

Looking round the room to make certain that he had forgotten nothing, his eyes encountered the jewelled platinum watch which he had given her upon her forty-sixth birthday. It had cost him a good deal of money, that watch; when Ramon paid court to the wife of a millionaire, he did the thing handsomely. Pocketing the watch, he turned to go.

He paused at the curtained doors to raise his hand in tropical salute to the woman who slept; then, pulling open the doors, he stepped out upon the verandah—to halt suddenly, with a gasp of sheer dismay. Facing him, his back to the iron railing of the verandah, stood a masked man. The man held an automatic pistol the muzzle but a few inches from Monpessa's abdomen.

For seconds Monpessa did not move; he scarcely breathed, but his mind was cool and his brain active.

He was in an exceedingly awkward position, but he told himself that he had been in many other difficult situations—and had emerged from them safely.

The masked man did not speak, but his attitude was all the more menacing for that. His gesture now was as plain as speech. Obediently, Monpessa pushed back the doors and stepped back into the room, his companion following. The automatic followed Ramon's movements in a slow, deliberate manner which made him cold. This, he realised, was no ordinary thief, nor was there any bluff in his attitude as he silently pointed to Monpessa's pockets, then to the dressing-table.

Ramon shrugged, acknowledging the force of circumstances which left him no choice save obedience—and began to disgorge, silently replacing the jewellery where he had found it. Then he looked round at the masked man inquiringly. The latter pointed to the crocodile bag, and with a little sigh Monpessa obeyed. The woman slept on.

Still obedient, Monpessa passed out of the room again, the masked man close behind him. Along the verandah they went until they reached the doors of Monpessa's room, which they entered, the masked man closing the doors behind them. The light in this room was still burning, and Monpessa walked unhurriedly to an easy-chair and seated himself. Then he took a cigarette from his gold case and lighted it.

"Well," he said, "suppose you explain?" "Suppose anything you like," was the reply. "That lady in there left her husband and kids, believin' you would marry her when her divorce is through. She's in love with you."

"Matrimonial agent?" suggested Monpessa, sneering.

"Maybe—but it's true, isn't it?"

"She may be in love, but how do you know she'd be willing to marry me? As a matter of fact, she is married already."

The other nodded. "Sure, I know. But she'll shortly be divorced. When she is, you've got to marry her."

"Ah, you're not trying to force me into bigamy then?"

"No, but I'm seel'n' to it that she gets a square deal. It isn't often a woman gets a square deal from you, Monpessa, but this one's goin' to—see? Maybe she won't be so happy, but she's goin' to be more unhappy if you let her down. Married, she'll have the law on her side. She can make you keep her. As things stand she can't."

"Suppose I refuse—as, of course, I do?"

"To-morrow," went on the other, ignoring the question, "you'll go out and arrange for a special licence, so that there'll be no waitin'. If you don't you are sure goin' to be sorry—darn good and sorry!"

Monpessa laughed softly. "Is that a threat, my friend?"

The masked man shook his head. "No—it's a promise."

He walked to the door, opened it quietly and left the room. Monpessa made no attempt to follow him; he did not rise from his chair, but continued to smoke with a thoughtful little smile. Not for one moment did he doubt his visitor's sincerity. The man had meant every word he said—of that there could be no doubt whatever. But who was he? How had he found out about Beatrice, and what was his motive for all this?

Monpessa had an active brain and it was not long in finding an answer to some of these questions. His visitor, he decided, must be one of Beatrice's former lovers, and his motive, of course, was jealousy. Monpessa smiled. Childish, of course, for the fellow to imagine that he could order Ramon Monpessa to marry in such a fashion—but awkward, nevertheless.

Well, there were two days in which to deal with the fellow; Ramon could have dealt with him in half that time or less; a visit to the registrar for special licences would probably satisfy him, and there was no harm in calling and making a few inquiries. The problem, after all, was a simple one, and in the meantime nobody was any the wiser . . . except that visitor of his, and he was going to be dealt with . . .

There being no longer any reason for rising earlier, Monpessa took his perfumed bath at nine o'clock and, after a leisurely breakfast, made inquiries regarding the nearest offices for special licences. Having obtained an address he sent the porter for a taxi. It amused Ramon to speculate as to which of the guests and loungers was his visitor of last night. He had no doubt whatever that he was being kept under observation, and in spite of his smile and his air of tranquillity he was keeping a sharp watch for any sign which might betray his enemy. The fellow was young, and he was either an American or a Canadian—so much Monpessa knew, but that was all.

When his taxi sped away from the hotel he looked through the back window for a following vehicle, but the traffic was too congested, and he gave up the attempt as hopeless. He was satisfied in his mind that he was being followed, nevertheless, and arriving at his destination he entered without looking round, spent some minutes making inquiries and chatting with the official in charge, thanked him, and still smiling returned to his waiting taxi.

Back in his room at the hotel again, he removed his hat and gloves, sprayed his hair with perfume from one of the cut-glass atomisers, lit a cigarette, and sat down to wait.

Some time later, at the sound of a discreet knock, he bade his visitor enter. A man came into the room, closing the door softly behind him. Monpessa smiled, offered

him a chair and a cigarette, and prepared to listen. A quarter of an hour later the man withdrew, leaving Monpessa smiling as before.

He was in a pleasant mood, for soon that venturesome fellow of last night's unpleasant incident would be rendered null and void. True he had delayed Ramon's coup twenty-four hours, but he had also provided some small diversion, and Ramon—now that he had dealt with him—forgave the fellow freely.

Then, dismissing his masked visitor from his mind, he went to pay his final homage to a lady whose head, he feared, must by now be aching terribly.

A few minutes after Monpessa left the office for special licences, Dan Waterford entered it. In a few more minutes he had ascertained the truth. Monpessa had merely made inquiries; that was all.

The hint given him by Chesey, the deck steward, as to Monpessa's immediate activities had been sufficient. A few drinks with the hotel baggage porter had supplied the rest. The baggage porter, it seemed, knew all about Mrs. Van Benham, and retailed it for Dan's benefit while they drank bottled beer in a snug little bar off Villiers Street.

By the time Dan entered the hotel to book a room, he was in possession of all the facts of importance, even to the position and numbers of the bedrooms occupied by Mrs. Van Benham and Monpessa. The baggage porter, enriched to the extent of a ten-shilling note, proved a firm ally. He introduced Dan to the chambermaid concerned, and the chambermaid—a young and impressionable girl from the Provinces—liked Dan's eyes and smile rather more than was good for her peace of mind. The rest was easy.

THROUGHOUT the remainder of the day Monpessa smiled at intervals concerning the fate of his masked visitor, and that night he dressed for dinner with even more care than usual, returning to his mirror at the last moment for a final and admiring glance at his own reflection, and to spray once more the sleek black waves of his hair with that erotic perfume which he used so freely.

When at length he descended to the Grill Room, he fancied that he wore his faultless evening clothes with an air of distinction, and in high good humor he kissed the plump white hands which his lady surrendered to him. Many glances were turned upon them as they walked to their table—glances, he believed, of admiration. That his whole appearance might be offensive to most Englishmen would never have occurred to him; nor did he guess that the whispered comments he observed at adjoining tables were far from being the flattering tributes he believed them to be.

During dinner he made love to Beatrice Van Benham with so much subtlety and tenderness that she, poor woman, believed herself in paradise, nor dreamed that the bubbling wine with which he filled her glass so constantly—"to make diamonds of her eyes"—was really designed to drug her, that she might later be robbed as she slept.

They took their liquors in the lounge, and again Monpessa was pleasantly conscious of many glances. So light-hearted was his mood that he upped the waiter with a generosity which amounted to sheer ostentation.

In the midst of these pleasant reflections he became aware that Beatrice was staring at him in astonishment, if not in alarm. He stared back at her, vaguely uneasy, wondering why she looked at him so strangely.

"What . . . what's wrong with your . . . your hair?" she asked suddenly.

"My hair?" Mechanically he passed his hand over it, and then with a harsh oath he leapt to his feet and rushed toward the lift. The liftman stared, too, but Monpessa paid him no more heed than he had paid to the startled cry of Beatrice in the lounge.

Safe in his own room, the door securely locked, he hastened breathlessly to his mirror. One glance was enough: his hair—his beautiful, wavy black hair—had gone! Only a few discolored tufts remained! The rest had fallen away at the touch of his fingers!

For some minutes, white and shaking, he stared at that unfamiliar face which stared back at him from the mirror. He was bald, hideous, and his very scalp was burning! It was disaster . . . incredible disaster! . . .

He heard repeated knocking at his door, and Beatrice calling to him. He turned to the door in frenzy: "Go away!" he shouted. The knocking ceased, to be replaced by the sounds of a woman sobbing.

It was as he turned back towards the mirror that he became aware that he was not alone, and with a startled cry he swung round, to see, standing near the glass doors leading to the balcony, his masked visitor of the previous night.

Outside the door of Monpessa's room upon the night of the attempted robbery, Dan Waterford stuffed the mask into his pocket and regained his own room in safety. Monpessa, he reflected, was certainly cool in emergency; even now Dan was doubtful whether the man was greatly disturbed. Well, everything depended now upon whether Monpessa bought that licence in the morning . . .

Standing outside Doctors' Commons, Dan considered his next move, and with a vague idea of getting back to familiar ground, caught a bus back to Charing Cross. He walked up St. Martin's Lane, turning into the Fifty Restaurant for a coffee—one of the English habits which Dan had picked up since coming to London. He sat down with a sigh of thankfulness.

While he smoked a pipe and drank his coffee he gave his mind to the problem presented by Monpessa and planned to strike a blow at the man's personal appearance—but how? He visualised Monpessa's room, its cosmetics, its silken garments, its ornamented silver toilet-set, its scent sprays . . . scent sprays . . . his black and wavy hair . . .

Suppose—just suppose—that instead of perfume in those sprays there was something else, something injurious to that wavy black hair of which Monpessa was so proud? But what?

Dan knew nothing of chemistry, but he did know something of wireless sets, and had burnt his clothing with acid from the batteries—diluted acid, at that. Yep, sulphuric acid sprayed in the hair would probably do it, and a feller could buy the stuff, too . . . any hardware store would probably sell it. He'd have to water the stuff down a bit, though, or maybe it would burn through to the scalp. Then there was all that grease which Monpessa put on his hair. That would probably resist the acid . . . he guessed it would have to be a pretty strong solution, after all . . .

He paid for his coffee and left the restaurant, turning up St. Martin's Lane in search of the required shop. He found one round the corner in New Street, and had no great difficulty in purchasing a small

quantity of the acid. Then he walked on, past the back of the Coliseum to his hotel, where, during the luncheon hour, he contrived to carry out his purpose.

It occurred to him later that he should perhaps have called at a drug store to make some inquiries as to the effects of sulphuric acid. Maybe he had put too little in the scent-sprays, maybe too much—enough to scalp the fellow. Well, it was done now, he'd just have to wait and see.

So engrossed was Dan in his problem that he had not the slightest suspicion that he was being closely watched, nor did he dream that he had been observed when leaving Monpessa's room, or that when he went out to lunch two ordinary-looking men were dogging his footsteps.

At the top of Villiers Street he halted uncertainly, wondering how one got to Belaise Park from Charing Cross. Several cars and taxis were emerging cautiously into the Strand, and Dan stood waiting for them before crossing to Charing Cross station. While he waited, a small private car purred to a halt at his side. Dan glanced round, the driver smiled and shrugged.

"It's quicker to walk!" he said disgustedly. "Taken me twenty minutes from Ludgate Circus."

Dan knew nothing of Ludgate Circus, nor did he know that the driver was one of the men who had followed him from the hotel, but he understood that the man was referring to the traffic congestion.

"It sure is fierce!" he agreed, smiling. "Say, I suppose you couldn't put me wise as to how a feller gets to Belaise Park from here? I'm a stranger in this country," he ended.

"Belaise Park?" repeated the motorist. "That's where I'm going—want a lift?" He glanced down at the vacant seat beside him as he spoke.

"Gosh, that would be swell!" "Hop in, then," invited the driver good-naturedly. "We'll be moving in a moment. Can't hang around at corners in London, you know."

Dan willingly complied, and as he did so the motorist nodded slightly to someone moving with the crowd upon the pavement.

"How far is it?" questioned Dan as the car left the kerb and slid into the traffic-stream.

"Oh, a bit outside town. Won't take us long," replied the other casually as the car swung northward into Charing Cross Road. "Haven't you been there before?"

"Never in my life," laughed Dan. "I'm new to London and haven't the foggiest idea whether Belaise Park lies north, south, east, or west."

The motorist's mouth twitched as though he repressed a smile only with some difficulty. "It's north-west from here," he replied, swinging the car round to cross the back of the National Gallery. Things, he reflected, were going to be easy.

The car executed some amazing twists and turns calculated to puzzle even the most alert of passengers, and was soon running smoothly over Westminster Bridge.

"What address do you want?" questioned the driver. "I'll drop you there if it isn't too much out of my way."

Dan gave him the Donaldsons' address; the driver repeated it slowly, as a man does when trying to recall the name of a street—or commit an address to memory. "H'm, I think I know where Antrim Mansions are," he said at last. "If you don't mind waiting a few minutes while I make a call, I'll drive you to the door."

"Sure, that will suit me fine," replied Dan cheerfully, thinking of his meeting with the Donaldsons. They'd be surprised

to see him, and he guessed they'd be kind of pleased at that . . .

They sped on. Then the car left the main road and began to thread a maze of quiet streets where large houses stood prosperously within their own grounds. Through the drive gate of one such house the car turned, coming to a stop in the gravelled space, enclosed by great masses of rhododendrons that fronted the house.

"This," explained the motorist, "is where I have to stop. You don't mind waiting a few minutes?" He smiled in a friendly way which was very disarming, and offered his cigarette-case.

"That's O.K. with me—no, I'll have a pipe, thanks."

Dan felt in his pockets while the motorist went into the house—a square-built Georgian mansion with flat walls, and many windows evenly spaced. Forgetting to smoke, Dan studied it with care, his glance travelling slowly round as though he wished to remember each detail of the building and its surroundings. Two small oak trees stood nearby, and Dan's eyes lingered long upon them with a thoughtful air; then, slowly, he nodded, as though in confirmation of something.

Then his attention was given to the interior of the car, and now his eyes moved swiftly, as if in search of something. Beneath the seat he noticed the edge of a tool-box. He slid it quietly forward, looked inside, and selected a ten-inch steel spanner, which he slipped into one of the side pockets of his jacket. He pushed back the tool-box and got out of the car, closing the door behind him rather noisily. Then he began to walk down the drive, his shoes kicking up the loose gravel at every step.

He had gone but a few yards when he heard the sounds of raised voices from the house; immediately afterwards came shouts and the clatter of running feet behind him. Dan continued, grimly upon his way, his right hand in his jacket pocket, the end of the steel spanner clutched tightly in his fingers.

"Here! Come back! Where are you going?"

Dan turned round. His friend the motorist was running towards him, followed by another and bigger man. Both looked somewhat excited.

"What's the trouble?" questioned the Canadian in tones of astonishment.

The motorist halted uncertainly, then broke into an uneasy laugh. "I was afraid you had got tired of waiting," he said rather breathlessly, "but I'm ready now."

"O.K. I'll walk down and open the gate for you," replied Dan, remembering that the driver had halted to close the gate after him.

"Plenty of time for that," replied the other. "What about a drink before we go?" Then, turning to his big companion with a smile: "Think it could be managed, Harvey?"

The man addressed grunted what sounded like an affirmative, and Dan gave him a searching look. The fellow had a back-sloping skull . . . touch of nigger in him somewhere . . . well muscled . . . a tough guy to handle . . .

As Dan did not reply, the motorist laid a friendly but firm hand upon his arm. "Come along!" he smiled. "Don't tell me you're going to refuse a drink?"

"Well, I am—thanks all the same," replied the Canadian, his eyes still upon Harvey.

"What's the matter?" asked the motorist. "Not offended, are you?"

Reluctantly, it seemed, Dan's eyes left the

big man's face and came round to that of the speaker. "You ask what's the matter? Well—plenty!" he answered, looking the motorist squarely in the eyes, to that gentleman's discomfort. "You workin' for Monpessa?"

The motorist started and glanced uneasily towards Harvey. "I don't understand you," he said. "Who's Monpessa?"

Dan smiled faintly—that is to say his mouth curved as though smiling, but his eyes were cold. "Just a nasty little crook," he answered. Then his voice changed suddenly. "Now, look here, feller, next time you take a man for a joy-ride see that you go in the direction you're supposed to be headin'—get that?"

The motorist looked puzzled. "I still don't understand," he replied with a short laugh.

"No? Well, you figured you'd drive me to Belaise Park, didn't you? North-west, you said. We've come south-west."

Again the motorist laughed. "My dear fellow," he said, "you are quite mistaken. This house is five or six miles north-west of Charing Cross, and—"

Dan shook his head. "I'm not—blind," he affirmed. "Say, where's north—from here?"

"Why, that way, of course!" the motorist pointed.

Again Dan shook his head. "You've got no bushecraft," he answered. "You were pointin' south. And you darn well know it!"

The motorist with a gesture of helplessness appealed to the big man, but Dan broke in: "Take a look at those oak trees some time," he advised, "and bear it in mind that moss and lichen is always thickest on the north side of trees and rocks, and maybe you forget that street names on the houses have S.W. on them; and perhaps you didn't think that the sun happens to be shinin'?" There's a little trick to tell the points of the compass by turning the hour-hand of a watch towards the sun—ever heard of it?"

"Say, the real trouble with you is that you're just plumb stupid! I don't know what you did it for, but take my tip—stay on your own trail. If you know what's good for you, you'll beat it back to the house and stay right there till I'm gone—see?"

He turned to go, but the motorist grasped his arm. "Stop him, Harvey!" he cried excitedly.

Dan pushed him aside, his eyes upon the man Harvey. "Stand right where you are!" he warned, producing the spanner from his pocket.

For answer, Harvey rushed him, and ducking to avoid the spanner, clasped the Canadian's legs in a low tackle, jerking the ankles forward. Dan, the spanner flying harmlessly from his hand, came down on his back with a thump which deprived him momentarily of breath, and in a moment the two were on top of him.

Dan made no immediate effort at resistance; he was getting his breath back. The motorist now sat astride his chest, knees gripping ribs, hands pressing Dan's shoulders into the gravel, while Harvey had his legs in a grip which permitted little hope of breaking free.

For panting moments Dan considered the situation. The motorist did not greatly trouble him; he could handle the fellow with ease. Harvey, however, was a bird of a different color; he was quite as strong as Dan, and a good deal heavier; but not for nothing had Dan Waterford wrestled with Texan steers. There was a sudden and mighty heave of his body which flung the motorist forward; his head was caught in

Dan's waiting hands and twisted with a wrench that nearly broke his neck. With a cry of sheer agony he rolled clear.

For a fleeting second Dan saw the great outstretched hands of Harvey at his throat; the next, Dan's head butted hard—an upward blow which caught the big fellow under the chin and left him with his tongue half bitten through. Dan, his eyes blazing, rose to his feet and looked down upon his injured opponents, neither of whom showed any further inclination to fight.

"Listen, you two!" he said, his voice shaking with rage. "If either of you ever lay one finger on me again, I'll give you something real to remember me by—and take a heck of a lot of pleasure in doing it. That clear?"

Neither answered him, and turning away Dan brushed his clothes with his hand, picked up his hat, and started down the drive once more, deciding grimly that the next time he asked for information in London he'd pick a policeman.

He walked on in the direction from which they had come until he reached a main road where trams and buses were running. On the advice of the policeman on point duty he boarded an Embankment tram, alighting at Charing Cross Underground station at tea-time.

By then his rage had abated, and he was ready to laugh at himself for the ease with which he had stepped into the trap. Well, he told himself, it was plain that Monpessa had spotted him, and had taken steps to have him removed from the scene of action; it might have come off, too, if he hadn't tumbled to the direction the car was taking; if he had entered that house . . .

DAN went back to the Fifty Restaurant for an early dinner; it was a good deal cheaper than dining at the hotel, and in any case he wanted to keep out of the way until Monpessa had dined.

It was certainly a pity, he reflected, that his visit to Belaise Park was spoiled. He had looked forward with a good deal of eagerness to meeting the Donaldsons again. Still, maybe to-morrow . . .

At half past eight he returned to his room at the hotel to await developments. Suppose Monpessa sprayed his evening clothes with that acid? He did sometimes use the scent-sprays on his clothes. . . . Gosh, what a shock the feller was goin' to get! . . .

He decided to pay a call on him and he arrived just as Monpessa had made his tragic discovery.

For some moments Monpessa stared at his masked visitor of the previous night incredulously. It was impossible. It couldn't be . . . Hadn't Monpessa arranged for his removal? Hadn't he received a telephone message that this man had been taken to some safe place in the suburbs? Then, why was he here? Had he escaped? . . . But how?

For some seconds his brain refused belief; then a gust of rage swept over him. He remembered the disaster which had overtaken him, and the threat spoken by this masked visitor the previous night.

"You did this!" he cried shrilly. "You—!" He burst into a rapid flow of Spanish.

"Sure, I did it," replied Dan quietly; "but don't say you weren't warned. This is just a start."

"A—start?" Monpessa gazed at him in horror, his cheeks wet with tears of rage and self-pity. "What—what do you mean?"

"I mean this," was the reply. "You've

been gettin' away with it for years, Monpessa, but here's where you stop. Right now, you're almin' to leave Mrs. Van Benham stranded—Isn't that the truth? You figured on stealin' her jewels and her money, afterwards leavin' her to stand the racket. Well, you're not gettin' away with that, anyway; you're goin' to marry the dame, but right now you're going to sit down and write what I tell you." He pointed to a stationery rack upon a writing-table against the wall.

"Get a pen and a sheet of paper."

"I won't!"

"No?" Dan walked over, and Monpessa backed away; his hands held before him as though to ward off a blow, but his visitor pushed them contemptuously aside and his strong fingers closed round Monpessa's throat. "Are you going to get that pen and paper?" he asked.

"Yes—yes—let me go!"

Dan relinquished his grip and stepped back while the other went to the writing-table, took a sheet of notepaper from the rack and picked up the pen.

"Write this," said Dan: "I hereby confess that I made love to Mrs. Van Benham with the idea of stealin' her jewels."

Monpessa started. "I—I can't write that," he said unhappily.

"Get on! Write it!" The voice was merciless.

Monpessa picked up the pen, and his hand shook.

"Written it? Right! I got Mrs. Van Benham to run away with me so she'd be in a jam with her husband, and not be able to put up any squeal. She didn't mean a thing to me, and doesn't now, except that I want her jewels and money."

Monpessa moaned, dropping his face in the crook of his arm.

"Now sign it," ordered Dan, when the words were written. He waited for the signature, then took the sheet, read it through, and ordered the date to be added.

"Guess you can't dispute that, seein' it's in your own writin', on hotel paper, and dated," he observed, putting the paper into his pocket. "Now, I guess you'd best send for a doctor—and a wis-maker. The proper thing for your scalp is caustic-soda—so they tell me—but the doc will put you wise about that. Now, listen! Seein' this has happened, I'm willin' to give Mrs. Van Benham time to get her divorce through. It will also give you a chance to get fixed up with a wig"—Monpessa moaned—"but understand, once that divorce is through, you'll have just twenty-four hours in which to marry her. Got that?"

The other nodded dumbly.

"Remember, I'll be watchin'!"

Then Dan turned and left the room, leaving the door unlocked, and for the second time Monpessa made no effort to stop him.

TWICE had Joan Donaldson made excuses to remain in town when her father paid short visits to Canvey, but this time he was more insistent, reminding her that, if she was going to run the dairy, it was time she took a little more interest in its erection.

Joan refused to admit, even to herself, that her desire to remain in town was due to anything but a general disinclination to work, but for days every ring of the door-bell, every knock of the afternoon postman, had filled her with excitement, only to leave her restless and disappointed when the caller's identity became known. She was angry with herself, but summoned pride to her aid in vain.

Again and again she told herself that it didn't matter whether Dan called or not; but she knew it for the self-deception it

was; knew, deep down in her, that it mattered very much indeed; far more than she had ever expected it to matter.

Now her father was growing restless, yet she still did not wish to leave London. Suppose Dan called and found them gone?

The colonel, full of his dairy scheme, was packing for a long stay at Canvey Island. "The cream separator has arrived at Benfleet," he told her over his shoulder, "and I want you to be there to erect it. The cooler's arrived, and so have the pails and oddments—churns, butter-hands—"

"Scotch hands, Daddy."

"Well, Scotch hands, then. There's a butter-worker, and—"

Joan sighed. "Yes, I'll see to all those," she broke in rather wearily. "But I thought you hadn't bought any cows yet?"

"I haven't, but I can put my hands on a number at any time I want them. As a matter of fact, I was rather counting on young Waterford's advice about the cattle, but it looks as if he isn't coming. Can't wait forever."

"He'll come, Daddy," Joan heard herself say, with a confidence which surprised her.

"Well, he'll have to hurry up," retorted the colonel.

"Don't you think, Father, that we might give him a day or two longer?"

"No, I don't. We've waited too long already, and how do we know he'll come, even if we do? 'Business—well, kind of—bah!'"

To hide her smile, Joan turned to the window. "I expect he is busy," she said demurely. "After all, he isn't—"

"And you aren't packing your things," snorted the colonel, whose disappointment that Dan had not called had made havoc of his delight over the enterprise. "Why don't you do it?"

"Very well . . . how long shall we be staying?"

"How long? How the devil do I know how long? If the foreman wasn't a fool—"

"Metcalfe a fool?" echoed Joan, turning with eyebrows lifted in innocent amazement.

"Why, you said—"

"I know what I said, miss! You get your things packed. We're going down directly after breakfast to-morrow."

This time the colonel meant it, a fact which his daughter acknowledged by going obediently to her room.

She opened her wardrobe listlessly. Summer frocks? . . . um, yes . . . that one in pink was Dan's favorite . . . She threw it on the bed. Ten to one he'd never see her wear it again, she reflected sadly, but still . . .

She wondered if Dan had lost the paper on which she had written their Canvey address, decided it was quite likely, and once more dismissed him from her mind. Nevertheless, he returned at intervals throughout the evening, until, feeling perry and rather irritable, Joan went early to bed on the plea of a headache.

MONPESSA, somewhat to Dan's surprise, remained at the hotel, although, until he had sent for a wigmaker and obtained a substitute for his lost hair, he did not again appear in the public rooms.

Beatrice Van Benham, unable to see him, wandered like a restless ghost about the buildings, and spent hours writing him love-letters which she sent up by the chamber-maid. When at last he appeared at dinner once more he was—outwardly, at least—as smiling and debonaire as ever. Dan, watching the reunited couple, speculated grimly as to what story Monpessa had told his inamorata to account for his behaviour.

Dan, too, was growing restless. Not yet had he paid his promised visit to Belaise

Park, and although each day he planned to go on the morrow, a queer mixture of shyness and pride prevented him from carrying out this purpose.

By now, he told himself, the Donaldsons had forgotten his very existence; the colonel did not really need his help at Canvey; and Joan was doubtless busy in a round of social activities in which he, Dan, could have no place. Yet none of these excuses rang true; nor did they alleviate that gnawing sense of loneliness of which he was growing more and more aware.

He was still trying to take the initial step when he was unexpectedly relieved of this responsibility by a note from Joan herself, asking him to tea that afternoon. The note was brief, but it roused Dan to delighted activity. He went in search of his friend the baggage-porter.

Having run his faithful ally to ground, Dan addressed him characteristically: "See here, Fred, I'm takin' a holiday. Just keep an eye on things till I get back, will you? If you want me in a hurry, I'll be at 162A Antrim Mansions, Hampstead—phone, and ask for Colonel Donaldson. If Monpessa or Mrs. Van Benham make any sudden move to leave the hotel, let me know—at once. Get it?"

"Right, sir!" answered that bewildered underling. "But won't you be back to-night?"

"Sure I will—with bells on!" Then, with a smack on the back for which the baggage-porter would certainly have demanded satisfaction had it been administered by any other man, the Canadian raced to his room to make ready, leaving the baggage-porter, his honest face a-grin, wondering what the chambermaid would think of all this.

Dan paused at the hotel doors to ask directions from the head-porter, but it was only after two or three wrong starts that he finally boarded the right train, wondering in a bewildered manner how Londoners managed to find their way from point to point in their own city.

Satisfied that he was safe for ten minutes or so, Dan re-read Joan's note, but the smile on his face as he read was erased suddenly, like a blown-out candle. He looked at the envelope again. It was addressed to D. Waterford, Esq., Moran's Hotel, Adelphi, W.C.2. How, he asked himself, did Joan, Donaldson know that this address would reach him? She couldn't know! He hadn't written . . . Looked like Monpessa was gettin' busy again . . . Well, that was all right, so long as Dan knew what he was up against, and now that he'd started, he would go to Antrim Mansions, and nothing was going to stop him!

Likely there'd be some sort of a hold-up at Belisle Park. Maybe some guys would come up and speak to him, or offer to show him the way. Right! Let 'em come!

Dan alighted at Belisle Park, went up in the lift, and emerging from the station paused before stepping on to the pavement to look about him. Various people were passing up and down the hill which fronted the station, and a bus lumbered clumsily down the slope from Chalk Farm; another, coming up the hill towards him, travelled more slowly. He saw nobody who looked in the least likely to be a possible assailant, and the only person standing near him was a sportily dressed young man who was earnestly studying the racing columns of a paper.

There being no policeman within sight, Dan turned back to inquire for Antrim Mansions at the booking-office, where the clerk directed him. He found the flats without difficulty, and began to mount the stone steps to Number 162A. Now that he

was so near to meeting the Donaldsons again, all his caution was forgotten, and he hurried up the steps two at a time. At the door of Number 162A he arrived breathlessly, and after straightening his tie and smoothing his hair with a pocket comb he pressed the bell and waited, wondering if Joan herself would open the door to him.

It was opened, however, by a man who invited Dan to enter. Dan regarded him critically—not as a possible assailant, but in another manner altogether, and his heart sank as a possible explanation of his presence occurred to him. Some smart city guy, doubtless one of Joan's friends, he reflected—and was instantly aware of cordial dislike, the reason for which he did not consider too deeply. The man was smartly dressed and led the way to a comfortable sitting-room overlooking the crescent. He indicated an armchair and left the room, remarking that Miss Donaldson would be down in a few minutes.

Dan seated himself on the edge of the chair and looked about him, but the sound of a peculiar and unmistakable click brought him back to the door in two jumps.

The door, he found, was locked on the outside.

For some moments Dan stood puzzled. This was certainly the address which Joan had given him, and various portraits in the room left no possible doubt that it was the flat occupied by the Donaldsons. Yet, he had just been locked in this room! There was something mighty queer about all this.

He tiptoed to the window overlooking the crescent and stared for some seconds at a particularly nasty drop of forty feet or more to the street below. Not impossible; though the window-ledge was of brick, and the iron water-piping looked strong enough to bear his weight at a pinch . . .

He sat down to think over the situation. Were the Donaldsons in the flat at all? He began to doubt it. What if they had moved to Canvey, leaving the flat locked up? What if Dan's assailant of the motor-car, having this address, and finding the flat unoccupied, had used it as a trap? But, even so, what was the idea? To get Dan out of the way while Monpessa made his escape? That seemed the most likely explanation, in which case Mrs. Van Benham might still be robbed.

Dan, cursing himself for a fool, heard the telephone ring in the hall outside. Gosh! Suppose that was Fred, the baggage-porter?

Dan tiptoed to the door, and with his ear pressed to the panel, listened. He heard the footsteps of a man going to the telephone, then the click of the receiver hook.

"Hullo! Yes . . . Colonel Donaldson is speaking . . . no, I'm afraid not . . . Can I take a message for him? Oh, oh, I see! No, I don't know when he'll be back, but I'll give him any message you care to leave . . . What? . . . Yes, I'll see he gets that message—oh, urgent, is it? Who's speaking, please? . . . Fred? . . . Oh, I see! Yes, yes, don't worry, I'll see he gets your message, my good man . . ."

Dan waited to hear no more; the man to whom he had been listening was no more Colonel Donaldson than the King of England. Dan ran back to the window. The fellow who had answered the telephone was the man who had admitted him to the flat, and Fred, the baggage-porter, was trying to get an urgent message through.

Taking a deep breath Dan charged the door, and such was his rage that the lock sprang from the woodwork, precipitating the Canadian into the hall, where he collided violently with the man at the telephone, bowling him over like a falling haystack. In a moment Dan was on his feet again and had grasped the hanging receiver. Before

he could press it to his ear and speak into the instrument, however, his opponent had also recovered from the collision.

"Oh, no, you—don't!" he panted, and before Dan realised his intention he had wrenched the wires from the wall and the instrument was dead.

With a roar of rage Dan swung round, but his ankles were seized and he came down on the linoleum with a bump which stunned him. His opponent was strong, and as agile as a cat. He appeared to have no scruples. With one hand gripping Dan's throat, he delivered three smashing, short-armed jabs. Dan Waterford rolled over and lay still.

WHEN Dan became conscious once more the flat was in darkness. His head ached, and he was tied hand and foot with thin cord. Over his mouth and nose was a thick pad which had a sickly smell, and his first conscious act was to rub this pad down beneath his chin. Then he sat up. In the dim light which filtered through the windows he recognised the room in which he had been locked. He was on the floor near the centre table.

First he tested the strength of his bonds—and swore softly. The one who had tied him up knew that a strong, thin cord is more effective for such a purpose than a thick rope. The cord was tight enough to cut into his flesh rather painfully when he moved, and he cast about in his mind for some means of liberating himself. He rolled over to the divan, and propping his back against it contrived to get upon his feet, a manoeuvre which required feats of balancing not altogether unworthy of an acrobat.

By means of short hops he reached the window, and by pressure of his shoulders broke one of the panes. Then, regardless of his one good suit, he sawed the cord upon the broken glass until, at last, his hands were once more freed. In a few more minutes his ankles, too, were liberated and he was rubbing his limbs to restore the circulation.

Switching on the light he saw that the clock-hands stood at five minutes to eleven, but there was money in his pockets, and he was free to return to his hotel, so having hastily tidied his clothes he let himself out of the flat, hailing a taxi at the end of the crescent.

Back in his room at Moran's Hotel he rang the bell and summoned his ally, the baggage-porter. Fred appeared with promptness, and his face bore an expression of some anxiety.

"You're too late, sir—e's gone. 'Ad a car sent 'ere to take 'im to Croydon Aerodrome."

"Ah, I guessed something of that kind must have happened. What time did Monpessa leave?"

"About six, sir. Didn't you get my phone message, sir?"

Dan smiled faintly. "Well, kind of," he replied, looking at his watch. Twenty-five minutes to twelve. "Did Mrs. Van Benham go with him, Fred?"

"No, sir."

Dan nodded. "Right, Fred, and thanks!" "Thank you, sir." The baggage-porter pocketed a note gratefully. "Anything else I can do, sir?"

"No—ye! See if you can find out whether Mrs. Van Benham has gone to bed yet."

"Right, sir!"

Some minutes later the man returned. Mrs. Van Benham, it seemed, having been to the theatre, had now returned, and ordered supper in her room.

"Thanks, Fred—that's all, I guess. Good night."

Dan lit his pipe and sat down to think. It was too late, of course, to catch Monpessa, who was doubtless out of the country by this time; the question which concerned Dan Waterford was the matter of Mrs. Van Benham's jewels; had Monpessa taken them with him? And if he had, did Mrs. Van Benham know that they were missing? Not yet, he decided, or there would have been interviews with the manager, and the staff would have known. Knowing what he knew, should he go and see Mrs. Van Benham, or should he wait until morning? He finally decided to wait until midnight; by then, if her jewels were missing, she should have made the discovery.

Midnight came, but still the place was quiet, and Dan rose, slumping. Perhaps, after all, Monpessa had merely run away, abandoning the spoils rather than jeopardise his own liberty. Dan was tired, anyway, and if there was news in the morning he would be certain to hear it.

And news in the morning there was; it reached Dan Waterford with his tea and shaving-water. Twice did Elsie, the chambermaid, repeat it before Dan was satisfied. Mrs. Van Benham, it seemed, had just been found dead in her bed, and it was believed that she had been poisoned. A liquor glass found at her bedside, which appeared to have contained brandy, had been removed by the doctor for examination.

Long after Elsie had gone, Dan sat smoking while he considered this fresh development. It was clear that Monpessa had found a way out—a desperate way, it might be, but a way out, notwithstanding. The only evidence by which he could be connected with the murder—if murder it was—lay in the written confession locked in Dan's cabin trunk. Dan wondered if, in the circumstances, he ought not to show that paper to the police.

He did not hurry over his decision, but by the time he had bathed, shaved, and dressed his mind was made up; he would go to the police and tell them what he knew. The police could help him here as they had helped him in Canada.

But when Dan Waterford unlocked his cabin trunk, he found that the trunk had been searched and the document he sought was missing.

IN the Thames Estuary, eight miles or so from Southend, lies the pear-shaped island known as Canvey, a low-lying area of reclaimed marshland, some five miles long and two miles wide, protected by twenty-odd miles of encompassing sea-wall.

Streams of motor-buses, cars and cycles, tandems and charabancs now cross from Benfleet to the island during the summer. Where the heron and the plover made their homes are bungalows by the score. There is a casino where once the coastguard kept his lonely watch; tea-tents, ice-cream stalls, swings and roundabouts face roads of new concrete against which the marsh grass raises ten million spears in vain.

That, however, is but the eastern end of the island. The western end is still untouched. Here for some miles the marshland stretches unbroken, save by dykes and creeks, to Pitsea.

Along the deserted sea-wall one sees no habitations save the ruins of farms; hears no sounds but the suck and gurgle of water, the cries of marsh birds, and those songs of sadness which the rushes sing. Here lie hundreds of acres of wind-blown pasture-land where scarcely a foot falls from year's end to year's end—an ideal pasturage for sheep or cattle, as Colonel Donaldson fore-

saw when first he looked upon these lonely marshes.

On a sunny morning towards the end of June, Dan Waterford alighted from the train at Benfleet and looked about him in simple wonder at this new world into which his wanderings had led him.

Here, he mused, was still another world of the existence of which he had not dreamed; a world not yet awakened from the past.

He paused at a coffee-stall to inquire his way.

"Straight down the road and over the bridge," he was told. "What part of the island do you want?"

"Place called Winter Garden," replied Dan.

The coffee-stall proprietor broke into a grin. "That's a mile or more. You'll have to walk—buses only go round the main road to Leigh Beck. Here, I'll show you." He pointed between two yachts which were drawn up to the shore for painting. "There's the bridge—just beyond that big houseboat. Now, see that farm? That's Waterside Farm. There's a footpath to Winter Garden which passes it. You'll see a signboard. Can't miss it."

Dan nodded and thanked him, then set off down the hot road, carrying his suitcase, which he called a "grip." He reached the farm—one of the very few still under cultivation—and paused at the stack-yard to watch a farm laborer who was in difficulties with a cartload of mangels. The fellow was standing straddle-legged before the horse's head, one hand upon either ring of the bridle, and pulling lustily: "Coom-coop! Coom-man, will yer!" The horse, throwing up his head, held back.

Dan dropped his suitcase and ran over. "Here—hold on a minute!" he called, pushing the man aside. Standing to one side Dan picked up the neglected reins and then clurped, the horse responded, and in a moment or two the cart was standing on the cinder path while the farm laborer stared in open-mouthed astonishment from Dan to the cart.

Dan chuckled. "No trick about it," he remarked. "Use your reins; it's what they're for. No use grabbin' a horse by the features."

The laborer, a slow-thinking man of small vocabulary, was still staring after him in dumb admiration when he reached the bend in the path known locally as "Tattenham Corner."

Having arrived at the stile known as "Temple Bar," Dan went to the Stores, where he was directed to a white bungalow standing in a field. The name of the bungalow—Qu'appelle—brought a smile to his lips. A veritable cascade of wild roses in bloom fronted the house, and beside them a white skirt fluttered, stirring a responsive movement in the heart of the Canadian as he hurried through the tall grass in lengthened strides.

Many people passed Qu'appelle on their way to Gasterfleet, and Joan Donaldson, who was busily engaged in removing caterpillars from the roses, gave the approaching young man no more than an indifferent glance. Dan paused, his hand upon the gate.

"Good day, Joan!" he called.

At the sound of his voice the girl started; then with a glad cry she saw his face, and ran to him with outstretched hands and a light in her eyes which left him wordless. She was utterly unconscious of her action, but became suddenly aware that he still held both her hands, and that he was quite inarticulate with pleasure.

Joan recovered herself first. "Why, Dan!" she cried, gently withdrawing her hands. "How brown you look!"

They both laughed, as they had laughed that day aboard the Minnetonka when they confronted one another at the foot of the companion ladder.

"Bury with the caterpillars?" he asked, unhappily aware that the remark was flat, trite, and all the things he was trying to avoid.

"Yes, they're devouring all my lovely roses. Aren't they sweet—the roses, not the caterpillars?"

"They're surely beautiful." Dan was looking at her eyes, and the roses bloomed for him in vain.

Perhaps his meaning reached her, for she turned quickly towards the house. "Come along, Dan, you're just in time for dinner—yes, midday dinner here."

He followed down the concrete path between borders of white pinks, through a glass porch gay with flowers, and into the cool sitting-room beyond, where he sank with a sigh of comfort into an easy-chair. "Gosh!" he murmured, suddenly conscious that this was the realest of worlds. "I like it here."

"So do I—in summer!" laughed Joan. "Father is over at the ranch, as he calls it. He'll be delighted when he finds that you're here. He's been grumbling ever since we arrived, and says his foreman is a fool—they're all fools, I gather. Two of them have given notice already."

"Gee, that's too bad. I'll go over with him after lunch—after dinner."

Joan laughed and brought him lemonade in a glass of cool green. "Father drinks beer," she said. "Now, we've got half an hour. Tell me why you didn't come to see us in London, and what you've been doing with yourself all this time."

Dan shrugged. "I've been all over—Liverpool—London. I'll tell you about it after dinner. Gee, but you're certainly looking fine, Joan! This place suits you."

Joan smiled, aware of a pleasure at his words which made her glow and tingle. "You're looking rather wonderful yourself, Dan. By the way, can you swim?" There was so much eagerness in her voice that Dan laughed.

"I used to be able to; did quite a bit of it one time. Up there in the Qu'appelle Valley that you've named this house after. There are two lakes—Round Lake and Crooked Lake."

Joan nodded. "Father knows the Qu'appelle Valley; you'd better talk to him about it. By the way, I hope you don't want to go rushing back to town again? Because Father will certainly wear if you do—besides, I want you to go swimming with me. I go down to the creek before breakfast." She handed him a box of cigarettes and took one herself. "You can borrow Father's costume, he doesn't swim much now."

Dan, remembering the rather portly figure of the colonel, smiled. "Once round me and twice round the gas-works!" he commented. "Can't a fellow buy anything except cats in this place?"

"Of course! You shall buy yourself a costume this evening. I'll come and help you choose it—if I can drag you away from the ranch before the shops are shut. Now I'm going to cook dinner—omelettes. Ever seen a primus stove? We've no gas yet, you see, and we burn paraffin—coal oil you call it, don't you?—pressure lamps, you know, not the old-fashioned ones . . ."

The colonel returned to find Dan Waterford, his hands full of crockery, his coat off, and wearing a flowered overall decorated with brilliantly colored nasturtiums, laughing with Joan as they laid the table.

"Well—Lord bless my soul!" exclaimed the soldier. "If it isn't young Waterford—the very man I wanted to see! You're like a drink in the desert, my boy!" he added, shaking hands warmly. "I've got a foreman down at the ranch who's got ideas that belong to 1870. Only this morning he wanted to order a plough that was designed by Noah before he built the Ark. Joan, Waterford hasn't got any beer. Why?"

The colonel seated himself and mopped his brow with a clean handkerchief. "Seriously, though, I'm glad to see you, my boy. Now you're here we may get a move on!"

Joan sighed. "Father, please remember that Dan's a guest," she protested. "I won't have him ordered about the moment he arrives. If he really wants to go to the ranch this afternoon all well and good, but he isn't going to spend half the night there—besides, I want him myself."

"Humph! Dare say you do!" chuckled the colonel. "I've just bought a couple of saddle-horses which I'd like you to look at, Waterford. One of 'em's for Joan, but they're both a bit wild."

"Dan will soon tame them," smiled the girl. "Come on, or the omelettes will be spoiled."

After dinner, obeying an impulse for which he could not afterwards account, Dan told them of Monpessa, and his reasons for coming to England. He told them the whole story, beginning with his return to the farm to find his sister missing, and ending with Monpessa's flight and the death of Mrs. Van Benham. The Donaldsons listened with the closest attention, the colonel's restless movements testifying to the varying emotions which the narrative aroused in him.

"And this—this blackguard is still at large?" he demanded at last.

"Sure. He's been to a place called Spa, in Belgium, and was last seen at Verviers, which they tell me lies near the German frontier. At the moment the police seem to have lost track of him. He was seen with two pretty tough guys, from what the police report. They went to arrest him at Verviers, but he'd left his hotel the night before, leavin' no address."

"They searched his room, but all they found was a scrap of paper under his bed; it's because of that bit of paper that I'm here."

"Eh!" ejaculated the colonel, startled.

Dan nodded. "Maybe it's just nothin'," he said, "but there was an address of sorts on that bit of paper. It said: 'Lobster Smack, Hole Haven—nothin' else. I found that Hole Haven is at Canvey.'"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the colonel in genuine astonishment. "How did you find out all this? You haven't been to Belgium, have you?"

"No, but I was able to help the police some about Mrs. Van Benham, and I got sort of friendly with Inspector Harris, so when this scrap of paper was sent over from Belgium he let me see it. You see, we've fixed up a kind of workin' agreement—helpin' one another, kind of—because I know quite a piece about this man Monpessa, after followin' him round these last few years."

"I can't understand why you didn't—kill him," said Joan quietly.

Dan's eyes came slowly round to her face. "Guess you don't understand," he said at last. "Killin' is a lot too easy for a feller like that. He wouldn't really feel it—but he's felt some of the things I've done to him!" he added grimly. "And I haven't finished with him yet—not by a jugful!"

"I'm very glad to hear it," said Joan, in a voice so hard that even the colonel glanced sharply at her. "I hope you'll let us help you to—deal with him!"

"So do I!" said the colonel in a voice which left no doubt as to his feelings. "The infernal impertinence of using our names and our flat!" he exploded. "I'm glad you informed the police about it. I'd better run up to town and make sure nothing is missing."

"There's nothing of value which wasn't sent to the bank before we left," Joan reminded him.

"Don't know what this country's coming to," went on the colonel. "This spirit of lawlessness. No respect for property—none. If I had my way, I'd take a Lewis gun to 'em; that seems to be the only language they understand. If . . ."

Joan went out to a deck-chair in the garden. She knew what was coming; had heard it all before. Her father was astride his favorite topic.

She fell to thinking of the man Monpessa, and of Dan's dogged avenging of his sister's death. She hoped that a chance would come to help him; it might, if that address meant anything . . .

Dan, in the meantime growing weary of inactivity, lit his pipe and gave his host the benefit of his engaging grin. "Well, what about that ranch of yours, Colonel?" he asked.

"Yes, let us go by all means. Are you ready, Joan?"

"I've been ready for half an hour," replied his smiling daughter, coming in search of a hat. Then, with a glance towards the Canadian: "Wouldn't you like to change into something more comfortable?"

"I certainly would! There are some overalls in my grip, and a shirt like a check-board—anybody mind if I wear 'em?"

"Wear what you like, and don't be a fool!" replied the colonel. "Look at me!"

Dan laughed. The colonel wore old riding-breeches, leggings, and a khaki shirt from which the sleeves had been cut away. His hat was a shapeless affair of soft felt, the brim turned down all round. Like his shirt and breeches it was liberally splashed with white paint.

They set out, walking back to Waterside Farm and across the disused ferry path to the sea-wall, where they were forced into single file by the narrowness of the track.

For half a mile or more the colonel led them along the top of the sea-wall, then he scrambled down to the marshland on the south side and headed across the larger meadow of coarse grass.

"How's this for cattle fodder?" he inquired over his shoulder.

"Fine, by the look of it," was Dan's reply. He stooped, picked a stem of the grass, and nibbled it thoughtfully. "Tastes a bit salt," he remarked, "or is it the salt in the air?"

"Salt in the air, I think?" said Joan. "Can't you taste it on your lips?"

"Uh-huh! Guess that's it. Say, is that the ranch over there?" he asked, pointing to some new buildings well down behind the shelter of the sea-wall.

The colonel nodded. "Looks well, doesn't it? Wait till you see it closer!"

"And wait till he tells you what it cost him to sink the well, and fit up the dairy!" laughed Joan. "My dairy really is something worth looking at."

Dan chuckled, and the colonel led them towards a small herd of shorthorns grazing nearby. "What do you think of them?" he inquired as they drew near the animals.

Dan inspected the cattle critically. "Nice beasts," he replied.

The colonel was pleased. "And a nice price I had to pay for 'em!" he chuckled.

"Guess they're worth it—say, there's a fine heifer. Any milk cows?"

"Yes, they're in the barn."

"His precious barn!" mocked Joan. "It isn't a patch on my dairy."

The inspection of the farm buildings was a lengthy affair, the colonel drawing Dan's attention to each well-considered detail. Dan was genuinely astonished at the care and forethought which had planned such modern buildings.

As they left the barn to visit the dairy, they encountered a heavily-built man of middle age, whose face bore an ill-humored scowl. "Ah, that's Metcalf, my foreman," said the colonel. "I'll introduce you."

He called the man over. "Metcalf, this is a friend of mine from Western Canada who has been good enough to promise me the benefit of his advice. Mr. Waterford—Metcalf, my foreman."

The big man slouched up, touched the brim of his turned-down hat to Joan, and gave Dan a scowling scrutiny. He took the Canadian's proffered hand with reluctance.

"Pleased to meet you," said Dan.

Metcalf turned to his employer. "I thought you had all the advice you needed?" he remarked. "It's rather late in the day to accept fresh advice, isn't it?"

The colonel stiffened, and it was plain that the foreman's attitude angered him. "This ranch," he replied slowly and distinctly, "belongs to me, and I shall run it in any way I choose."

"Certainly, sir," said the foreman more civilly, but it was evident that he did not like Dan Waterford, and resented his appearance in a domain which he considered his own.

"I've been in Canada," he said, addressing Dan without looking at him.

"Is that so? How long were you there?"

"Six months—and quite long enough at that!" replied the foreman offensively.

Dan's expression hardened. "Long enough for—Canada?" he questioned softly.

Metcalf's angry eyes swept up to the speaker's face. "No," he said distinctly—"for me."

Dan nodded gravely. "For both, I guess," he murmured, and walked away, Joan following him as the colonel stopped behind to speak certain opinions of the foreman's conduct in words which he rightly considered unsuitable for his daughter's ears.

"Metcalf doesn't like you, Dan," said the girl.

"No."

"And you don't like Metcalf?"

"Right twice."

"Do you know what Father's saying to him?"

Dan smiled. "Maybe I can guess."

Joan glanced up into his face and broke into a ripple of laughter. "So can I!" she

said, "I know exactly what swear-words he's using, too; most of them begin with . . . Well, come along, we'll go and see my dairy."

IN the freshness of early morning, after a swim in the creek, Dan and Joan set off along the sea-wall to inspect two saddle-horses which had been brought in from pasture overnight.

A fresh breeze blew from the sou'-west, and as they approached the ranch across the fields from the north, they heard the sounds of angry shouting.

"Somethin' doin'!" observed Dan, quickening his pace.

"Yes, Metcalf, I expect," said the girl.

They hastened across an intervening field, crossed the dyke by a little foot-bridge, and hurried round the sheltered square of concrete formed by the junction of the barn, the dairy, and the smaller out-buildings.

As they turned the corner, a clatter of hoofs told of the presence of a startled horse—one of the saddle-horses which, with frightened snorts and stampings, was trying to break from the foreman's grasp. Metcalf, his back to the newcomers, was jerking savagely at the beast's curb rein. That the animal was rapidly growing unmanageable with pain and terror would have been evident to a child. It was equally plain that the foreman was preparing to kick the mare in the stomach. Several times his leg swung back, but each time the animal swerved, jerking back the length of the reins.

Dan sprang forward angrily, snatched the reins from the foreman's hand, and pushed him aside. Then gently he began to soothe the animal.

Joan, who had hastened up, now confronted the foreman with her fingers tightly closed and her eyes flashing. "You cowardly brute!" she said. "I shall tell my father about this."

The man's expression changed instantly. "She's wild, Miss Donaldson," he replied civilly—"dangerously wild. She isn't safe to ride."

Dan beckoned one of the cowmen who was staring dumbly from the door of the barn. "Here, hold this mare—by the ring of the bit. And keep quiet!"

Then he turned and came close to Metcalf. "That's no way to treat a horse, wild or not. You're scared of her, that's the trouble."

Flushing, the foreman appealed to Joan. "Is this—gentleman—to interfere with my work, Miss Donaldson?" he questioned.

"Mr. Waterford," replied the girl coldly, "would not have interfered if you had been treating Sally properly."

"Perhaps Mr. Waterford would like to see if he can ride her?" sneered the foreman.

"Ride her?" echoed Dan. "Why, I'd ride her through the eye of a needle."

"Very good, sir," Metcalf nodded to the cowman, who brought the mare up to them.

"This mare," said Dan, "needs nothing but gentle handling—supposin' the man who handles her can ride."

Then, to the girl: "Shall I show him, Miss Donaldson?"

"Yes, please."

As Dan swung his body gently into the saddle the mare's feet clattered a nervous

tattoo on the concrete, but they stilled almost immediately when she felt Dan's hand upon her neck. She snorted a little, and showed an inclination to prance, but Dan had no difficulty in quietening her.

"Can she jump?" he questioned, looking round at Joan.

"Over the moon!"

"Fine, I'll try her over the dyke."

Sally moved forward with little dancing steps that brought a smile of pleasure to the man astride her. She was a beautiful creature, and Dan knew how to appreciate good horseflesh. "Now, little lady," he murmured as the mare stepped out upon the open marsh. "Let's see you enjoy yourself!"

At his chirp the mare leapt, gathering strength and speed with every jump. She picked-up like a racer, and took the first dyke in her stride. Then, stretching her neck, she broke into a gallop and the suds flew from her hoofs. Dan headed her for a slope where a gap had been closed by poles; she skimmed it, and the dyke behind, as a swallow skims a wall; with mane and tail streaming back in the wind she streaked across the meadow for a full half mile, crossed another and wider dyke with scarcely an effort, and raced on.

Dan was thrilled as he was not often thrilled. "Like a rocking-horse!" he muttered admiringly. "And good for miles of it!" Gently he checked her and turned her back, the mare responding as to a charm, and by the time they had reached the ranch buildings once more Dan Waterford was her slave.

Joan looked at horse and rider with shining eyes, all her anger forgotten. "Oh, Dan, isn't she just wonderful?"

"She's—well, it's certainly a privilege to ride her."

Dan, his own good-humor entirely restored, looked round for the foreman, but the man had vanished.

"Ride her? Why, a kid could ride her!" Dan dismounted, patted the mare's neck and glanced lovingly over her lines. "Gosh, I could steal that mare!" he muttered.

On their way back for breakfast Dan said: "I'd rather you didn't tell the colonel about Metcalf, Joan."

The girl looked at him in some surprise. "If you wish it, Dan, but I do think his conduct with Sally should be reported, don't you?"

"Sure I do, but I fancy Metcalf won't kick any more horses on this ranch, and I don't want him to think I'm after his job, or anything like that."

Joan nodded. "Very well, we'll say nothing about it."

During breakfast Joan told her father how Dan had handled Sally; she told it with so much enthusiasm that the colonel, who knew her better than Dan did, glanced at her sharply once or twice.

"You like that mare, do you, Waterford?" he questioned, with a delight he strove to conceal by asking the question in a voice he believed to be casual.

"She's a—queen, Colonel."

The soldier, who knew a good horse when he saw one, and had bought this mare himself, glowed at Dan's praise. "You young men from the colonies haven't lost your sense of values," he said, warming to his subject. "You don't subscribe to the modern shibboleths."

"Well," answered Dan gravely, "I certainly haven't had any truck with those shib-things you mentioned."

"You wouldn't know their hides in a tanyard, would you?" quoted Joan, laughing. "By modern shibboleths, Father means modern standards."

Dan acknowledged the information with that queer gravity of his which she had never encountered in any other man. There were many things about Dan, she reflected, which were not to be found in the majority of men. He replied to questions with the directness of a child; he had no social accomplishments—if one judged by the criterions of the day; not that he was any the worse for that.

Dan and the colonel spent a busy morning with the cattle, and in the afternoon Joan and Dan rode over to the "Lobster Smack"—in olden times a haunt of smugglers, but now converted into a tea-room and inn. Dan was warmly enthusiastic over the quaint old building with its tall and slender chimney, its gables, and the ship's timbers that had gone to the making of its sheds and outhouses.

"You know, Joan," he remarked, "everything in this country is so darned old that it's like goin' way back into history."

They had tea in the glass-fronted tea-room which faces the Thames. Dan was intrigued by the antique furniture, the old brass, and the Early-English engravings. He displayed a child's delight when the proprietress showed him a secret drawer which opened at the pressure of a concealed spring cunningly hidden in a handsome piece of old furniture which glowed with centuries of polishing.

On their return to Qu'appelle they found the colonel in a very different mood from the one in which they had left him. After one glance at his expression Joan asked what was wrong.

"Metcalf!" retorted her father shortly. "I've discharged him."

Dan and the girl exchanged a quick glance. "Impertinence?" she questioned.

"Darned impertinence!"

"Well? Go on, Father, how did it happen?"

The colonel frowned. "As soon as you two had gone, Metcalf said he wanted to see me privately. He asked whether Waterford was running the ranch, or whether he, Metcalf, was. I reminded him that I was running it, and he said: 'Oh, indeed, sir?' After that we had words."

Joan smiled faintly, she could imagine the scene. "I see," she said. "What happens now?"

Again the colonel frowned, then he turned to Dan. "Feel like taking it over?" he inquired brusquely.

"No, sir," replied the Canadian without hesitation. "I'd be glad, though, to help you out until you can find a suitable man."

Joan discreetly left them.

"Now look here, Waterford," began the colonel, "I was paying Metcalf five pounds a week—which was all he was worth. I would pay you double that, willingly, and count it a privilege to have your advice. What would you say to that?"

Dan smiled. "I'd say your offer was high, wide, and handsome," he replied. "I'd be proud to take over, but there's one snag—a big one."

"Frankly," retorted the colonel, "I'd be glad to take you on your own terms. What is this snag?"

"It's this: I might have to leave you kind of sudden. You see, I've got a job to do over in this country, and if Montessa shows up—"

"If that's the only obstacle, it's no obstacle at all," broke in Colonel Donaldson. "You can consider yourself free to go the moment you want to, my boy, and I'll do anything in my power to help you. If I'm not here, send me a wire and don't wait. If I'm here, I'd like to take a hand; remember, I've got a powerful speed-boat which might prove useful; she's at Benfleet at the moment, being painted. Ever driven a speed-boat?"

Dan shook his head. "Don't know that I've ever seen one, 'cept at the pictures," he confessed.

"Well, Joan will soon teach you. It's really her boat, and she's a better skipper than I shall ever be. I'll tell her to take you out and give you some lessons; you never know in this world, and the day may come when you'll find the knowledge useful."

"Thank you, Colonel, that's certainly fine! Maybe I'll be glad of your help and the speed-boat one of these days. About that ranch, now; do I have a free hand? Subject, of course, to your approval?"

"Absolutely. Let me know anything you want and you shall have it. Fortunately, I've considerable capital, and I'm more concerned in making the place a bit of a model than I am about immediate profits. I'd like you to bear that in mind, Waterford. Let's have the best always. Later on, perhaps, when you've dealt with this blackguard, we'll discuss a plan of mine, but at present I want you to be free. Now what about a pig to celebrate our alliance?"

After supper that night they sat outside in deck-chairs, the men smoking, Joan knitting and watching the liners pass downriver on the tide until Dan declared his intention of retiring to the ranch for the night.

"Metcalf might take it into his head to hang around," he declared.

"Humph! He might, of course," mused the colonel doubtfully. "Very well, Waterford, you're in charge, after all. You'll find old Jacob Chandler there—one of the cowmen sleeps in the harness-room each night. He's a good chap, old Chandler. Still, I think you're wrong about Metcalf."

"How about bedding?" Joan questioned.

"I shan't need any," was Dan's reply. "I'm used to night-herdin', anyway."

THE ranch, when Dan reached it, was in total darkness; no doubt Jacob Chandler was asleep in his camp-bed in the harness-room.

After making a round of the buildings to satisfy himself that all was well, Dan went to the harness-room at the end of the barn. The old cowman woke and stared at his unexpected visitor in owlish astonishment. "Anything wrong, sir?" he asked at last.

"No, nothing's wrong. Just lookin' round, seein' I'm going to run this place for a while, Metcalf's been fired."

"Gone, sir?" The old cowman stared stupidly, his long hair standing out from his scalp like a grey halo. "Ain't 'e comin' back, sir?"

"No, Jacob. I'm takin' over until Colonel Donaldson can get a new foreman."

Chandler broke into a smile, which broadened when Dan, after lighting the candle, seated himself on the foot of the bed, lit his pipe, and offered the cowman his tobacco-pouch.

"That Metcalf 'e be a 'ard man," observed the cowman, filling his pipe. "Can't say but what I wouldn't rather work under you, sir, beggin' your pardon. I never could abear to see animals used cruel."

"There'll be no more of that," Dan assured him.

"Metcalf 'e be a 'ard man to please," repeated the cowman, pursuing his line of thought. "E weren't so bad till 'e started drinkin' so 'eavy. Too fond of that lot at the Lobster Smack 'e be."

Dan glanced at him sharply. "What lot is that?" he asked, interested.

"Well, sir, it aint no business of mine, but everybody knows that Cap'n Filson, and he aint a fit friend for any decent man, to my way of thinking."

"Is Metcalf a friend of this Captain Filson?"

"Ah, 'e do be that. Thick as thieves they be, and though it aint my business, I don't believe the colonel would like such goin's-on."

"Who is this Captain Filson, Jacob?"

The cowman seemed puzzled to answer Dan's question. "Well known in these parts 'e be, sir," he replied at last. "Got a yacht at 'Ole Aven what 'e calls the Sprite. Always 'as ladies aboard, so they do say. Gives 'em supper-parties at the Smack. They says the drinkin' and such like goin's-on aboard that there yacht is a fair scandal."

There and then Dan decided to learn more of Captain Filson. He mentioned his name at breakfast the following morning, and at the sound of it both the Donaldsons looked at Dan curiously.

"What," inquired the colonel, "do you know of Filson?"

"Nothing, except what Jacob Chandler was tellin' me; but he seems to be very friendly with Metcalf."

"Eh?" ejaculated the colonel, startled. "First I've heard of it. Filson has a nasty reputation. He has a steam yacht, and it is said that he gives wild parties and so on. Well, if Chandler's right, there must be a reason for his friendship with Metcalf. Can't understand the two of them mixing; in fact, I didn't think Metcalf knew the fellow."

Dan fell thoughtfully silent. Joan watched his face, wondering what was passing through his mind. "I'd like to know some more about this guy Filson," he said at last. "He sounds the kind of man Montessa could use; and that paper, you remember, said 'Lobster Smack.' There may be somethin' doin'—you can never tell."

IN the days which followed, Dan made it his business to become familiar with the trim steam yacht anchored at Hole Haven. He drank beer with the fishermen and the men from the barges, men who knew the reaches of the river.

During those days Dan frequently saw Captain Filson—an unhealthy fat man in the early forties, loud of voice and jocular of manner.

Twice Dan saw Metcalf go into the Lobster Smack with Captain Filson, and there was no doubt that the pair were on the best of terms—but why? That was the question to which Dan was seeking an answer.

Metcalf's motive was plain enough: it was worth his while—but what made Filson seek the company of such a man? He did not mix with the other men of the island, so why with Metcalf? That he had a use for him was evident, but for what reason?

Dan asked Joan what she thought of it, and Joan, who disliked Filson intensely, even though she had never met him, was too prejudiced to be helpful; she was prepared to credit the man with any villainy.

"Where," asked Dan, "does Filson get all his money?"

"His father, I believe, was a well-to-do stockbroker," Joan told him indifferently.

"He would be," said Dan gloomily. "Well, I'm goin' to find out Filson's little game, whatever it is. I've a hunch he's up to no good, money or no money."

"What makes you think that?" she asked.

"For one thing, he acts like a fool—but Filson isn't a fool. He's slick. There's a brain behind all that noise."

"Is there?" smiled Joan. "We haven't seen much evidence of it."

Dan swung round and his voice was sharp. "You can bet your sweet life there is!" he replied. Then, after a pause: "Isn't there some way I can find out how much money was left to him by his old man? What about the will? Can't a man get hold of a copy by payin'?"

"Of course—Somerset House. Do you really want to find out about Captain Filson's money, Dan?"

"I certainly do. How do we know his dad was a stockbroker at all? How do we know he left all that money? We don't. Filson may have said so; if he did, everybody's believed it ever since—folk will believe anything so long as a man looks rich."

"I'll ask Father to find out for you," promised Joan.

"That's a good idea. I've a notion we're goin' to make some surprising discoveries before we're through with Captain Filson—and that reminds me: why 'Captain'? Was he a captain in the Army, or what?"

"I—I don't know," Joan answered doubtfully.

"No, and I guess there isn't anyone hereabouts who does."

He fell silent for a space. Then, suddenly, his face lit. "I've got it!" he exclaimed. "Don't bother your father. I'll get on the 'phone to Inspector Harris—he'll soon get Filson's name and number. He's a slow worker, is Harris, but oh, gee, is he thorough? . . ."

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

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